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John

Earl of Bedford

THE

ART

OF

SPEAKING.

THE ART OF SPEAKING.

CONTAINING,

I. An ESSAY; in which are given Rules for expreſſing properly the principal Paſſions and Humours, which occur in Reading, or public Speaking; and

II. LESSONS taken from the Ancients and Moderns (with Additions and Alterations, where thought uſeful) exhibiting a Variety of Matter for Practice; the emphatical Words printed in Italics; with Notes of Direction referring to the ESSAY.

To which are added,

A TABLE of the LESSONS; and an INDEX of the various PASSIONS and HUMOURS in the ESSAY and LESSONS.

Neque vero mihi quidquam præſtabilius videtur, quam poſſe dicendo tenere hominum cœtus, mentes allicere, voluntates impellere quo velit, unde autem velit deducere. CIC.

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AN

ESSAY

ON THE

ART of SPEAKING.

THAT *oratory* is an art of great conſequence, will hardly be queſtioned in our times, unleſs it be by thoſe (if any are ſo ignorant) who do not know, that it has been taught, and ſtudied, in all countries, where learning has gained any ground, ever ſince the days of Ariſtotle. That the *manner* or *addreſs* of a ſpeaker, is of the utmoſt *importance*, and that a *juſt* and *pleaſing* manner in delivering either one's own compoſitions, or thoſe of others, is *difficult* of acquiſition, and but too much *neglected* amongſt us, ſeems unqueſtionable from the *deficiencies* we ſo commonly obſerve in the *addreſs* of our public ſpeakers, much more than in the *matter* uttered by them, and from the little *effect* produced by their labours.

Of the *learning* neceſſary for furniſhing *matter*, and of the art of *arranging* it properly; of *invention*, *compoſition*, and *ſtyle*, various writers among the Greeks, Romans, French, Italians, and Engliſh, have treated very copiouſly. It is not my deſign to trouble the world with any thing on theſe branches of oratory. I ſhall confine myſelf merely to what the prince of orators pronounced to be the firſt, ſecond, and

third part, or all that is *moſt important* in the art, viz. *delivery*, comprehending what every gentleman ought to be maſter of reſpecting *geſture*, *looks*, and command of *voice*.

What is true of moſt of the improvements, which are made by ſtudy, or culture, is peculiarly ſo of the art of *ſpeaking*. If there is not a foundation laid for it in the *earlier* part of life, there is no reaſonable ground of expectation, that any great degree of ſkill in it ſhould ever be attained. As it depends upon, and conſiſts in *practice*, more than theory, it requires the earlier initiation: that practice may have its full ſcope, before the time of life arrives, in which there may be occaſion for public exhibition. Mankind muſt *ſpeak* from the beginning, therefore ought, from the beginning, to be taught to ſpeak *rightly*; elſe they may acquire a habit of ſpeaking *wrong*. And whoever knows the *difficulty* of breaking through bad *habits*, will avoid that labour by *prevention*. There is a great difference between *ſpeaking* and *writing*. Some, nay moſt of mankind, are never to be *writers*. All are *ſpeakers*. Young perſons ought not to be put upon writing (from their *own funds*, I mean) till they have furniſhed their minds with *thoughts*, that is, till they have gotten funds: but they cannot be kept from ſpeaking.

Suppoſe a youth to have no proſpect either of ſitting in parliament, of pleading at the *bar*, of appearing upon the *ſtage*, or in the *pulpit*; does it follow, that he need beſtow *no pains* in learning to ſpeak properly his *native language*? Will he never have occaſion to read in a company of his friends, a copy of *verſes*, a *paſſage* of a *book*, or *news-paper*? Muſt he never read a diſcourſe of Tillotſon, or a chapter of the Whole Duty of Man, for the inſtruction of his children and ſervants? Cicero juſtly obſerves, that addreſs in ſpeaking *is highly ornamental, as well as uſeful, even in private life* *. The *limbs* are parts of the body much leſs noble than the *tongue*: Yet no gentleman grudges a conſiderable expence of time and money to have his ſon taught to uſe *them* properly. Which is very commendable. And is there no attention to be paid to the uſe of the *tongue*, the *glory* of man?

Suppoſing a perſon to be ever ſo ſincere and zealous a lover of *virtue*, and of his *country*; without a competent ſkill and addreſs in *ſpeaking*, he can only *ſit ſtill*, and ſee them *wronged*, without having it in his *power* to prevent, or redreſs, the evil. Let an artful and eloquent ſtateſman harangue

* Cic. de Orat. L. i. p. 83.

rangue the houſe of commons upon a point of the utmoſt conſequence to the public good. He has it greatly in his power to *miſlead* the *judgment* of the houſe. And he, who *ſees through* the deluſion, if he be aukward in delivering himſelf, can do *nothing* toward *preventing* the ruinous ſchemes, propoſed by the other, from being carried into execution, but give his *ſingle vote* againſt them, without ſo much as explaining to the houſe his *reaſons* for doing ſo. The caſe is the ſame in other ſmaller aſſemblies and meetings, in which volubility of tongue, and ſteadineſs of countenance, often carry it againſt ſolid reaſons, and important conſiderations.

To offer a help toward the improvement of youth in the uſeful and ornamental accompliſhment of ſpeaking properly their mother-tongue, is the deſign of this publication; to ſet about which I have been the more excited by experiencing, in my own practice, a *want* of ſuch a collection, as the following. What I propoſed to myſelf at firſt, was only to put together a competent *variety* of *paſſages* out of ſome of the beſt writers in proſe and verſe, for exerciſing youth in adapting their general manner of delivery to the *ſpirit* or *humour* of the various matter they may have occaſion to pronounce. Such a collection, I thought, might be acceptable to the public, in conſideration of its furniſhing at an *eaſy expence*, a general *variety* of examples for *practice*, choſen and pointed out, without trouble to maſters. A deſign, which as far as I know, has not before been executed *. On farther conſideration, it occurred to me, that it might render ſuch a publication more uſeful, if I prefixed ſome general obſervations on the method of teaching pronunciation, and put the emphatical words in italics, and marginal notes ſhewing the various *humours* or *paſſions*, in the ſeveral examples, as they change from one to another, in the courſe of the ſpeeches. All maſters of places of education are not, I fear, ſufficiently aware of the extent of this part of their duty; nor of the number of particulars to be attended to, which render it ſo *difficult* to bring a young perſon to deliver, in a completely proper manner, a ſpeech containing a conſiderable

* The PRECEPTOR, a work in two volumes 8vo, has ſome leſſons for practice; but not the *variety* of humours, or paſſions, which my deſign takes in; nor the notes of *direction* for expreſſing them properly. Beſides that the PRECEPTOR is a book of price, and fitter for the maſter's uſe, than the pupil's; ſo that I do not think it anſwers the purpoſe I had in view in this publication. If it did, I ſhould have uſed it. Otherwiſe, I think it an uſeful book, and am glad to find, that it is well received.

variety of different *humours* or *paſſions*. So that *ſome maſters*, as well as *all pupils*, may find their account in uſing this collection, till a better be publiſhed. *

Whoever imagines the Engliſh tongue unfit for *oratory*, has not a juſt notion of it. That, by reaſon of the diſproportion between its vowels and conſonants, it is not quite ſo tractable as the Italian, and conſequently, not ſo eaſily applied to *amorous*, or to *plaintive* muſic, is not denied. But it goes better to *martial* muſic, than the Italian. And in oratory and poetry, there is no tongue, ancient, or modern, capable of expreſſing a greater *variety* of humours, or paſſions, by its *ſounds* (I am not ſpeaking of its copiouſneſs, as to *phraſeology*) than the Engliſh. The Greek, among the antient, and the Turkiſh and Spaniſh, among the modern languages, have a *loftier* ſound, though the *gutturals* in them, of which the Engliſh is free (for it is probable, that the antient Greeks pronounced the letter χ gutturally) are, to moſt ears, diſagreeable. But there is not in thoſe languages, the *variety* of ſound which the Engliſh affords. They never quit their ſtiff *pomp*, which, on ſome occaſions, is *unnatural*. Nor is there, as far as I know, any language more *copious*, than the Engliſh; an eminent advantage for *oratory*. And if we muſt fall out with our mother-tongue, on account of ſome hard and *un-liquid* ſyllables in it, how ſhall we bear the celebrated *Roman* language itſelf, in every ſentence of which we find ſuch ſounds as tot, quot, ſub, ad, ſed, eſt, ut, et, nec, id, at, it, ſit, ſunt, dat, dant, det, dent, dabat, dabant, daret, darent, hic, hæc, hoc, ſit, fuit, erat, erunt, fert, duc, fac, dic, and ſo on.

It is greatly to our ſhame, that, while *we* do ſo little for the improvement of our language, and of our manner of ſpeaking it in public, the *French* ſhould take ſo much pains in both theſe reſpects, though *their* language is very much *inferior* to *ours*, both as to emphaſis and copiouſneſs.

It is true, there is not now the ſame *ſecular* demand for eloquence, as under the popular governments of antient times, when twenty talents (ſeveral thouſands of pounds) was the fee for one ſpeech *; when the *tongue* of an orator could do more than the *ſceptre* of a monarch, or the *ſword* of a warrior; and when ſuperior ſkill in the art of haranguing was the certain means for elevating him, who poſſeſſed it, to the higheſt honours in the ſtate. Even in our own country, this is partly the caſe; for the inſtances of *bad ſpeakers*

* Pliny ſays, Iſocrates was paid that ſum for one oration.

ſpeakers riſing to *eminent ſtations* in the government, are *rare*. But it muſt be owned, our politics now turn upon *other hinges*, than in the times when Greek and Roman eloquence flouriſhed. Nor are *we*, accordingly, like to beſtow the pains, which *they* did, for conſummating ourſelves in the art of Speaking. We ſhall hardly, in our ages, hear of a perſon's ſhutting himſelf up for many months in a cell under ground, to ſtudy and practiſe elocution uninterrupted: or declaiming on the ſea-ſhore, to accuſtom himſelf to harangue an enraged multitude without fear; or under the points of drawn ſwords fixed over his ſhoulders, to cure himſelf of a bad habit of ſhrugging them up; which, with other particulars, are the labours recorded to have been undertaken by Demoſthenes, in order to perfect himſelf, in ſpite of his natural diſadvantages, of which he had many, in the art of elocution. What is to be gained by ſkill in the art of ſpeaking may not now be ſufficient to reward the indefatigable diligence uſed by a Demoſthenes, a Pericles, an Æſchines, a Demetrius Phalereus, an Iſocrates, a Carbo, a Cicero, a M. Antony, an Hortenſius, a Julius, an Auguſtus, and the reſt. Yet it is ſtill of important *advantage* for all that part of youth, whoſe ſtation places them within the reach of a *polite education*, to be qualified for acquitting themſelves with reputation, when called to ſpeak in public. In *parliament*, at the *bar*, in the *pulpit*, at *meetings* of merchants, in *committees* for managing public affairs, in large ſocieties, and on ſuch like occaſions, a competent addreſs and readineſs, not only in finding matter, but in *expreſſing* and *urging* it effectually, is what, I doubt not, many a gentleman would willingly acquire at the expence of half his other improvements.

The reader will naturally reflect here upon *one* important uſe for good ſpeaking, which, was *unknown* to the antients, viz. for the *miniſterial* function. I therefore have ſaid above, page 4, that we have not the ſame *ſecular* demand for elocution, as the antients; meaning, by reſervation, that *we* have a *moral*, or *ſpiritual* uſe for it, which *they* had not.

And no ſmall matter of grief it is to think, that, of the three learned profeſſions, real *merit* is there the *moſt ineffectual* toward *raiſing* its poſſeſſor, where it ought to be *moſt*; which muſt greatly damp *emulation* and *diligence*. An *able* phyſician, or lawyer, hardly fails of ſucceſs in life. But a clergyman may unite the *learning* of a Cudworth with the *eloquence* of a Tillotſon, and the *delivery* of an Atterbury: but, if he cannot make out a *connection* with ſome *great man*, and it is too well known by what means *they* are moſt com-

monly gained; he muſt content himſelf to be buried in a country curacy, or vicarage at moſt, for life.

If nature unaſſiſted could form the eminent ſpeaker, where were the uſe of *art* or *culture*; which yet no one pretends to queſtion? Art is but *nature improved upon* and *refined*. And before improvement is applied, genius is but a maſs of ore in the mine, without luſtre, and without value, becauſe *unknown* and *unthought of*. The antients uſed to procure for their youth, maſters of pronunciation from the theatres *, and had them taught geſture and attitude by the palæſtritæ. Theſe laſt taught what is, among us, done by the dancing-maſter. And, as to the former, no man ought to preſume to ſet himſelf at the head of a place of education, who is not in ſome degree capable of teaching pronunciation. However, I could wiſh, that gentlemen, who have made themſelves perfect maſters of pronunciation and delivery, would undertake to teach this branch at places of education, in the ſame manner as maſters of muſic, drawing, dancing, and fencing, are uſed to do.

It is well when a youth has no natural *defect* or *impediment*, in his ſpeech. And, I ſhould, by no means, adviſe, that he, who has, be brought up to a profeſſion *requiring* elocution. But there are inſtances enough of natural defects ſurmounted, and eminent ſpeakers formed by indefatigable diligence, in ſpite of them. Demoſthenes could not, when he begun to ſtudy rhetoric, pronounce the firſt letter of the name of his art. And Cicero was long-necked, and narrow-cheſted. But diligent and faithful labour, in what one is in earneſt about, ſurmounts all difficulties. Yet we are commonly enough diſguſted by public ſpeakers liſping, and ſtammering, and ſpeaking through the noſe, and pronouncing the letter R with the throat, inſtead of the tongue, and the letter S like Th, and ſcreaming above, or croaking below all natural pitch of human voice; ſome mumbling, as if they were conjuring up ſpirits; others bawling, as loud as the vociferous venders of proviſions in London ſtreets; ſome tumbling out the words ſo precipitately, that no ear can catch them; others dragging them out ſo ſlowly, that it is as tedious to liſten to them, as to count a great clock; ſome have got a habit of ſhrugging up their ſhoulders; others of ſee-ſawing with their bodies, ſome backward and forward, others from ſide to ſide; ſome raiſe their eyebrows at every third word; ſome open their mouths frightfully; others keep their teeth ſo cloſe together, that one would think their jaws were ſet; ſome ſhrivel all their features together into the middle

* *Quint.* C. x.

middle of their faces; ſome puſh out their lips, as if they were mocking the audience; others hem at every pauſe; and others ſmack with their lips, and roll their tongues about in their mouths, as if they laboured under a continual thirſt. All which bad habits they ought to have been broken of in *early youth*, or put into ways of life, in which they would have, at leaſt, offended *fewer* perſons.

It is through neglect in the *early* part of life, and bad habits taking place, that there is not a public ſpeaker among twenty, who knows what to do with his *eyes*. To ſee the venerable man, who is to be the mouth of a whole people confeſſing their offences to their Creator and Judge, bring out theſe awful words, "Almighty and moſt merciful Fa-"ther, &c." with his eyes over his *ſhoulder*, to ſee who is juſt gone into the pew at his elbow; to obſerve this, one would imagine there was an abſolute *want* of all feeling of *devotion*. But it may be, all the while, owing to nothing but *aukwardneſs*; and the good man looks about him the whole time, he is going on with the ſervice, merely to keep himſelf in *countenance*, not knowing, elſe, where to put his *eyes*.

Even the players, who excel, beyond compariſon, all other ſpeakers in this country, in what regards decorum, are, ſome of them, often guilty of monſtrous *improprieties* as to the management of their eyes. To direct them full at the *audience*, when they are ſpeaking a *ſoliloquy*, or an *aſide-ſpeech*, is unſufferable. For they ought not to ſeem ſo much as to think of an *audience*, or of any perſon's looking upon them, at *any* time; eſpecially on *thoſe* occaſions; thoſe ſpeeches being only thinking aloud, and expreſſing what the actor ſhould be ſuppoſed to wiſh *concealed*. Nor do they always keep their *eyes fixed* upon thoſe they *ſpeak to*, even in *impaſſioned* dialogue. Whether it is from *heedleſſneſs*, or that they are more *out of countenance* by looking one another ſtedfaſtly in the face, I know not: but they do often ramble about with their eyes in a very unmeaning, and unnatural manner.

A natural genius for delivery ſuppoſes an *ear*; though it does not always ſuppoſe a *muſical** ear. I have never heard poetry, particularly that of Milton, better ſpoken, than by a gentleman, who yet had ſo little diſcernment in muſic, that, he has often told me, the grinding of knives entertained him as much as Handel's organ.

* Yet Quintilian would have his orator by all means ſtudy *muſic*. C. viii.

As ſoon as a child can read, without *ſpelling*, the words in a common Engliſh book, as the SPECTATOR, he ought to be taught the uſe of the *ſtops*, and accuſtomed, from the beginning, to pay the *ſame* regard to them as to the *words*. The common rule, for holding them out to their juſt length, is too exact for *practice*, viz. that a comma is to hold the length of a ſyllable, a ſemicolon of two, a colon of three, and a period of four. In ſome caſes, there is *no ſtop* to be made at a comma, as they are often put merely to render the *ſenſe clear*; as thoſe, which, by Mr. Ward, and many other learned editors of books, are put before every *relative*. It likewiſe often happens, that the ſtrain of the matter ſhews a propriety, or beauty, in holding the pauſe *beyond* the *proper length* of the ſtop; particularly when any thing remarkably *ſtriking* has been uttered; by which means the hearers have time to ruminate upon it, before the matter, which follows, can put it out of their thoughts. Of this, inſtances will occur in the following leſſons.

Young readers are apt to get into a *rehearſing* kind of *monotony*; of which it is very difficult to break them. Monotony is holding one *uniform* humming ſound through the whole diſcourſe, without riſing or falling. Cant, is, in ſpeaking, as pſalmody and ballad in muſic, a ſtrain conſiſting of a few notes *riſing* and *falling* without variation, like a peal of bells, let the *matter* change how it will. The chaunt, with which the proſe pſalms are half-ſung, half-ſaid, in cathedrals, is the ſame kind of abſurdity. All theſe are unnatural, becauſe the continually varying ſtrain of the *matter* neceſſarily requires a continually varying ſeries of *ſounds* to expreſs it. Whereas chaunting in cathedrals, pſalmody in pariſh-churches, ballad muſic put to a number of verſes, differing in thoughts and images, and cant, or monotony, in expreſſing the various matter of a diſcourſe, do not in the leaſt *humour* the *matters* they are applied to; but on the contrary, confound it *.

Young people muſt be taught to let their voice *fall* at the *ends* of ſentences; and to read without any particular whine, cant, or drawl, and with the *natural* inflections of voice, which they uſe in *ſpeaking*. For *reading* is nothing but *ſpeaking* what one ſees in a book, as if he were expreſſing his *own* ſentiments, as they riſe in his mind. And no perſon reads well, till he comes to ſpeak what he ſees in the book before him in the ſame natural manner as he ſpeaks the thoughts, which ariſe in his *own* mind. And hence it is, that

* See SPECT. No. 18.

that no one can *read* properly what he does not *underſtand*. Which leads me to obſerve, that there are many books much *fitter* for improving *children* in reading, than moſt parts of *ſcripture*, eſpecially of the *Old Teſtament*. Becauſe the *words* of our Engliſh Bible are, many of them, *obſolete*; the *phraſeology*, as of all bare tranſlations, *ſtiff*; the *ſubjects* not *familiar* to young perſons, and the characters *grave* and *forbidding*. *Fables* and *tales*, founded upon good morals, and ſelect parts of *hiſtory* and *biography*, and familiar *dialogues*, are more *pleaſing* and *ſuitable* to children under ſeven and eight years of age. And ſuch familiar reading, as coming near to their own *chat*, is moſt likely to keep them from, or cure them of a *canting*, *whining*, *drawling*, or *un-animated* manner.

They muſt be taught, that, in queſtions, the voice is often to *riſe* toward the end of the ſentence, *contrary* to the manner of pronouncing moſt *other* ſorts of matter; becauſe the *emphatical* word, or that, upon which the *ſtreſs* of the queſtion lies, is often the *laſt* in the ſentence. Examp. "Can "any good come out of *Nazareth?*" Here the emphatical word is *Nazareth*; therefore the word *Nazareth* is to be pronounced in a higher note, than any other part of the ſentence. But in pronouncing the following, "By what *au*- "*thority* doſt thou theſe things; and *who* gave thee this au- "thority?" the emphatical words are *authority* and *who*: becauſe what the Jews aſked our Saviour was, by what *power*, or *authority*, he did his wonderful works; and *how* he *came* by that power. And in all queſtions, the emphaſis muſt, according to the intention of the ſpeaker, be put upon that word, which ſignifies the point, about which he enquires. Examp. "Is it true, that you have ſeen a noble lord from "court to-day, who has told you bad news?" If the enquirer wants only to know, whether *myſelf*, or ſome *other* perſon, has ſeen the ſuppoſed great man; he will put the emphaſis upon *you*. If he knows, that I have ſeen ſomebody from court, and only wants to know, whether I have ſeen a *great man*, who may be ſuppoſed to *know*, what *inferior* perſons about the court *do not*, he will put the emphaſis upon *noble lord*. If he wants to know, only whether the great man came *directly* from *court*, ſo that his intelligence may be depended upon, he will put the emphaſis upon *court*. If he wants only to know, whether I have ſeen him *to-day*, or *yeſterday*, he will put the emphaſis upon *to-day*. If he *knows*, that I have ſeen a great man from court, to-day, and only *wants to know*, whether he has told me any *news*, he will put the emphaſis upon *news*. If he knows all the reſt,

and

and wants only to know, whether the news, I heard, was *bad*; he will put the emphaſis upon the word *bad*.

The matter contained in a *parentheſis*, or between *commas* inſtead of a parentheſis, which authors and editors often uſe, and between *brackets*, [ ] is to be pronounced with a *lower* voice, and *quicker* than the reſt, and with a ſhort *ſtop* at the beginning and end; that the hearer may perceive where the ſtrain of the diſcourſe *breaks off*, and where it is *reſumed*; as, "When, therefore, the Lord knew, that the Phariſees "had heard, that Jeſus made, and baptized *more* diſciples "than *John* (though Jeſus *himſelf* did not baptize, but "his *diſciples*) he departed from Judea, and returned to "Galilee *."

A youth ſhould not only be accuſtomed to read to the maſter, while the general buſineſs of the ſchool is going on, ſo that none, but the maſter, and thoſe of his own claſs, can hear him; but likewiſe to read, or ſpeak, by *himſelf*, while all the *reſt* hear. This will give him *courage*, and accuſtom him to pronounce *diſtinctly*, ſo that every ſyllable ſhall be heard (though not every ſyllable alike *loud*, and with the ſame *emphaſis*) through the whole room. For it is one part of the judgment of a public ſpeaker, to *accommodate* his *voice* to the *place*, he ſpeaks in, in ſuch a manner as to *fill* it, and, at the ſame time not *ſtun* the hearers. It is matter of no ſmall difficulty to bring *young* readers to ſpeak *ſlow* enough. There is little danger of their ſpeaking *too ſlow*. Though *that* is a *fault*, as well as the contrary. For the hearers cannot but be diſguſted and tired with liſtening much longer than is neceſſary, and loſing precious time.

In every ſentence, there is ſome *word*, perhaps ſeveral, which are to be pronounced with a *ſtronger* accent, or emphaſis, than the others. Time was, when the emphatical word, or words, in every ſentence, were printed in *Italics*. And a great advantage it was toward *underſtanding* the *ſenſe* of the author, eſpecially, where there was a thread of *reaſoning* carried on. But we are now grown ſo nice, that we have found, the intermixture of two characters *deforms* the page, and gives it a ſpeckled appearance. As if it were not of infinitely more conſequence to make ſure of *edifying* the reader, than of *pleaſing* his *eye*. But to return to *emphaſis*, there is nothing more pedantic than *too much* laid upon *trifling* matter. Men of learning, eſpecially phyſicians, and divines, are apt to get into a fulſome, bombaſtic way of uttering

* John iv. 1, 2, 3.

uttering themſelves on all occaſions, as if they were *dictating*, when perhaps the buſineſs is of no greater conſequence, than

What's a clock? or how's the wind?
Whoſe coach is that we've left behind?
SWIFT.

Nor can any error be more ridiculous, than ſome that have been occaſioned by an emphaſis placed *wrong*. Such was that of a clergyman's curate, who, having occaſion to read in the church our Saviour's ſaying to the diſciples, Luke xxiv. 25. "*O fools*, and *ſlow of heart*" [that is, *backward*] "to believe all that the prophets have written concerning "me!" placed the emphaſis upon the word *believe*; as if Chriſt had called them fools for *believing*. Upon the rector's finding fault; when he read it next, he placed the emphaſis upon *all*; as if it had been fooliſh in the diſciples to believe *all*. The rector again blaming this manner of placing the emphaſis, the good curate accented the word *prophets*. As if the *prophets* had been perſons in *no reſpect* worthy of *belief*.

A total want of *energy* in expreſſing *pathetic* language is equally blameable. I have often been amazed how public ſpeakers could bring out the *ſtrong* and *pathetic* expreſſions, they have occaſion to utter, in ſo *cold* and *un-animated* a manner. I happened lately to hear the tenth chapter of Joſhua read in a church in the country. It contains the hiſtory of the miraculous conqueſt of the five kings, who aroſe againſt the people of Iſrael. The clergyman bears a very good character in the neighbourhood. I was therefore grieved to hear him read ſo *ſtriking* a piece of ſcripture-hiſtory in a manner ſo *un-animated*, that it was fit to lull the whole pariſh to *ſleep*. Particularly I ſhall never forget his manner of expreſſing the twenty-ſecond verſe, which is the Jewiſh general's order to bring out the captive kings to *ſlaughter*. "Open the mouth of the cave, and bring out "thoſe five kings to me out of the cave;" which he uttered in the very manner, he would have expreſſed himſelf, if he had ſaid to his boy, "Open my chamber door, and bring "me my ſlippers from under the bed."

CICERO * very judiciouſly directs, that a public ſpeaker *remit*, from time to time, ſomewhat of the *vehemence* of his action,

* De ORAT. L. III. p. 144. Tom. I. "Habeat tamen illa in dicendo," &c.

action, and not utter every paſſage with *all the force he can*; to ſet off, the more ſtrongly, the *more emphatical parts*; as the painters, by means of ſhades properly placed, make the figures ſtand off bolder. For if the ſpeaker has uttered a *weaker paſſage* with *all* the *energy* he is *maſter of*, what is he to do, when he comes to the *moſt pathetic* parts?

The *eaſe*, with which a ſpeaker goes through a long diſcourſe, and his *ſucceſs* with his audience, depend much upon his *ſetting out* in a proper *key* *, and at a due pitch of *loudneſs*. If he begins in too *high* a tone, or ſets out too *loud*, how is he afterwards to riſe to a *higher note*, or ſwell his voice *louder*, as the more *pathetic* ſtrains may require? The *command* of the voice, therefore, in this reſpect, is to be ſtudied very *early*.

The force or *pathos*, with which a ſpeech is to be delivered, is to *increaſe*, as the ſpeech goes on. The ſpeaker is to grow warm by *degrees*, as the chariot-wheel by its continued motion †; not to *begin* in a pathetic ſtrain; becauſe the *audience* are not prepared to go along with him.

Falſe and *provincial* accents are to be guarded againſt, or corrected. The manner of pronouncing, which is uſual among people of *education*, who are natives of the *metropolis*, is, in every country, the *ſtandard*. For, what Horace ‡ ſays, of the *choice* of words, viz. that the *people*, by their *practice*, eſtabliſh what is *right*, is equally true of the *pronunciation* of them.

Nature has given to every emotion of the mind its *proper* outward expreſſion, in ſuch manner, that what ſuits *one*, cannot, by any means, be accommodated to *another*. Children at three years of age expreſs their *grief* in a tone of voice, and with an action totally *different*, from that, which they uſe to expreſs their *anger*; and they utter their *joy* in a manner *different* from *both*. Nor do they ever, by miſtake, apply *one* in place of *another*. From hence, that is, from *nature*, is to be deduced the whole *art* of ſpeaking properly. What we mean does not ſo much depend upon the *words* we ſpeak, as on our *manner* of ſpeaking them; and accordingly, in

* The word *key* (taken from muſic) means that note, in the ſcale, which is the loweſt of thoſe that are uſed in a particular piece, and to which the others refer; and has nothing to do with loudneſs, or ſoftneſs. For a piece of muſic may be ſung or played louder or ſofter, whatever its key is.

† "Quid inſuavius, &c. What is more offenſive to the ear, than for "a pleader to open his cauſe in a boiſterous manner." AUCT. AD HERENN. L. III. N. XII.

‡ "Quem penes arbitrium eſt, et jus et norma loquendi."
Hor. ART. POET.

in life, the greateſt attention is paid to *this*, as *expreſſive* of what our *words* often give *no indication* of. Thus *nature fixes* the outward *expreſſion* of every intention or ſentiment of the mind. *Art* only adds *gracefulneſs* to what nature leads to. As *nature* has *determined*, that man ſhall *walk* on his *feet*, not his hands: Art teaches him to *walk gracefully*.

Every part of the human frame *contributes* to expreſs the paſſions and emotions of the *mind*, and to ſhew, in general, its preſent ſtate. The *head* is ſometimes *erected*, ſometimes *hung down*, ſometimes drawn ſuddenly *back* with an air of *diſdain*, ſometimes ſhews by a *nod*, a particular perſon, or object; gives *aſſent*, or *denial*, by different motions; *threatens* by one ſort of movement, *approves* by another, and expreſſes *ſuſpicion* by a third.

The *arms* are ſometimes *both* thrown out, ſometimes the *right* alone. Sometimes they are *lifted* up as high as the face, to expreſs *wonder*, ſometimes *held out* before the breaſt, to ſhew *fear*; *ſpread* forth with the hands open, to expreſs *deſire* or *affection*; the hands *clapped* in *ſurprize*, and in ſudden *joy* and *grief*; the *right* hand *clenched*; and the *arms brandiſhed*, to *threaten*; the *two arms* ſet *a-kimbo*, to look *big*, and expreſs *contempt* or *courage*. With the hands, as Quintilian * ſays, we *ſolicit*, we *refuſe*, we *promiſe*, we *threaten*, we *diſmiſs*, we *invite*, we *intreat*, we expreſs *averſion*, *fear*, *doubting*, *denial*, *aſking*, *affirmation*, *negation*, *joy*, *grief*, *confeſſion*, *penitence*. With the hands we *deſcribe*, and *point out* all circumſtances of time, place, and manner of what we relate; we *excite* the paſſions of others, and *ſoothe* them, we *approve* and *diſapprove*, *permit*, or *prohibit*, *admire*, or *deſpiſe*. The hands ſerve us inſtead of many ſorts of *words*, and where the language of the *tongue* is unknown, that of the *hands* is underſtood, being *univerſal*, and *common* to *all nations*.

The *legs advance*, or *retreat*, to expreſs *deſire*, or *averſion*, *love*, or *hatred*, *courage*, or *fear*, and produce *exultation*, or leaping in ſudden joy; and the *ſtamping* of the *foot* expreſſes *earneſtneſs*, *anger*, and *threatening*.

Eſpecially the *face*, being furniſhed with a variety of muſcles, *does more* in expreſſing the paſſions of the mind, than the *whole human frame* beſides. The change of *colour* (in white people) ſhews by turns, *anger* by *redneſs*, and ſometimes by *paleneſs*, *fear* likewiſe by *paleneſs*, and *ſhame* by *bluſhing*. Every *feature* contributes its part. The *mouth*, *open*, ſhews *one* ſtate of the mind, *ſhut*, *another*; the *gnaſhing* of the *teeth another*. The *forehead ſmooth*, and *eyebrows arched* and

* Inst. Orat. p. 455. "Annon his poſcimus," &c.

and *eaſy*, ſhew *tranquillity*, or *joy*. *Mirth opens* the mouth toward the ears, *criſps* the *noſe*, *half-ſhuts* the *eyes*, and ſometimes fills them with *tears*. The *front* wrinkled into *frowns*, and the *eyebrows* over-hanging the *eyes*, like clouds, fraught with tempeſt, ſhew a mind agitated with *fury*. Above all, the *eye* ſhews the very *ſpirit* in a *viſible* form. In every different ſtate of the mind, it aſſumes a different appearance. *Joy brightens* and *opens* it. *Grief half-cloſes*, and *drowns* it in *tears*. *Hatred* and *anger*, *flaſh* from it like lightning. *Love*, darts from it in *glances*, like the orient beam. *Jealouſy* and ſquinting *envy*, dart their contagious *blaſts* from the *eye*. And *devotion raiſes* it to the ſkies, as if the *ſoul* of the holy man were going to take its flight to heaven.

The *ancients* * uſed ſome geſtures which are unknown to us, as, to expreſs *grief*, and other violent emotions of the mind, they uſed to ſtrike their *knees* with the *palms* of their hands.

The force of *attitude* and *looks*, alone appears in a wonderouſly ſtriking manner, in the works of the *painter* and *ſtatuary*; who have the delicate art of making the flat canvas and rocky marble utter every *paſſion* of the human mind, and touch the *ſoul* of the ſpectator, as if the picture, or ſtatue, *ſpoke* the pathetic language of Shakeſpear. It is no wonder, then, that maſterly *action* joined with powerful *elocution* ſhould be irreſiſtible. And the *variety* of expreſſion by *looks* and *geſtures*, is ſo great, that, as is well known, a whole play can be repreſented *without* a *word ſpoken*.

The following are, I believe, the principal *paſſions*, *humours*, *ſentiments*, and *intentions*, which are to be expreſſed by *ſpeech* and *action*. And I hope it will be allowed by the reader, that it is nearly in the following manner, that *nature* expreſſes them.

Tranquillity, or *apathy*, appears by the *compoſure* of the *countenance*, and general *repoſe* of the *body* and *limbs*, without the *exertion* of any one *muſcle*. The *countenance open*; the *forehead ſmooth*; the *eyebrows arched*; the *mouth* juſt *not ſhut*; and the *eyes* paſſing with an *eaſy* motion from object to object, but not dwelling *long* upon any one.

Cheerfulneſs, adds a ſmile, *opening* the *mouth* a little *more*.

Mirth, or *laughter*, *opens* the *mouth* ſtill *more* towards the ears; *criſps* the *noſe*; *leſſens* the *aperture* of the *eyes*, and ſometimes fills them with *tears*; ſhakes and *convulſes* the whole *frame*; giving conſiderable pain, which occaſions *holding* the *ſides*.

Raillery,

* Auct. ad Heren. L. III. N. XV. *Quintil.* Inst. Orat. p. 457.

Raillery, in ſport, without real *animoſity*, puts on the *aſpect* of *cheerfulneſs*. The tone of *voice* is *ſprightly*. With *contempt*, or *diſguſt*, it caſts a look *aſquint*, from time to time, at the object; and quits the *cheerful* aſpect for one *mixed* between an affected *grin* and *ſourneſs*. The *upper lip* is *drawn up* with an air of diſdain. The *arms* are ſet *a-kimbo* on the hips; and the *right hand* now and then *thrown out* toward the object, as if one were going to ſtrike another a ſlight back-hand blow. The pitch of the voice rather *loud*, the tone *arch* and *ſneering*; the ſentences ſhort; the expreſſions ſatyrical, with mock-praiſe intermixed. There are inſtances of raillery in ſcripture itſelf, as 1 Kings xviii. and Iſa. xliv. And the excellent Tillotſon has not ſcrupled to indulge a ſtrain of that ſort now and then, eſpecially in expoſing the mock ſolemnities of that moſt ludicrous (as well as odious) of all religions, popery. Nor ſhould I think raillery unworthy the attention of the lawyer; as it may occaſionally come in, not unuſefully, in his pleadings, as well as any other ſtroke of ornament, or entertainment *.

Buffoonery, aſſumes an arch, ſly, leering *gravity*. Muſt not *quit* its *ſerious* aſpect, though all ſhould *laugh* to burſt ribs of ſteel. This command of face is ſomewhat difficult; though not ſo hard, I ſhould think, as to reſtrain the contrary ſympathy, I mean of weeping with thoſe who weep.

Joy, when ſudden and violent, expreſſes itſelf by *clapping* of *hands*, and *exultation*, or leaping. The *eyes* are *opened* wide; perhaps filled with *tears*; often raiſed to *heaven*, eſpecially by devout perſons. The countenance is ſmiling, not compoſedly, but with features *aggravated*. The voice riſes, from time to time, to very *high* notes.

Delight, or pleaſure, as when one is entertained, or raviſhed with muſic, painting, oratory, or any ſuch elegancy, ſhews itſelf by the *looks*, *geſtures*, and *utterance of joy*; but moderated.

Gravity, or ſerioufneſs, the mind fixed upon ſome important ſubject, *draws down* the *eyebrows* a little; *caſts down*, or *ſhuts*, or *raiſes* the *eyes* to heaven; *ſhuts* the *mouth*, and *pinches* the *lips* cloſe. The poſture of the *body* and *limbs* is *compoſed*, and without much *motion*. The *ſpeech*, if any, *ſlow* and *ſolemn*; the *tone unvarying*.

Enquiry, into an obſcure ſubject, *fixes* the body in one poſture, the *head ſtooping*, and the *eye poring*, the *eyebrows drawn down*.

Attention,

* ——— ——— ——— ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque ſecat res. HOR.

Attention, to an eſteemed, or ſuperior character, has the ſame aſpect; and requires *ſilence*; the eyes often *caſt down* upon the ground; ſometimes *fixed* on the *face* of the ſpeaker; but not too *pertly*.

Modeſty, or ſubmiſſion, bends the body forward; *levels* the *eyes* to the breaſt, if not to the feet, of the ſuperior character. The *voice low*; the *tone ſubmiſſive*; and *words few*.

Perplexity, or anxiety, which is always attended with ſome degree of fear and uneaſineſs, *draws* all the parts of the *body together*; *gathers* up the *arms* upon the breaſt, unleſs one hand *covers* the *eyes*, or rubs the forehead; *draws down* the *eyebrows*; *hangs* the *head* upon the breaſt; *caſts down* the *eyes*, ſhuts and *pinches* the *eyelids* cloſe; *ſhuts* the *mouth*, and *pinches* the *lips* cloſe, or *bites* them. Suddenly the whole *body* is vehemently *agitated*. The perſon *walks* about *buſily*: *ſtops* abruptly. Then he *talks* to himſelf, or makes *grimaces*. If he ſpeaks to another, his *pauſes* are *very long*; the *tone* of his *voice unvarying*, and his *ſentences broken*, *expreſſing* half, and *keeping in* half of what ariſes in his mind.

Vexation, occaſioned by ſome real or imaginary misfortune, *agitates* the *whole frame*, and, beſides expreſſing itſelf with the *looks*, *geſtures*, *reſtleſſneſs*, and *tone* of *perplexity*, it adds *complaint*, *fretting*, and *lamenting*.

Pity, a mixed paſſion of love and grief, looks down upon diſtreſs with *lifted hands*; *eyebrows drawn down*; *mouth open*; and *features drawn together*. Its expreſſion, as to looks, and geſture, is the ſame with thoſe of *ſuffering*, (ſee *Suffering*,) but more *moderate*, as the painful feelings are only ſympathetic, and therefore *one remove* as it were, more *diſtant* from the *ſoul*, than what one feels in his *own* perſon.

Grief, *ſudden*, and *violent*, expreſſes itſelf by *beating* the *head*; *groveling* on the *ground*; *tearing* of *garments*, *hair*, and *fleſh*; *ſcreaming* aloud, *weeping*, *ſtamping* with the *feet*, *lifting* the *eyes*, from time to time, to heaven; *hurrying* to and fro, running *diſtracted*, or *fainting* away, ſometimes *without recovery*. Sometimes violent grief produces a torpid ſullen ſilence, reſembling total *apathy* *.

Melancholy, or fixed grief, is *gloomy*, *ſedentary*, *motionleſs*. The lower *jaw falls*; the lips pale, the eyes are *caſt down*, *half-ſhut*, eyelids ſwelled and red, or livid, *tears* trickling *ſilent*, and unwiped; with a total *inattention* to every thing that paſſes. *Words*, if any, *few*, and thoſe *dragged* out, rather than *ſpoken*; the *accents weak*, and *interrupted*, *ſighs* breaking into the middle of ſentences and words.

Deſpair,

* Curæ leves loquuntur; ingentes ſtupent. *Senec.* HIPP.

Deſpair, as in a condemned criminal, or one, who has loſt all hope of ſalvation, *bends* the *eyebrows* downward; *clouds* the *forehead*; *rolls* the *eyes* around frightfully; *opens* the *mouth* toward the ears; *bites* the *lips*; *widens* the *noſtrils*; *gnaſhes* with the *teeth*, like a fierce wild beaſt. The *heart* is too much *hardened* to ſuffer *tears* to flow; yet the *eyeballs* will be *red* and *inflamed* like thoſe of an animal in a rabid ſtate. The *head* is *hung* down upon the breaſt. The *arms* are *bended* at the elbows: the *fiſts clenched* hard: the *veins* and *muſcles* *ſwel'ed*; the *ſkin livid*; and the whole *body ſtrained* and violently agitated; *groans*, expreſſive of inward torture, more frequently uttered than *words*. If any words, they are *few*, and expreſſed with a *ſullen*, *eager bitterneſs*; the tone of voice often *loud* and *furious*. As it often drives people to diſtraction, and ſelf-murder, it can hardly be over-acted by one, who would repreſent it.

Fear, violent and ſudden, *opens* very wide the *eyes* and *mouth*; ſhortens the noſe; draws *down* the *eyebrows*; gives the *countenance* an air of *wildneſs*; covers it with deadly *paleneſs*; draws *back* the *elbows* parallel with the ſides; *lifts* up the open *hands*, the fingers together, to the height of the breaſt, ſo that the palms face the dreadful object, as ſhields oppoſed againſt it. One *foot* is drawn *back* behind the other, ſo that the *body* ſeems *ſhrinking* from the danger, and putting itſelf in a poſture for *flight*. The *heart beats* violently; the *breath* is fetched *quick* and *ſhort*; the whole *body* is thrown into a general *tremor*. The *voice* is *weak* and *trembling*; the *ſentences* are *ſhort*, and the *meaning confuſed* and *incoherent*. Imminent danger, real, or fancied, produces, in timorous perſons, as women and children, violent *ſhrieks*, without any *articulate* ſound of words; and ſometimes irrecoverably *confounds* the *underſtanding*; produces *fainting*, which is ſometimes followed by *death*.

Shame, or a ſenſe of one's *appearing* to a *diſadvantage*, before one's fellow-creatures, turns *away* the *face* from the beholders; covers it with *bluſhes*; *hangs* the *head*; caſts *down* the *eyes*, draws *down* the *eyebrows*; either ſtrikes the perſon *dumb*, or, if he attempts to ſay any thing in his own defence, cauſes his *tongue* to *falter*, and *confounds* his *utterance*; and puts him upon making a thouſand *geſtures* and *grimaces*, to keep himſelf in *countenance*; all which only heighten the confuſion of his appearance.

Remorſe, or a painful *ſenſe* of *guilt*, caſts *down* the *countenance*, and *clouds* it with *anxiety*; hangs *down* the *head*; draws the *eyebrows down* upon the eyes. The *right* hand beats the *breaſt*. The *teeth gnaſh* with anguiſh. The whole

body is *ſtrained* and violently *agitated*. If this *ſtrong* remorſe is ſucceeded by the more gracious diſpoſition of *penitence*, or *contrition*; then the *eyes* are *raiſed* (but with great appearance of *doubting* and *fear*) to the throne of heavenly mercy; and immediately caſt *down* again to the *earth*. Then floods of *tears* are ſeen to flow. The *knees* are *bended*; or the *body proſtrated* on the ground. The arms are *ſpread* in a ſuppliant poſture, and the voice of *deprecation* is uttered with *ſighs*, *groans*, *timidity*, *heſitation*, and *trembling*.

Courage, ſteady, and cool, *opens* the *countenance*, gives the whole form an *erect* and *graceful* air. The accents are *ſtrong*, *full-mouthed* and *articulate*, the voice *firm* and *even*.

Boaſting, or affected courage, is *loud*, *bluſtering*, *threatening*. The *eyes ſtare*; the *eyebrows* drawn *down*; the *face* is *red* and *bloated*; the *mouth pouts* out; the *voice hollow* and *thundering*; the arms are ſet a-kimbo; the *head* often *nodding* in a menacing manner; and the right *fiſt*, *clenched*, is *brandiſhed*, from time to time, at the perſon *threatened*. The right *foot* is often *ſtamped* upon the ground, and the *legs* take ſuch large *ſtrides*, and the *ſteps* are ſo *heavy*, that the earth ſeems to tremble under them.

Pride aſſumes a *lofty* look, bordering upon the aſpect and attitude of *anger*. The *eyes open*, but with the *eyebrows* conſiderably drawn *down*; the *mouth pouting* out; moſtly *ſhut*, and the *lips pinched* cloſe. The *words* walk out *a-ſtrut*, with a *ſlow*, *ſtiff*, *bombaſtic* affectation of importance. The *arms* generally *a-kimbo*, and the *legs* at a *diſtance* from one another, taking large *tragedy-ſtrides*.

Obſtinacy adds to the aſpect of pride, a dogged *ſourneſs*, like that of *malice*. See *Malice*.

Authority opens the *countenance*; but draws *down* the *eyebrows* a little, ſo far as to give the look of *gravity*. See *Gravity*.

Commanding requires an air a little more *peremptory*, with a look a little *ſevere* or *ſtern*. The *hand* is *held out*, and *moved toward* the perſon, to whom the order is given, with the *palm upwards*, and the *head* nods *toward* him.

Forbidding, on the contrary, draws the *head backward*, and puſhes the *hand* from one with the *palm downward*, as if going to lay it upon the perſon, to hold him down immoveable, that he may not do what is forbidden him.

Affirming, eſpecially with a judicial oath, is expreſſed by *lifting* the open right *hand*, and *eyes*, toward heaven; or, if *conſcience* is appealed to, by laying the right *hand* upon the *breaſt*.

Denying is expreſſed by *puſhing* the open right *hand from* one; and *turning* the *face* the contrary way. See *Averſion.*

Differing in ſentiment may be expreſſed as refuſing. See *Refuſing.*

Agreeing in opinion, or conviction, as granting. See *Granting.*

Exhorting, as by a general at the head of his army, requires a *kind, complacent* look; unleſs matter of *offence* has paſſed, as neglect of duty, or the like.

Judging demands a *grave, ſteady look*, with deep *attention*; the *countenance* altogether clear from any appearance of either *diſguſt* or *favour.* The *accents ſlow, diſtinct, emphatical*, accompanied with *little action*, and that *very grave.*

Reproving puts on a *ſtern* aſpect, *roughens* the *voice*, and is accompanied with *geſtures* not much different from thoſe of *threatening*, but not ſo *lively.*

Acquitting is performed with a *benevolent, tranquil* countenance, and tone of *voice*; the right *hand*, if not both, *open, waved* gently toward the perſon acquitted, expreſſing *Diſmiſſion.* See *Diſmiſſing.*

Condemning aſſumes a *ſevere* look, but mixed with *pity.* The *ſentence* is to be *expreſſed* as with *reluctance.*

Teaching, explaining, inculcating, or giving *orders* to an *inferior*, requires an air of *ſuperiority* to be aſſumed. The *features* are to be compoſed to an authoritative *gravity.* The *eye ſteady*, and *open*, the *eyebrow* a little drawn *down* over it; but not ſo much as to look *ſurly* or *dogmatical.* The *tone* of voice varying according as the *emphaſis* requires, of which a *good deal* is neceſſary in expreſſing matter of this ſort. The *pitch* of the voice to be *ſtrong* and *clear*; the *articulation diſtinct*; the *utterance ſlow*, and the manner *peremptory.* This is the proper manner of pronouncing the *commandments* in the communion office. But (I am ſorry to ſay it) they are too commonly ſpoken in the ſame manner as the *prayers*, than which nothing can be more unnatural.

Pardoning differs from *acquitting*, in that the latter means *clearing* a perſon after trial of *guilt*; whereas the former ſuppoſes *guilt*, and ſignifies merely delivering the guilty perſon from *puniſhment. Pardoning* requires ſome degree of *ſeverity* of *aſpect* and *tone* of voice, becauſe the pardoned perſon is not an object of entire *unmixed* approbation; otherwiſe its expreſſion is much the ſame as *granting.* See *Granting.*

Arguing requires a *cool, ſedate, attentive aſpect*, and a *clear, ſlow, emphatical accent*, with much *demonſtration* by the *hand.* It differs from *teaching* (ſee *Teaching*) in that the look of *authority* is not wanting in *arguing.*

Diſmiſſing, with *approbation*, is done with a *kind aſpect* and *tone* of voice; the right *hand open*, gently *waved* toward the perſon: with *diſpleaſure*, beſides the look and tone of voice which ſuit diſpleaſure, the *hand* is haſtily *thrown out* toward the perſon diſmiſſed, the *back* part toward him, the *countenance* at the ſame time turned *away* from him.

Refuſing, when accompanied with *diſpleaſure*, is expreſſed nearly in the *ſame* way. Without diſpleaſure, it is done with a viſible *reluctance*, which occaſions the bringing out the words *ſlowly*, with ſuch a *ſhake* of the *head*, and *ſhrug* of the *ſhoulders*, as is natural upon hearing of ſomewhat, which gives us *concern*.

Granting, when done with *unreſerved* good-will, is accompanied with a *benevolent aſpect*, and *tone* of voice; the right *hand preſſed* to the left *breaſt*, to ſignify how *heartily* the favour is granted, and the benefactor's *joy* in conferring it.

Dependence. See *Modeſty*.

Veneration, or worſhipping, comprehends ſeveral articles, as *aſcription*, *confeſſion*, *remorſe*, *interceſſion*, *thankſgiving*, *deprecation*, *petition*, &c. *Aſcription* of honour and praiſe to the peerleſs and ſupreme Majeſty of heaven, and *confeſſion*, and *deprecation*, are to be uttered with all that *humility* of *looks* and *geſture*, which can exhibit the moſt profound *ſelf-abaſement* and *annihilation*, before One, whoſe *ſuperiority* is *infinite*. The *head* is a little *raiſed*, but with the moſt apparent *timidity*, and *dread*; the *eye* is *lifted*; but immediately caſt *down* again, or *cloſed* for a *moment*; the *eyebrows* are drawn *down* in the moſt reſpectful manner; the *features*, and the whole *body* and *limbs*, are all compoſed to the moſt profound *gravity*; one poſture continuing, without conſiderable *change*, during the whole performance of the duty. The *knees bended*, or the whole *body proſtrate*, or if the poſture be ſtanding, which ſcripture* does not diſallow, bending *forward*, as ready to proſtrate itſelf. The *arms ſpread* out, but *modeſtly*, as high as the *breaſt*; the *hands open*. The *tone* of the *voice* will be *ſubmiſſive*, *timid*, *equal*, *trembling*, *weak*, *ſuppliant*. The *words* will be brought out with a viſible *anxiety* and *diffidence* approaching to *heſitation*; *few*, and *ſlow*; nothing of vain *repetition*†, *haranguing*, flowers of *rhetoric*, or affected *figures* of *ſpeech*; all *ſimplicity*, *humility*, and *lowlineſs*, ſuch as becomes a *reptile* of the duſt, when preſuming to addreſs Him, whoſe *greatneſs* is tremendous beyond all *created conception*. In *interceſſion* for our fellow-creatures, which is preſcribed in the ſcriptures‡, and in *thankſgiving*, the countenance will naturally

* Mark xi. 25. † Mat. vi. 7. ‡ Mat. v. 44. Luke vi. 28.

turally assume a *small* degree of *cheerfulness* beyond what it was clothed with in *confession* of sin, and *deprecation* of punishment. But all affected *ornament* of *speech*, or *gesture* in devotion, deserves the severest censure, as being somewhat much worse than absurd.

Respect for a *superior* puts on the looks and gesture of *modesty*. See *Modesty*.

Hope brightens the *countenance*; *arches* the *eyebrows*; gives the *eyes* an *eager*, *wishful look*; *opens* the *mouth* to half a *smile*; *bends* the *body* a little *forward*, the *feet equal*; *spreads* the *arms*, with the *hands open*, as to *receive* the *object* of its longings. The *tone* of the voice is *eager*, and *unevenly* inclining to that of *joy*; but curbed by a degree of *doubt* and *anxiety*. *Desire* differs from *hope*, as to expression, in this particular, that there is more appearance of *doubt* and *anxiety* in the *former*, than the *latter*. For it is one thing to *desire* what is agreeable, and another to have a prospect of actually *obtaining it*.

Desire expresses itself by *bending* the *body* forward, and *stretching* the *arms* toward the object, as to grasp it. The *countenance smiling*, but *eager* and *wishful*; the *eyes* wide *open*, and *eyebrows raised*; the *mouth open*; the *tone* of voice *suppliant*, but *lively* and *cheerful*, unless there be *distress* as well as desire; the *expressions fluent* and *copious*; if no words are used, *sighs* instead of them; but this is chiefly in *distress*.

Love, (successful) lights up the *countenance* into *smiles*. The *forehead* is *smoothed*, and enlarged; the *eyebrows* are *arched*; the *mouth* a little *open*, and *smiling*; the *eyes languishing*, and *half shut*, *dote* upon the beloved *object*. The *countenance* assumes the *eager* and *wishful* look of *desire*, (see *Desire* above) but mixed with an air of *satisfaction* and *repose*. The *accents* are *soft*, and *winning*; the *tone* of voice *persuasive*, *flattering*, *pathetic*, *various*, *musical*, *rapturous*, as in *joy*. (See *Joy*.) The attitude much the same with that of *desire*. Sometimes both *hands pressed* eagerly to the *bosom*. *Love*, unsuccessful, adds an air of *anxiety*, and *melancholy*. See *Perplexity*, and *Melancholy*.

Giving, *inviting*, *soliciting*, and such like actions, which suppose some degree of affection, real, or pretended, are accompanied with much the same looks and gestures as express love; but more moderate.

Wonder, or amazement, (without any other *interesting* passion, as *love*, *esteem*, &c.) *opens* the *eyes*, and makes them appear very *prominent*; sometimes *raises* them to the *skies*; but oftener, and more expressively, fixes them on the *object*.

if the cauſe of the paſſion be a *preſent* and *viſible* object, with the look, all except the wildneſs, of *fear*. (See *Fear.*) If the *hands* hold any thing, at the time, when the object of wonder appears, they immediately let it *drop*, unconſcious; and the whole *body fixes* in the *contracted*, *ſtooping* poſture of *amazement*; the *mouth open*; the *hands held* up *open*, nearly in the attitude of *fear*. (See *Fear.*) The *firſt* acceſs of this paſſion *ſtops* all *utterance*. But it makes amends afterwards by a copious *flow* of *words* and *exclamations*.

Admiration, a mixed paſſion, conſiſting of *wonder*, with *love* or *eſteem*, takes away the *familiar* geſture, and expreſſion of ſimple *love*. (See *Love.*) Keeps the *reſpectful look*, and *attitude*. (See *Modeſty* and *Veneration.*) The *eyes* are *opened* wide, and now and then *raiſed* toward heaven. The *mouth* is *opened*. The *hands* are *lifted* up. The *tone* of the voice *rapturous*. This paſſion expreſſes itſelf *copiouſly*, making great uſe of the figure *hyperbole*.

Gratitude puts on an aſpect full of *complacency*. (See *Love.*) If the object of it is a character greatly *ſuperior*, it expreſſes much *ſubmiſſion*. (See *Modeſty.*) The right *hand* preſſed upon the *breaſt* accompanies, very properly, the expreſſion of a *ſincere* and *hearty* ſenſibility of obligation.

Curioſity, as of a buſy-body, *opens* the *eyes*, and *mouth*, *lengthens* the *neck*, *bends* the *body* forward, and *fixes* it in *one* poſture, with the *hands* nearly in that of *admiration*. See *Admiration*. See alſo *Deſire*, *Attention*, *Hope*, *Enquiry*, and *Perplexity*.

Perſuaſion puts on the looks of moderate *love*. (See *Love.*) Its *accents* are *ſoft*, *flattering*, *emphatical*, and *articulate*.

Tempting, or *wheedling*, expreſſes itſelf much in the ſame way; only carrying the *fawning* part to *exceſs*.

Promiſing is expreſſed with *benevolent* looks, the nod of conſent, and the open *hands* gently *moved* towards the perſon, to whom the promiſe is made; the *palms upwards*. The *ſincerity* of the promiſer may be expreſſed by laying the right *hand* gently on the *breaſt*.

Affectation diſplays itſelf in a thouſand *different geſtures*, *motions*, *airs*, and *looks*, according to the *character*, which the perſon affects. Affectation of *learning* gives a ſtiff *formality* to the whole perſon. The *words* come ſtalking out with the *pace* of a *funeral proceſſion*; and every ſentence has the *ſolemnity* of an oracle. Affectation of *piety turns up* the goggling whites of the *eyes* to heaven, as if the perſon were in a trance, and *fixes* them in that poſture ſo long that the brain of the beholder grows giddy. Then comes up, deep-grumbling, a holy *groan* from the lower parts of the thorax; but

but ſo tremendous in ſound, and ſo long protracted, that you expect to ſee a goblin riſe, like an exhalation through the ſolid earth. Then he begins to *rock* from ſide to ſide, or backward and forward, like an aged pine on the ſide of a hill, when a briſk wind blows. The hands are claſped together, and often lifted, and the head often ſhaken with fooliſh vehemence. The tone of the voice is canting, or ſing-ſong lullaby, not much diſtant from an Iriſh howl; and the words godly doggrel. Affectation of *beauty*, and killing, puts a fine woman by turns into all ſorts of *forms*, *appearances*, and *attitudes*, but *amiable* ones. She undoes, by art, or rather by awkwardneſs (for true art conceals itſelf) all that nature had done for her. Nature formed her almoſt an *angel*, and ſhe, with infinite pains, makes herſelf a *monkey*. Therefore this ſpecies of affectation is eaſily imitated, or taken off. Make as many, and as *ugly grimaces*, *motions*, and *geſtures*, as can be made; and take care that *nature* never peep out; and you repreſent coquetiſh *affectation* to the life.

Sloth appears by *yawning*, *doſing*, *ſnoring*, the *head dangling* ſometimes to one ſide, ſometimes to the other, the *arms* and *legs ſtretched* out, and every *ſinew* of the body *unſtrung*; the *eyes heavy*, or *cloſed*; the *words*, if any, *crawl* out of the mouth, but *half-formed*, ſcarce *audible* to any ear, and *broken off* in the middle by powerful *ſleep*.

People, who walk in their ſleep, (of which our inimitable *Shakeſpear* has, in his tragedy of MACBETH, drawn out a fine ſcene) are ſaid to have their eyes open; though they are not, the more for that, conſcious of any thing, but the dream, which has got poſſeſſion of their imagination. I never ſaw one of thoſe perſons; therefore cannot deſcribe their manner from nature; but I ſuppoſe their ſpeech is pretty much like that of perſons dreaming, *inarticulate*, *incoherent*, and very *different* in its *tone*, from what it is, when *waking*.

Intoxication ſhews itſelf by the *eyes half-ſhut*, *ſleepy*, *ſtupid*, *inflamed*. An *idiot ſmile*, a ridiculous *ſurlineſs*, or affected *bravado*, diſgraces the *bloated countenance*. The *mouth open* tumbles out nonſenſe in heaps, without *articulation* enough for any ear to take it in, and unworthy of attention, if it could be taken in. The *head* ſeems too *heavy* for the neck. The *arms dangle* from the ſhoulders, as if they were almoſt cut away, and hung by ſhreds. The *legs totter* and *bend* at the knees, as ready to *ſink* under the *weight* of the reeling body. And a general *incapacity*, *corporeal* and *mental*, exhibits *human* nature ſunk below the *brutal*.

Anger, (violent) or rage, expreſſes itſelf with *rapidity*, *interruption*, *noiſe*, *harſhneſs*, and *trepidation*. The *neck ſtretched*

out; the *head forward*, often *nodding* and *ſhaken* in a *menacing* manner, againſt the object of the paſſion. The *eyes red, inflamed, ſtaring, rolling*, and *ſparkling*; the *eyebrows* drawn *down* over them, and the *forehead wrinkled* into clouds. The *noſtrils ſtretched* wide; every *vein ſwelled*; every *muſcle ſtrained*; the breaſt heaving, and the *breath* fetched *hard*. The *mouth open*, and drawn on each ſide toward the *ears*, ſhewing the *teeth*, in a *gnaſhing* poſture. The face bloated, pale, red, or ſometimes almoſt black. The *feet ſtamping*; the right *arm* often *thrown out*, and *menacing* with the *clenched fiſt ſhaken*, and a general and violent *agitation* of the whole *body*.

Peeviſhneſs, or ill-nature, is a lower degree of anger; and is therefore expreſſed in the above manner, only more *moderate*; with *half-ſentences*, and *broken ſpeeches*, uttered haſtily; the *upper lip drawn up diſdainfully*; the *eyes aſquint* upon the object of diſpleaſure.

Malice, or *ſpite*, *ſets* the *jaws*, or *gnaſhes* with the *teeth*; ſends blaſting *flaſhes* from the *eyes*; draws the *mouth* toward the *ears*; *clenches* both *fiſts*, and *bends* the *elbows* in a *ſtraining* manner. The *tone* of voice and *expreſſion*, are much the ſame with that of *anger*; but the *pitch* not ſo *loud*.

Envy is a little more *moderate* in its geſtures, than *malice*; but much the ſame in kind.

Revenge expreſſes itſelf as *malice*.

Cruelty. See *Anger*, *Averſion*, *Malice*, and the other iraſcible paſſions.

Complaining, as when one is under violent bodily *pain*, *diſtorts* the *features*; almoſt *cloſes* the *eyes*; ſometimes *raiſes* them *wiſhfully*; *opens* the *mouth*; *gnaſhes* with the *teeth*; *draws* up the *upper lip*; draws *down* the *head* upon the *breaſt*, and the whole *body* together. The *arms* are violently *bent* at the elbows, and the *fiſts* ſtrongly *clenched*. The *voice* is uttered in *groans*, *lamentations*, and violent *ſcreams*. Extreme *torture* produces *fainting*, and *death*.

Fatigue, from ſevere labour, gives a general *languor* to the whole *body*. The *countenance* is *dejected*. (See *Grief*.) The arms hang liſtleſs; the *body*, if ſitting, or lying along be not the poſture, *ſtoops*, as in old age. (See *Dotage*.) The *legs*, if walking, are *dragged* heavily along, and ſeem at every ſtep ready to *bend* under the weight of the body. The *voice* is *weak*, and the *words* hardly enough *articulated* to be underſtood.

Averſion, or hatred, expreſſed to, or of any perſon, or thing, that is odious to the ſpeaker, occaſions his drawing *back*, as *avoiding* the *approach* of what he hates; the *hands*,

at

at the ſame time, thrown *out ſpread*, as if to keep it off. The *face* turned *away* from that ſide toward which the hands are thrown out; the *eyes* looking *angrily* and *aſquint* the ſame way the hands are directed; the *eyebrows* drawn *downward*; the upper *lip* diſdainfully *drawn up*; but the teeth ſet. The *pitch* of the voice *loud*; the *tone chiding*, *unequal*, *ſurly*, *vehement*. The *ſentences ſhort*, and *abrupt*.

Commendation, or approbation, from a ſuperior, puts on the aſpect of *love* (excluding *Deſire*, and *Reſpect*) and expreſſes itſelf in a *mild tone* of voice; the *arms* gently *ſpread*; the *palms* of the *hands* toward the perſon approved. *Exhorting*, or *encouraging*, as of an army by a general, is expreſſed with ſome part of the looks and action of *courage*.

Jealouſy would be likely to be well expreſſed by one, who had often ſeen priſoners tortured in the dungeons of the *inquiſition*, or who had ſeen what the dungeons of the inquiſition are the beſt earthly emblem of; I mean *Hell*. For next to being in the pope's, or in Satan's priſon, is the torture of him who is poſſeſſed with the ſpirit of *jealouſy*. Being a mixture of paſſions directly contrary to one another, the perſon, whoſe ſoul is the ſeat of ſuch confuſion and tumult, muſt be in as much greater miſery than Prometheus, with the vulture tearing his liver, as the pains of the *mind* are greater than thoſe of the *body*. Jealouſy is a ferment of *love*, *hatred*, *hope*, *fear*, *ſhame*, *anxiety*, *ſuſpicion*, *grief*, *pity*, *envy*, *pride*, *rage*, *cruelty*, *vengeance*, *madneſs*, and if there be any other tormenting paſſion, which can agitate the human mind. Therefore to expreſs *jealouſy* well, requires that one know how to repreſent juſtly all theſe *paſſions* by turns (See *Love*, *Hatred*, &c.) and often ſeveral of them *together*. *Jealouſy* ſhews itſelf by *reſtleſſneſs*, *peeviſhneſs*, *thoughtfulneſs*, *anxiety*, *abſence* of mind. Sometimes it burſts out in piteous *complaint*, and *weeping*; then a gleam of *hope*, that all is yet well, lights up the countenance into a momentary ſmile. Immediately the face clouded with a general *gloom*, ſhews the mind *overcaſt* again with horrid *ſuſpicions*, and frightful *imaginations*. Then the *arms* are *folded* upon the *breaſt*; the *fiſts* violently *clenched*; the *rolling*, *bloody eyes* dart *fury*. He *hurries* to and fro; he has no more *reſt*, than a ſhip in a troubled ſea, the ſport of winds and waves. Again he *compoſes* himſelf a little to reflect on the *charms* of the ſuſpected perſon. She appears to his imagination like the *ſweetneſs* of the riſing *dawn*. Then his monſter-breeding fancy repreſents her as *falſe*, as ſhe is *fair*. Then he *roars* out as one on the *rack*, when the cruel engine rends every joint, and every ſinew burſts. Then he throws himſelf on the *ground*.

He

He *beats* his *head* againſt the pavement. Then he ſprings up, and with the look and action of a *fury* burſting hot from the abyſs, he ſnatches the inſtrument of death, and, after ripping up the boſom of the loved, ſuſpected, hated, lamented, fair one, he ſtabs himſelf to the heart, and exhibits a ſtriking proof, how terrible a creature a puny mortal is, when agitated by an infernal paſſion.

Dotage, or infirm *old age*, ſhews itſelf by *talkativeneſs*, *boaſting* of the paſt, *hollowneſs* of *eyes* and *cheeks*, *dimneſs* of *ſight*, *deafneſs*, *tremor* of *voice*, the *accents*, through default of teeth, ſcarce *intelligible*; *hams weak*, *knees tottering*, *head paralytic*, hollow *coughing*, frequent *expectoration*, breathleſs *wheezing*, laborious *groaning*, the *body ſtooping* under the inſupportable load of years, which ſoon will cruſh it into the duſt, from whence it had its origin.

Folly, that is, of a natural *idiot*, gives the *face* an habitual thoughtleſs, brainleſs *grin*. The *eyes dance* from object to object, without ever fixing *ſteadily* upon any one. A thouſand *different* and *incoherent paſſions*, *looks*, *geſtures*, *ſpeeches*, and *abſurdities*, are played off every moment,

Diſtraction opens the *eyes* to a frightful wideneſs; *rolls* them *haſtily* and *wildly* from object to object: *diſtorts* every *feature*; *gnaſhes* with the *teeth*; *agitates* all the parts of the *body*; *rolls* in the *duſt*; *foams* at the *mouth*; utters, with hideous *bellowings*, execrations, blaſphemies, and all that is *fierce* and *outrageous*; ruſhes *furiouſly* on all who approach; and, if not reſtrained, *tears* its own *fleſh*, and *deſtroys* itſelf.

Sickneſs has *infirmity* and *feebleneſs* in every motion and utterance. The *eyes dim*, and almoſt *cloſed*; *cheeks pale* and *hollow*; the *jaw fallen*; the *head* hung *down*; as if too *heavy* to be ſupported by the neck. A general *inertia* prevails. The *voice trembling*; the *utterance* through the noſe; every ſentence accompained with a *groan*; the *hand ſhaking*, and the *knees tottering* under the body; or the *body ſtretched* helpleſs on the *bed*.

Fainting produces a ſudden *relaxation* of all that holds the human frame together, every ſinew and ligament unſtrung. The *colour flies* from the vermilion cheek; the ſparkling *eye* grows *dim*. Down the *body drops*, as helpleſs, and ſenſeleſs, as a maſs of *clay*, to which, by its colour and appearance it ſeems haſtening to *reſolve itſelf*. Which leads me to conclude with

Death, the awful end of all fleſh; which exhibits nothing in appearance different from what I have been juſt deſcribing; for fainting continued ends in death; a ſubject almoſt too *ſerious* to be made a matter of artificial *imitation*.

Lower degrees of every paſſion are to be expreſſed by more *moderate* exertions of *voice* and *geſture*, as every public ſpeaker's diſcretion will ſuggeſt to him.

Mixed paſſions, or emotions of the mind, require a *mixed* expreſſion. *Pity*, for example, is compoſed of *grief* and *love*. It is therefore evident, that a correct ſpeaker muſt, by his looks and geſtures, and by the tone and pitch of his voice, expreſs both *grief* and *love*, in expreſſing *pity*, and ſo of the reſt.

There may be *other* humours or paſſions, beſide theſe, which a reader, or ſpeaker, may have occaſion to expreſs. But theſe are the *principal*. And, if there be any *others*, they will occur among the following *examples* for practice taken from various authors, and *rules* will be given for expreſſing them. And though it may be alleged, that *ſome* of theſe paſſions, or humours, are ſuch, as hardly *ever* come in the way of the ſpeaker at the *bar*, in the *pulpit*, or either houſe of *parliament*, it does not therefore follow, that the labour of ſtudying and practiſing the proper ways of expreſſing them is *uſeleſs*. On the contrary, every ſpeaker will find his account in *enlarging* his ſphere of *practice*. A gentleman may not have occaſion every day, to *dance* a *minuet*: but he has occaſion to go into company every day: and he will go into a room with much the better grace for his having learned to *dance* in the moſt *elegant* manner. The *orator* may not have actual occaſion to expreſs *anger*, *jealouſy*, *malice*, and ſome few others of the more *violent* paſſions, for which I have here given rules. But he will, by applying his organs of elocution to expreſs *them*, acquire a maſterly *eaſe* and *fluency*, in expreſſing thoſe he has actually *occaſion* to expreſs.

It is to be remembered, that the *action*, in expreſſing the various humours and paſſions, for which I have here given rules, is to be ſuited to the *age*, *ſex*, *condition*, and *circumſtances* of the character. Violent *anger*, or *rage*, for example, is to be expreſſed with great agitation (ſee *Anger*) but the rage of an infirm *old man*, of a *woman*, and of a *youth*, are all different from one another, and from that of a man in the *flower* of his age, as every ſpeaker's diſcretion will ſuggeſt. A *hero* may ſhew *fear*, or *ſenſibility* of *pain*: but not in the ſame *manner* as a *girl* would expreſs thoſe ſenſations. Grief may be expreſſed by a perſon reading a melancholy ſtory, or deſcription, in a room. It may be acted upon the ſtage. It may be dwelt upon by the pleader at the bar; or it may have a place in a ſermon. The paſſion

is

is ſtill grief. But the manner of expreſſing it will be different in each of the ſpeakers, if they have judgment.

A *correct* ſpeaker does not make a *movement* of limb, or feature, for which he has not a *reaſon*. If he addreſſes *heaven*, he looks *upward*. If he ſpeaks to his *fellow-creatures*, he looks round *upon them*. The *ſpirit* of what he ſays, or is ſaid to him, appears in his *look*. If he expreſſes *amazement*, or would excite it, he *lifts* up his *hands* and *eyes*. If he *invites* to virtue and happineſs, he *ſpreads* his *arms*, and *looks benevolence*. If he *threatens* the vengeance of heaven againſt vice, he *bends* his *eyebrow* into *wrath*, and *menaces* with his *arm* and *countenance*. He does not *needleſly ſaw* the *air* with his *arm*, nor *ſtab* himſelf with his *finger*. He does not clap his right *hand* upon his *breaſt*, unleſs he has occaſion to ſpeak of *himſelf*, or to introduce *conſcience*, or ſomewhat *ſentimental*. He does not ſtart *back*, unleſs he wants to expreſs *horror* or *averſion*. He does not come *forward*, but when he has occaſion to *ſolicit*. He does not *raiſe* his voice, but to expreſs ſomewhat peculiarly *emphatical*. He does not *lower* it, but to *contraſt* the *raiſing* of it. His *eyes*, by turns, according to the *humour* of the matter he has to expreſs, *ſparkle* fury; *brighten* into joy; *glance* diſdain; *melt* into grief; *frown* diſguſt and hatred; *languiſh* into love; or *glare* diſtraction.

But to apply *properly*, and in a maſterly manner, the almoſt endleſly various external expreſſions of the different paſſions and emotions of the mind, for which nature has ſo curiouſly fitted the human frame——hic labor——*here* is the *difficulty*. Accordingly a conſummate public *ſpeaker* is truly a *phœnix*. But much *leſs* than all this, is generally ſpeaking, ſufficient for moſt occaſions.

There is an *error*, which is too inconſiderately received by many judicious perſons, *viz.* that a public ſpeaker's ſhewing himſelf to be in *earneſt*, will alone ſecure him of duly *affecting* his *audience*. Were this true, the enthuſiaſtic *rant* of the *fanatic*, who is often very much in *earneſt*, ought to *pleaſe* the *judicious*; in whom, on the contrary we know, it excites, only *laughter*, or *pity*. It is granted, that *nature* is the *rule* by which we are to *ſpeak*, and to *judge* of propriety in ſpeaking. And every public *ſpeaker*, who faithfully, and in a maſterly manner, *follows* that univerſal guide, commands *attention* and *approbation*. But a ſpeaker may, either through incurable natural *deficiency*, or by deviating into ſome incorrigible *abſurdity* of manner, expreſs the *real* and the *warm* ſentiments of his *heart*, in ſuch an *awkward* way, as ſhall effectually *defeat* his whole deſign upon thoſe who hear him,

and render *himſelf* the object of their ridicule. It is not enough as Quintilian * ſays, to be a *human creature*, to make a *good ſpeaker*. As, on one hand, it is *not true*, that a *ſpeaker*'s ſhewing himſelf in *earneſt* is alone *ſufficient*, ſo on the other, it is certain, that if he does not *ſeem* to be in *earneſt* §, he cannot but *fail* of his deſign.

There is a true *ſublime* in *delivery*, as in the *other* imitative *arts*; in the *manner* as well as in the *matter*, of what an orator delivers. As in *poetry*, *painting*, *ſculpture*, *muſic*, and the other elegancies, the true *ſublime* conſiſts in a ſet of *maſterly*, *large*, and *noble* ſtrokes of *art*, ſuperior to florid *littleneſs*; ſo it is in *delivery*. The *accents* are to be *clear* and *articulate*; every *ſyllable ſtanding off* from that which is next to it, ſo that they might be *numbered* as they proceed. The *inflections* of the voice are to be ſo diſtinctly *ſuited* to the *matter*, that the *humour* or *paſſions* might be *known* by the *ſound* of the *voice* only, where there could not be one *word heard*. And the *variations* are to be, like the full ſwelling *folds* of the *drapery* in a fine picture, or ſtatue, *bold* and *free*, and *forcible*.

True eloquence does not wait for cool *approbation*. Like irreſiſtible *beauty*, it *tranſports*, it *raviſhes*, it *commands* the *admiration* of all, who are within its reach. If it allows *time* to *criticiſe*, it is not *genuine*. It ought to *hurry* us out of ourſelves, to *engage* and *ſwallow* up our whole *attention*; to *drive* every thing out of our *minds*, beſides the *ſubject* it would hold forth, and the *point*, it wants to *carry*. The hearer finds himſelf as *unable* to reſiſt it, as to blow out a *conflagration* with the *breath* of his *mouth*, or to *ſtop* the ſtream of a river with his *hand*. His *paſſions* are no longer *his own*. The *orator* has taken *poſſeſſion* of them; and with ſuperior power, *works* them to whatever he *pleaſes*.

There is no *earthly object* capable of making ſuch *various*, and ſuch *forcible* impreſſions upon the human mind, as a conſummate *ſpeaker*. In viewing the *artificial creations*, which flow from the pencil of a Raphael, the critical *eye* is indeed delighted to a high pitch, and, the delight is *rational*, becauſe it flows from ſources, *unknown* to beings *below* the *rational* ſphere. But the ear remains wholly *unengaged* and *un-entertained*.

In

* INST. ORAT. p. 442.

§ ———Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primùm ipſi tibi.
HOR.

In liſtening to the raptures of Corelli, Geminiani, and Handel, the flood of pleaſure which pours upon the *ear*, is almoſt too much for human nature. And muſic applied to expreſs the ſublimities of *poetry*, as in the oratorio of Samſon, and the Allegro and Penſoroſo, yields a pleaſure ſo truly *rational*, that a Plato, or a Socrates, need not be *aſhamed* to declare their *ſenſibility* of it. But here again, the *eye* has not its gratification. For the opera (in which *action* is joined with *muſic*, in order to entertain the *eye* at the ſame time with the *ear*) I muſt beg leave, with all due ſubmiſſion to the taſte of the great, to conſider as a *forced conjunction* of two things, which *nature* does not *allow* to go *together*. For it never will be other than *unnatural*, to ſee heroes *fighting*, *commanding*, *threatening*, *lamenting*, and making *love* in the warblings of an Italian *ſong*.

It is only the elegant *ſpeaker*, who can at *once* regale the *eye* with the view of its moſt amiable object, the human form in all its glory; the *ear* with the original of all muſic, the *underſtanding* with its proper and natural *food*, the knowledge of important truth; and the *imagination* with all that, in nature, or in art, is *beautiful*, *ſublime*, or *wonderful*. For the orator's *field* is the *univerſe*, and his ſubjects are *all* that is *known* of God, and his works; of ſuperior natures, good and evil, and their works; and of terreſtrials, and their works.

In a conſummate ſpeaker, whatever there is of *corporeal* dignity, or beauty, the majeſty of the human *face* divine, the grace of *action*, the piercing *glance*, or gentle *languiſh*, or fiery *flaſh* of the *eye*; whatever of lively *paſſion*, or ſtriking *emotion* of mind, whatever of fine *imagination*, of wiſe *reflection*, or irreſiſtible *reaſoning*; whatever of *excellent* in human nature, all that the *hand* of the *Creator* has impreſſed, of his *own image* upon the *nobleſt* creature we are acquainted with, all this appears in the conſummate *ſpeaker* to the higheſt *advantage*. And whoever is proof againſt ſuch a diſplay of all that is noble in human nature, muſt have neither *eye* nor *ear*, nor *paſſion*, nor *imagination*, nor *taſte*, nor *underſtanding*.

Though it may be alleged, that a great deal of *geſture*, or *action*, at the *bar*, or in the *pulpit*, eſpecially the *latter*, is not wanted, nor is quite in *character*; it is yet certain, that there is no part of the man, that has not its proper *attitude*. The *eyes* are not to be *rolled* along the cieling, as if the ſpeaker thought himſelf in duty bound to take care how the flies behave themſelves. Nor are they to be conſtantly caſt *down* upon the ground, as if he were before his judge receiving ſentence of death. Nor to be fixed upon *one point*, as if he

ſaw

ſaw a ghoſt. The *arms* of the *preacher* are not to be *needleſly thrown out*, as if he were drowning in the pulpit, or *brandiſhed*, after the manner of the ancient *pugiles*, or boxers, exerciſing themſelves by fighting with their own ſhadow, to prepare them for the Olympic conteſts. Nor, on the contrary, are his *hands* to be *pocketed up*, nor his *arms* to *hang* by his ſides as lank as if they were both *withered*. The *head is* not to ſtand *fixed*, as if the ſpeaker had a perpetual crick in his neck. Nor is it to *nod* at every third word, as if he were acting Jupiter, or his would-be-ſon Alexander *.

A judicious ſpeaker is maſter of ſuch a *variety* of decent and natural *motions*, and has ſuch command of attitude, that he will not be long enough in *one poſture* to *offend* the eye of the ſpectator. The *matter*, he has to pronounce, will ſuggeſt the propriety of *changing* from time to time, his *look*, his *poſture*, his *motion*, and *tone* of voice, which if they were to continue too long the *ſame*, would become *tedious*, and *irkſome* to the beholders. Yet he is not to be every moment *changing* poſture, like a harlequin, nor *throwing* his *hands* about, as if he were ſhewing legerdemain tricks.

Above all things, the public ſpeaker is *never* to *forget* the great *rule*, ARS EST CELARE ARTEM. It would be infinitely more pleaſing to ſee him deliver himſelf with as little *motion*, and no better *attitude*, than thoſe of an Egyptian *mummy*, than *diſtorting* himſelf into all the *violations* of *decorum*, which *affectation* produces. *Art, ſeen through*, is *execrable*.

Modeſty ought ever to be *conſpicuous* in the behaviour of all, who are obliged to exhibit themſelves before the eye of the *public*. Whatever of *geſture*, or exertion of *voice*, ſuch perſons uſe, they ought to appear plainly to be *drawn* into them by the *importance*, *ſpirit*, or *humour*, of the *matter*. If the ſpeaker uſes any *arts* of *delivery*, which *appear* plainly to be *ſtudied*; the effect will be, that his *awkward* attempt to work upon the paſſions of his hearers, by means, of which he *is not maſter*, will render him *odious* and *contemptible* to them. With what *ſtiff* and *pedantic ſolemnity* do ſome public ſpeakers utter *thoughts*, ſo *trifling*, as to be *hardly worth uttering at all!* And what *unnatural* and *unſuitable tones* of voice, and *geſticulations*, do others apply, in delivering what, by *their* manner

* With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears;
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.
Dryden's ODE.

manner of delivering, one would be apt to queſtion, not only whether it is their *own* compoſition, but whether they really *underſtand* it.

The *clergy* have one conſiderable *apology* from the awkwardneſs of the *place* they ſpeak from. A *pulpit* is, by its very *make*, neceſſarily *deſtructive* of all *grace* of *attitude*. What could even a *Tully* do in a *tub*, juſt *big enough* for him to *ſtand* in *immerſed* up to the *arm-pits*, *pillowing* his *chin* upon its *cuſhion*, as Milton deſcribes the ſun upon the orient wave? But it is hardly to be expected, that this, or any other *impropriety* in *ſacred matters*, of which there are many *greater*, ſhould be *altered*. *Errors*, in *them*, become, by long eſtabliſhment, *ſacred* ‖. And I doubt not, but ſome of the *narrower* part of the *clergy*, as well as of the *people*, would think any other form of a pulpit, than the *preſent*, though much *fitter* for *exhibiting* the *ſpeaker* to an advantage, an *innovation* likely to prove *dangerous* to *religion*, and, which is worſe, to the *church*.

Nor is it to be expected, that *decorum* of manner in *preaching* ſhould be carried to any great perfection in England, while *reading* is thought to be *preaching*. If the Greek and Roman orators had *read* their ſermons, the effect would have been, I ſuppoſe, pretty much the ſame as that which ſermons produce among us. The hearers might have, many of them, *dropped aſleep*. In ſome foreign countries, preachers are ſo much aware of the diſadvantage of *reading*, that ſuch, as have *weak memories*, have a prompter behind, in the pulpit, out of ſight. However, it muſt be owned, that if preachers would beſtow a little pains in committing to *memory* the ſubſtance of their diſcourſes, ſo as not to be *ſlaves* to written *notes*, and endeavour to gain a tolerable *readineſs* at extemporary *amplification* (which at the *bar* is *indiſpenſable*) their diſcourſes might have *effect*, though the *eye* ſhould now and then be *caſt* upon the *notes*, if not in a *clumſy* manner, and with *heſitation*. *Quintilian* † *himſelf* will not object to *ſo much* uſe of notes, as I have here allowed; though he abſolutely requires his orator to be poſſeſſed of a *memory* ‡.

To

‖ See the writings of many of the *clergy themſelves* to this purpoſe, as Dr. *Clarke*, *Hare*, *Hoadley*, *Whiſton*, *Clayton*, &c. the CANDID DISQUISITIONS, and the CONFESSIONAL.

† Inſt. Orat. L. x. C. vii.

‡ Dean Swift, in his LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN, writes, on this ſubject, as follows:

"I cannot but think, that what is *read*, differs as much from what is "repeated *without book*, as a copy does from an original. At the ſame "time

To hear a *judicious* and *elegant* diſcourſe from the pulpit, which would, in *print*, make a noble figure, *murdered* by him, who had learning and taſte to compoſe it, but, having been neglected as to one important part of his education, knows not how to deliver it otherwiſe than with a *tone* between *ſinging* and *ſaying*, or with a *nod* of his *head*, to enforce, as with a hammer, every emphatical word, or with the ſame unanimated *monotony*, in which he was uſed to repeat *Quæ genus* at Weſtminſter-ſchool; what can be imagined more *lamentable!* Yet what more *common!* Were the educators of youth intended for the miniſtry, of the opinion of the *prince* of *orators*, viz. that delivery is the *firſt*, *ſecond*, and *third* part of *oratory*, they would *ſpare* ſome time from the many *leſs neceſſary* parts of ſchool learning to apply it to one ſo very *eſſential*; without which the weight of the moſt *ſacred ſubject*, the greateſt depth of *critical diſquiſition*, the moſt unexceptionable *reaſoning*, the moſt accurate *arrangement* of *matter*, and the moſt ſtriking *energy* of *ſtyle*, are all *loſt* upon an audience; who ſit *unaffected*, and depart *unimproved*. From hence it is, that, while places of public *worſhip* are almoſt *empty*, *theatres* are *crowded*. Yet in the *former* the moſt *intereſting* ſubjects are treated. In the *latter* all is *fiction*. To the *former* all are invited without any *expence*. The *charge* and *trouble* of attending the *latter* are *conſiderable*. But it will not be otherwiſe, ſo long as the ſpeakers in the former take no more pains to enforce their public inſtructions, than if they delivered *fictions*, and thoſe in the *latter* beſtow ſo much to make *fictions* ſeem *true*. It may be ſaid, this obſervation has *often* been made *before*. The more is the *pity*. And it ought to be *often* made *again*, and to be *dwelt upon*, till the fault is amended.

Did preachers labour to acquire a maſterly *delivery*, places of public *inſtruction* would be *crowded*, as places of public *diverſion* are *now*. *Rakes* and *Infidels*, merely to ſhew their *taſte*, would frequent them. Could *all* frequent them, and *none* profit?

" time I am fully ſenſible, what an extreme difficulty it would be upon " you to alter this; and that if you did, your ſermons would be much " leſs valuable than otherwiſe, for want of time to improve and correct " them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromiſe with you in " this matter."

He then goes on to adviſe, that he ſhould write his ſermons in a large fair hand, and read them over ſeveral times before delivering them, ſo as to be able, with the help of an eye caſt down now and then upon the paper, to pronounce them with eaſe and force.

It is common to hear complaints, from the clergy, of the *inattention* of their hearers, even to *dozing*, and ſometimes to profound *ſleep*. But *where* does this complaint fall at *laſt*? Even upon the *preachers* themſelves, who addreſs their hearers with ſuch *coldneſs* and *indifference*, as to leave them *nothing* to do, but to *go to ſleep*. Let the preacher but *exert* himſelf properly, and he may *defy* his hearers to go to *ſleep*, or withdraw their *attention* for a moment.

The clergy are likewiſe very full of their complaints of the little *effect* their labours produce. *Infidelity* and *vice*, they cry, prevail more than ever. Churches are poorly *filled*. And thoſe, who attend, for faſhion's ſake, are not much *better* than their *neighbours*.

But what is the *plain Engliſh* of this lamentable outcry? Why, truly, that they find people *loth* to go to the places of public inſtruction to be *diſguſted* or *lulled to ſleep*. And, that, when they *have them there*, they cannot *perſuade* them to quit their vices and follies by *lolling* twenty minutes upon a velvet cuſhion, and *reading* to them a *learned diſcourſe*. That they cannot *warm* them to the love of virtue by a *cold*, ill read, pulpit harangue. That they cannot win their *affections* whilſt they *neglect* all the *natural* means for *working* upon the human *paſſions*. That they cannot *kindle* in them that *burning* zeal which ſuits the moſt *important* of all *intereſts*, by talking to them with the *coolneſs* of a ſet of *Stoic philoſophers*, of the *terrors* of the *Lord*, of the *worm*, that *never dies*, and the *fire*, that is *not quenched*, and of future *glory*, *honour*, and *immortality*, of everlaſting *kingdoms*, and heavenly *thrones*.

I know it is common for preachers to plead, in *excuſe* of the *frigidity* of their manner in addreſſing their audiences, their *modeſty*, and fear of being accuſed of *affectation*. But, are *theſe* any *hindrance* to the elocution of the *actors*, or even of the *actreſſes*; who, by ſtudy, and practice, come to get the better of *timidity*, and to attain an elegant and correct utterance (and are indeed, the *only ſpeakers* we have in England) without any appearance of *affectation*; which would render them *unſufferable*. But do our *preachers*, in general, beſtow *any thought*, or uſe *any means*, of any kind, for improving themſelves in ſpeaking? The younger part of the *players rehearſe*, and *practiſe over* and *over*, *many* a *time*, and are *long* under the *tuition* of the principal actors, before they appear in public. But there are, I believe, *no other* public ſpeakers among us, who take ſuch *pains*; though they beſtow *great gains* in improving themſelves in *learning*; which ſhews, that the *neglect* of *this* accompliſhment is more owing

to

to the want of a due *ſenſe* of its *uſefulneſs*, than to any *other* cauſe. And yet, of the two, *learning* is much *leſs neceſſary* to a *preacher*, than ſkill in *perſuading*. Quintilian * makes this *latter* the *ſupreme excellence* in his *orator*.

Let the reader only conſider, that a *ſhoemaker*, or a *taylor*, is under a *maſter ſeven years*, at leaſt, before he ſets up for himſelf. But the *preacher* goes into the pulpit at *once*, without ever having had *one leſſon*, or article of inſtruction in that part of his art, which is the *chief* and moſt weighty, and without which all his *other accompliſhments* are worth *nothing*, toward gaining the *end* of *preaching*.

It may be alleged, that the *clergy* cannot be expected to be great *orators* for *fifty*, or a *hundred* pounds a year, which poor pittance is as much as many hundreds, I may ſay thouſands, of them, have to maintain themſelves and their families. The more is the pity.

But there are many *players* who do not get *more* than the lower clergy. And yet *they ſtudy hard*, for no greater encouragement, and actually acquire ſuch ſkill in *working* upon the *paſſions* of mankind, that, for my part, if I wanted to have a compoſition of mine *well ſpoken*, I would put it into the hands of a ſecond-rate player, rather than of *any preacher* I ever heard.

What could be imagined more *elegant*, if *entertainment alone* were ſought; what more *uſeful*, if the *good* of *mankind* were the object, than the ſacred function of preaching, *properly performed*? Were the moſt *intereſting* of ſubjects treated with proper perſpicuity and adequate judgment, and well wrought diſcourſes delivered to liſtening crowds with that *dignity* which becomes a teacher of Divine truth, and with that *energy*, which ſhould ſhew, that the *preacher* ſpoke from his *own heart*, and meant to ſpeak to the *hearts* of his *hearers*, what *effects* might not *follow*? Mankind are not *wood*, or *ſtone*. They are undoubtedly capable of being *roufed* and *ſtartled*. They may be *drawn*, and *allured*. The voice of an able preacher, thundering out the Divine *threatenings* againſt *vice*, would be in the ear of the *offender* as if he heard the ſound of the laſt *trumpet* ſummoning the dead to judgment. And the *gentle call* of *mercy* encouraging the *terrified*, and almoſt *deſpairing penitent* to look up to his offended heavenly Father, would ſeem as the *ſong* of *angels*. A whole multitude might be *lifted* to the *ſkies*. The world of ſpirits might be opened to the eyes of their minds. The terrors of that puniſhment, which awaits vice; the glories of that ſtate, to

* *Quint.* Inst. Orat. L. vi. C. ii.

which virtue will, through Divine favour, raiſe the pious, might be, by a powerful preacher, rendered *preſent* to their underſtandings, with ſuch conviction, as would make indelible *impreſſions* upon their *hearts*, and work a ſubſtantial *reformation* in their lives *.

The convincing and irrefragable *proof*, that real and important *effects* might be produced by preachers, by a proper application of *oratory* to the purpoſes of inſtructing and amending mankind, is, That *oratory* has been, in all times, known *actually* to *produce* great *alterations* in men's ways of thinking and acting. And there is no denying *facts*. To bring inſtances of this in a copious manner, as the ſubject might deſerve, would be to quote more hiſtory than could be comprehended in ſuch a volume as this. Nor can any reader imagine, an art could have been, in all free governments, ſo laboriouſly cultivated by *ſtateſmen*, had they not found it *uſeful* in the *ſtate*. Do we not, in our own times, ſee the *effects* produced by it in the Britiſh *parliament*? But if any one ſhould allege, that there is *nothing* in the power of *preachers* by means of *oratory*; does it not follow, that then the *whole function* of *preaching* may as well be laid *aſide*? For, if *good ſpeaking* will have *no effect* upon mankind, ſurely *bad* will have *none*.

Reaſoning *a priori*, one would conclude, that we ſhould ſee both the ſtudy, and the effects of oratory, carried to a pitch *beyond* what they reached in the *ancient* times of Heatheniſm. Have we not the advantage of thoſe *noble models*, which the antients ſtruck out by the mere force of natural unaſſiſted genius? Ought we not to *exceed* thoſe *models*? But do we *come up* to them? Have we not incomparably *clearer* views of *nature*, and of all *knowledge*, than the *antients* had? Have we not whole *ſciences* of which they knew *nothing*? The *Newtonian* philoſophy alone! to what *ſentiments* does it lift the mind! How do the ideas, it gives us, of *immenſity* filled with *innumerable worlds* revolving round innumerable *ſuns*; thoſe *worlds* themſelves the centres of *others* ſecondary to them; all *attracting*; all *attracted*; *enlightening*, or *receiving light*; at *diſtances* unmeaſurable, but all under *one law!*—how do theſe ideas tend to *raiſe* our *conceptions* of the *Author* of ſuch a work! Ought not *our productions* to *exceed theirs*, who had no ſuch helps to *enrich* and *enliven* their imaginations? But above all, as much as the heavens are

* *Quintilian* (INST. ORAT. L. vi. C. ii.) makes the knowledge and command of the *pathetic*, the main inſtrument of *perſuaſion*, which, according to him, is the *great buſineſs* of the orator.

are higher than the earth, ſo much ought the views which *revelation* preſents us with, to *ennoble* all our *productions* above thoſe of the *antients*, on whom that glorious light never ſhone! What had a *Demoſthenes*, or a *Cicero*, to inſpire ſo divine an ardor into their addreſſes to the people, compared with thoſe *ſublime doctrines*, which *angels* deſire earneſtly to pry * into? If the poetical *deſcription* of Jupiter ſhaking heaven with his nod, *warmed* the *imagination* of a Phidias to ſuch a pitch, as enabled him to produce the moſt majeſtic piece of ſtatuary, that ever was beheld; and if the imagination of the *author* † of that poetical deſcription was exalted by the ſcenes he ſaw, and the learning he acquired by travelling into Egypt, and other parts; how ought the genius of the *chriſtian orator* to be elevated, how ought both his compoſitions, and his manner of delivering them, to ſhine *ſuperior* to all that *antiquity* ever ſaw; as he enjoys ſuperior advantages for ennobling all his ſentiments, and giving dignity and ſpirit to all he compoſes, and utters! If we find a Plato, or a Cicero, whenever they touch upon the ſublime doctrine of a *future ſtate*, riſe above themſelves, warmed with——ſhall I ſay, the *proſpect?* no —— with the *poſſibility*, or at moſt, with the *hope* of immortality; how animated ought *our* deſcriptions to be, how forcible *our* manner of treating of what we pretend firmly to *believe*; of what we know the Author of our religion confirmed by actually *riſing* from the grave, triumphing glorioufly over death, and *aſcending* viſibly to heaven!

Poor were the motives, and cold the encouragements, which *they* could offer, to excite their hearers to bravery and to virtue, compared with thoſe which *we* have to propoſe. For, if they put them in mind of their country, their wives, their children, their aged and helpleſs parents; if they called upon them to ſhew themſelves worthy *deſcendants* of their illuſtrious *anceſtors*; if they rouſed their *ſhame*, or their ſenſe of *honour*; if they held forth the prize of deathleſs *fame*; all theſe are as cogent arguments *now*, as they were *then*. What advantage our *chriſtian* orators have over them, toward gaining their end of alarming, perſuading, and reforming mankind, appears from conſidering how little chance *we* ſhould have of producing any good effect upon a people ſtrongly *attached* to pleaſures, riches, and honours, by telling them, that if they continued to purſue theſe their beloved objects by unlawful means, they might expect, after their

 death,

* Gr. Εις ἃ ἐπιθυμουσιν ἀγγελοι παρακυψαι. 1 Pet. i. 12.
† Hom. vid. Il. 1.

death, to be carried before Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, who would condemn their ſouls to Tartarus, where the ſoul of Ixion was tied upon a wheel, and whirled about without reſt; where Prometheus had his liver gnawed by a vulture, which grew again, as faſt as it was devoured; and where Danaus's fifty daughters had a ſet of barrels with holes in their bottoms to keep continually full to the top; and where all wicked ſouls would be condemned to ſome ſuch puniſhment; but if, on the contrary, they would act the part of honeſt and worthy men, and exert themſelves to the hazard, and, perhaps, loſs of their lives in defence of the liberties of their country, their ſouls would be ordered, by the judges of the dead, to be placed in the Elyſian fields, where were pleaſant greens, and lucid ſtreams, and fragrant groves; and where they ſhould amuſe themſelves with the innocent pleaſures, which delighted them while here. Had our *chriſtian* orators *no better motives* to urge, than ſuch as could be drawn from the conſideration of certain *imaginary rewards* and *puniſhments* to be diſtributed in a certain *poſſible*, but *doubtful* future ſtate, in ſome *unknown* ſubterranean region; it might be expected, that their zeal in urging them would be but *cold*, and the effects of their addreſſes to the people, *inconſiderable*. But the antient orators had *no better* motives, from *futurity*, than *theſe* which I have mentioned, and thoſe they could draw from *other* conſiderations were the ſame, which we may uſe *now*. What accounts ſhould we have had of the power with which they ſpoke, and of the *effects* of their ſpeeches, if they had the awful *ſubjects* to treat of, and the *advantages* for treating of them with effect, which *our* preachers have! O ſhame to modern times! A Pericles, or a Demoſthenes, could *ſhake* all *Greece*, when they warned their countrymen againſt an *invaſion*, or alarmed them about the danger of their *liberties!* Whilſt we can hardly keep our hearers *awake*, when we ſtand forth to warn them, in the name of God, againſt the conſequences of vice, ruinous to *individuals*, ruinous to *nations*; the cauſe not only of the ſubverſion of ſtates and kingdoms, when luxury, and corruption ſpread their fatal contagion, and leave a people the unthinking prey of tyranny and oppreſſion; but of utter, irretrievable *deſtruction* of the *ſouls* and *bodies* of half a ſpecies * from the preſence of God, and from the glory of his power, at that tremendous day, when the trumpet ſhall ſound, and the dead ſhall be raiſed, and when He ſhall ſit upon

* "Strait is the gate, and narrow the way, that leadeth to life, and few there are who find it." Matt. vii. 13.

upon the throne of judgment, from whoſe face heaven and earth ſhall fly away *; whoſe voice ſhall pronounce on the wicked the dreadful ſentence, "Depart, ye curſed;" and whoſe breath ſhall blow up the unquenchable flame, in which rebellious angels and men ſhall be irrecoverably ſwallowed up and deſtroyed.

It may, perhaps, be objected here, that ſacred *truth* needs no *ornament* to ſet it off, no *art* to enforce it. That the *apoſtles* were *artleſs* and *illiterate* men; and yet they *gained* the great *end* of their *miſſion*, the *conviction* of multitudes, and *eſtabliſhment* of their *religion*. That, therefore, there is no neceſſity for this attention to delivery, in order to qualify the preacher for his ſacred office, or to render his labours ſucceſsful.

To all this the anſwer is ready, viz. Firſt, the apoſtles were not *all* artleſs and illiterate. St. Paul, the *greateſt* and *moſt general* propagator of chriſtianity, is an *eminent exception*. He could be no *mean orator*, who *confounded* the *Jews* at Damaſcus †, made a *prince*, before whom he ſtood to *be judged*, confeſs, that he had *almoſt perſuaded* him to become a convert to a religion every where *ſpoken againſt* §; threw another into a fit of *trembling* as he ſat upon his *judgment-ſeat* ‖; made a defence before the learned court of Areopagus, which gained him for a *convert* a member of the *court itſelf* ‡; ſtruck a whole *people* with ſuch *admiration*, that they took him for the *god* of *eloquence* ††; and gained him a place in Longinus's ¶ liſt of *famous orators*. Would the cold-ſerved-up *monotony* of our Engliſh *ſermon-readers* have produced ſuch effects as theſe? But, farther, the apoſtles might very well ſpare *human* accompliſhments; having what was worth them all, viz. the Divine gift of working *miracles*; which if our preachers had, I ſhould not have much to ſay about their qualifying themſelves in *elocution*. But, as it is, *public inſtruction* is the preacher's *weapon*, with which he is to combat infidelity and vice. And what avails a *weapon*, without *ſkill* to *wield* it?

* Rev. xx. 11. † Acts ix. 22. § Acts xxvi. 28. xxviii. 22.
‖ Acts xxiv. 25. ‡ Acts xvii. 34. †† Acts xiv. 12.

¶ 'It was with no ſmall pleaſure, I lately met with a fragment of 'Longinus, which is preſerved, as a teſtimony of that critic's judgment, 'at the beginning of a manuſcript of the New Teſtament in the Vatican 'library. After that author has numbered up the moſt celebrated orators 'among the Grecians, he ſays, "Add to theſe Paul of Tarſus, the pa-'tron of an opinion not yet fully proved." Spect. No. 633.

Medicines the moſt ſalutary to the body are taken with *reluctance*, if nauſeous to the taſte. However, they are *taken*. But the more neceſſary phyſic for the *ſoul*, if it be not rendered ſomewhat *palatable*, will be abſolutely *rejected*. For we are much leſs prudent in our care for the *moſt* valuable part of ourſelves than for the *leaſt*. Therefore the preacher ought, above *all other* public ſpeakers, to labour to *enrich* and *adorn*, in the moſt maſterly manner, his addreſſes to mankind; his views being the moſt *important*. What grand point has the *player to gain?* Why, to draw an audience to the theatre *. The *pleader* at the bar, if he lays before the judges and jury, the *true ſtate* of the *caſe*, ſo as they may be moſt likely to ſee where the *right* of it lies, and a juſt deciſion may be given, has done his duty; and the affair in agitation is an *eſtate*, or, at moſt, a *life*, which will ſoon, by courſe of nature, be extinct. And of the *ſpeaker* in either *houſe* of parliament, the very utmoſt, that can be ſaid, is, that the *good* of his *country* may, in great meaſure, depend upon his *tongue*. But the infinitely important object of preaching is, the *reformation* of *mankind*, upon which depends their happineſs in *this world*, and throughout the *whole* of their *being*. Of what *conſequence* is it, then, that the art of preaching be carried to ſuch *perfection*, that *all* may be drawn to places of public inſtruction, and that thoſe, who attend them, may receive *benefit!* And if almoſt the *whole* of preaching be *delivery*; how neceſſary is the ſtudy of *delivery!* That *delivery* is incomparably the moſt *important* part in public inſtruction, is manifeſt from this, that very *indifferent matter well delivered* will make a *conſiderable impreſſion* †. But *bad utterance* will *defeat* the whole *effect* of the *nobleſt compoſition* ever produced.

While exorbitant *appetite*, and unruly *paſſion within*, while evil *example*, with alluring *ſolicitation without* (to ſay nothing of the *craft* and *aſſaults* of the grand *enemy* of mankind)

* I deny not, that the theatre is capable of being *made* a ſchool of virtue. But it muſt be put under regulations, *other* than we have *ever yet* ſeen it; and thoſe too *various* to be ſpecified here; ſo *numerous* are the particulars, which want reformation, much *more* being at preſent *wrong* than *right*.

† "A proof of the importance of delivery," (ſays Quintilian) "may be "drawn from the additional force, which the actors give to what is written "by the beſt poets, ſo that what we hear *pronounced* by them gives infinitely "more *pleaſure*, than when we only *read* it." And again, "I think, "I may affirm, that a very *indifferent* ſpeech, well ſet *off* by the ſpeaker, "ſhall have a *greater effect*, than the *beſt*, if *deſtitute* of that advantage." Quint. Inſt. Orat. p. 441. "Documento ſunt vel ſcenici, &c."

kind) while theſe invite and enſnare the frail and thoughtleſs into guilt; ſhall *virtue* and *religion* hold forth *no charms* to engage votaries? *Pleaſure* decks herſelf out with *rich attire*. *Soft* are her *looks*, and *melting* is the ſweetneſs of her *voice*. And muſt *religion* preſent herſelf with *every diſadvantage?* Muſt ſhe appear *quite unadorned?* What *chance* can ſhe then have in competition with an enemy ſo much *better* furniſhed with every neceſſary *invitation* and *allurement?* Alas! our preachers do not addreſs *innocents* in paradiſe; but thoughtleſs and often *habituated ſinners*. Mere cold *explaining* will have but little effect on ſuch. Weak is the hold, which *reaſon* has on moſt men. Few of mankind have able *heads*. All have *hearts*; and all hearts may be *touched*, if the ſpeaker is *maſter* of his *art*. The buſineſs is not ſo much, to *open* the *underſtanding*, as to *warm* the *heart*. There are few, who do not *know* their duty. To *allure* them to the *doing* of it, is the difficulty. Nor is this to be effected by cold *reaſoning*. Accordingly, the *ſcripture-orators* are none of them cold. Their addreſſes are ſuch as hardly any man can utter without warmth. "Hear, O heavens! Give ear, O "earth! To thee, O man, I call; my voice is to the ſons "of men. As I live, ſaith the Lord, I have no pleaſure in "the death of the wicked; but rather that he turn from "his wickedneſs, and live. Turn ye, turn ye. Why will "ye die? O Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem! thou that killeſt the "prophets, and ſtoneſt them, who are ſent unto thee! How "often would I have gathered thy children, as a hen ga"thereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not. "Hadſt thou, in this thy day, known the things, which "belong to thy peace!—— But now they are hid from "thine eyes."

It is true, the preacher is carefully to avoid *oſtentation*; he is not to preach *himſelf*; but Chriſt. But at the ſame time he is to "ſtir up every *gift* that is in him; to cry "*aloud*, and not to ſpare, to lift up his voice like a trum"pet; to *reprove*, *correct*, and *inſtruct*; to be *inſtant* in ſea"ſon and out of ſeaſon; to become (innocently) *all things* "to all men," conſequently to become an *orator*, if men are not to be affected by ſimple *unadorned* truth, however *weighty*.

What can the people think of the *ſincerity* of the preacher, who is *cold* and *languid* in his public *inſtructions*, while he is as *warm* and *zealous*, as other men, in the defence of an inconſiderable part of his *property?* Would he plead as *calmly* for his *life*, as he does with his people in the cauſe of *virtue* and *religion? Coolneſs* in a matter of the laſt *importance*,

and about which one is really in *earneſt*, is ſo unnatural, as to be hardly *practicable*. Therefore Cicero* takes it for *granted*, that Callidus could not have addreſſed the ſenate in ſo *indifferent* and *unanimated* a manner, if what he wanted to perſuade them to believe had not been mere *fiction*. And, Demoſthenes, when one came to him, begging, that he would plead his cauſe, againſt a perſon who had uſed him cruelly, of which uſage he gave Demoſthenes a very *cold*, and *unanimated* account, could not *believe*, that he had been ſo *injured*; till, upon his ſignifying his ſuſpicion, the man was rouſed to ſome *warmth*; and then the orator was *convinced*, that his complaint was *well founded*, and immediately undertook his defence †.

If it ſhould be ſaid by preachers, "The people will be as "much *offended* with us, if we *overact* our part, as they are "*now indifferent* about attending our miniſtry; ſo that it will "*avail nothing* to ſtudy a more *lively delivery*;" to this I muſt beg leave to anſwer, that there is no reaſon to *fear any thing* from it. Becauſe a manner of preaching may be uſed, which ſhall have *ten times* more *life* and *vivacity* in it, than the *preſent*, and yet (if it be not *unnatural*, or *incorrect*) be very *ſafe* from all danger of *exceeding* due bounds as to *vivacity* and *force*. And, farther, we do in fact obſerve, that no preacher is *admired* (I do not mean by the mob, but by people of education) whoſe delivery is *dull* and *unanimated*; let his matter be *what it will*.

Leſt any reader ſhould think, I have been too *ſevere* upon the deficiencies of men of ſacred characters, as to *delivery*, either in *leading* the *devotions* of the people, or in *inſtructing* them in their *duty*; I will add, by way of *apology* for what I have ſaid, ſome paſſages, to the ſame purpoſe, from the SPECTATOR.

"*SIR*,

"The well reading of the common prayer is of ſo great "importance, and *ſo much neglected*, that I take the liberty "to offer to your conſideration ſome particulars on that ſub-"ject. And what more worthy your obſervation, than "this? A thing ſo public, and of ſo high conſequence. It "is indeed *wonderful*, that the frequent exerciſe of it ſhould "not make the performers of that duty *more expert in it*. "This *inability*, as I conceive, proceeds from the *little care*, "that is taken of their reading while *at ſchool*, where, when

"they

* Tu iſtuc, M. Callidi, niſi fingeres, ſic ageres?
CIC. Brut. p. 181. Tom. i.

† Plut. in vit. Demoſth.

" they are got into Latin, they are looked upon as above " Engliſh, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or, at " leaſt, read to very little purpoſe, without any due obſer- " vation made to them of the proper accent and manner of " reading. By this means they have acquired ſuch *ill* " *habits*, as will not eaſily be removed."

The writer of the letter then goes on to mention the advantage he himſelf found, from being led in his devotions by an elegant performer of the ſervice at St. James's Garlick-hill church.

" My eyes and my thoughts," (ſays he) " could not wan- " der *as uſual*; but were confined to my prayers.——The " confeſſion was read with ſuch a reſigned humility, the " abſolution with ſuch a comfortable authority, the thankſ- " givings with ſuch a religious joy, as made me feel thoſe " affections of the mind in a manner *I never did before*. To " remedy, therefore, the *grievance* above complained of, I " humbly propoſe, that this excellent reader, upon the next, " and every annual aſſembly of the clergy at Sion College, " and all other conventions, ſhould read prayers before " them. For then thoſe, that are *afraid* of *ſtretching* their " *mouths*, and *ſpoiling* their *ſoft voices*, will *learn* to read " with clearneſs, loudneſs, and *ſtrength*. Others, who af- " fect a *rakiſh negligent* air, by *folding* their *arms*, and *lolling* " upon their *book*, will be *taught a decent behaviour*. Thoſe " who read ſo *faſt*, as if *impatient* of their work, may *learn* " to ſpeak *deliberately*. There is another ſort, whom I call " Pindaric readers, as being confined to *no ſet meaſure*. Theſe " pronounce five or ſix words with great *deliberation*, and the " five or ſix ſubſequent ones with as great *celerity*; the firſt " part of a ſentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter " very low. Sometimes with one ſort of tone, and imme- " diately after with a different one. Theſe gentlemen will " *learn* of my admired reader an evenneſs of voice and de- " livery. And all, who are innocent of theſe affectations, " but read with ſuch an *indifferency*, as if they did not *un-* " *derſtand* the *language*, may be *informed* of the art of reading " *movingly* and *fervently*; how to place the *emphaſis*, and " give the proper *accent* to each word, and how to vary " the voice according to the nature of the ſentence. There " is certainly a difference between reading a prayer, and a " gazette. Theſe are often pretty claſſical ſcholars, and " would think it an unpardonable ſin to read Virgil, or " Martial, with *as little taſte*, as they do Divine ſervice." Spect. No. 147.

And the ſame ſtandard author, in his 407th paper, complains as follows:

" Our *preachers* ſtand *ſtock ſtill* in the pulpit, and will not " ſo much as move a *finger* to ſet off the beſt ſermons in the " world. We meet with the ſame ſpeaking *ſtatues* at our " *bars*, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow " from us in a *ſmooth, continued* ſtream, without thoſe ſtrain- " ings of the *voice*, motions of the *body*, and majeſty of the " *hand*, which are ſo much celebrated in the orators of " Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in *cold* " blood, and keep our *temper* in a diſcourſe, which turns up- " on every thing that is *dear* to us——.

" It is certain, that proper *geſtures*, and vehement exer- " tions of the *voice*, cannot be *too much ſtudied* by a public " orator. They are a kind of *comment* upon what he utters, " and *enforce* every thing he ſays, with weak hearers" [and ſurely the *bulk* of hearers are *weak*] " better, than the " ſtrongeſt *argument* he can make uſe of. They keep the " audience *awake*, and fix their *attention* to what is delivered " to them; at the ſame time, that they ſhew, the ſpeaker " is in *earneſt*, and *affected himſelf* with what he ſo paſ- " ſionately *recommends* to *others*—.

" How *cold* and *dead* a figure in compariſon of theſe two " great men" [Demoſthenes and Cicero] " does an orator " often make at the Britiſh bar, holding up his head with " the moſt *inſipid ſerenity*, and ſtroaking the ſides of a long " wig, &c."

Dean Swift (who was no friend to *over doing* on the *ſerious* ſide) adviſes his young clergyman as follows:

" I take it for granted, that you are already deſirous to " be ſeen in a pulpit. But, I hope, you will think it pru- " dent to paſs quarantine among the deſolate churches five " miles round this town, where you may at leaſt learn to " *read* and *ſpeak*, before you venture to expoſe your parts " in a city congregation. Not that theſe are better judges; " but, becauſe, if a man muſt needs expoſe his folly, it is " more ſafe and diſcreet to do ſo before few witneſſes, and " in a ſcattered neighbourhood. And you will do well, if " you can prevail with ſome intimate and judicious friend " to be your conſtant hearer, and to beg of him to give you " notice, with the utmoſt freedom, of whatever he finds " amiſs either in your voice or geſture. For want of ſuch " early warning, many clergymen continue defective, and " ſometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives. Neither " is it rare to obſerve, among excellent and learned divines,

" a cer-

" a certain ungracious manner, or unhappy tone of voice, " which they have never been able to ſhake off." LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

Are the faults complained of by theſe authors, who wrote almoſt fifty years ago, *amended*, or *likely* to be amended? Let the anſwer to this queſtion be collected from the following verſes, by Dr. Byram, prefixed to *Fordyce*'s ART OF PREACHING, publiſhed a few years ago.

For, what's a ſermon, good, or bad,
If a man *reads* it like a lad?
To hear ſome people, when they preach,
How they run o'er all parts of ſpeech,
And neither *raiſe* a word, nor *ſink*;
Our learned biſhops, one would think,
Had taken *ſchool-boys* from the rod,
To make *embaſſadors* of *God*.

And afterwards,

In point of ſermons, 'tis confeſt,
Our Engliſh clergy make the beſt:
But this appears, we muſt confeſs,
Not from the *pulpit*, but the *preſs*.
They manage, with disjointed ſkill,
The *matter* well, the *manner* ill;
And, what ſeems paradox at firſt,
They *make* the beſt, and *preach* the worſt.

If there is, as we have ſeen, ſo much room to lament the deficiencies of thoſe who are to *lead* the *devotions* of congregations, and to *inſtruct* them in their *duty*, and whoſe buſineſs it is to *win* them, by every *engaging* and *powerful art*, to the faithful performance of it; if there is ſo much reaſon to wiſh that thoſe failures might be made up, and thoſe errors amended, which are undoubtedly a great cauſe of the *reluctance* we obſerve in many to attend, and their *coldneſs* and *indifferency* in, places of public worſhip and inſtruction; if the *clergy* are ſo deficient in their public performances, what is left for me to ſay of thoſe devotion-confounding, ear-ſplitting peſts of our churches, I mean the *pariſh-clerks*, and *pariſh-children*? I would only aſk, whether, if we had declared a final and irreconcileable hoſtility againſt common *decency*, not to ſay *propriety*, and had ſet ourſelves to find out the moſt effectual means poſſible for turning *worſhip* into *burleſque*; I would aſk, I ſay, whether, if this was our deſign,

there

there could be a more certain way to gain it, than to place a ſet of people in every church, who ſhould come in between every two ſentences ſpoken by the miniſter, with a *ſquawl* as *loud* as the ſound of ten trumpets, and totally *diſcordant* from *one another*, and from the *key* in which the *miniſter* ſpeaks. If the *miniſter* ſpeaks *properly*, why do not the *clerk* and the *charity-children* ſpeak in *concord* with *him*? If the *clerk* ſpeaks *properly*, why do not the *miniſter* and the *children* ſpeak in the *ſame key* with *him*? Or if the *children* are *right*, why do not the *miniſter* and *clerk* ſcream as *high*, or, at leaſt, take a *concordant key* with theirs? They cannot be *all right*, and *all different*, from *one another*. How much more rational would it be to ſpend the time, which is now ſo ridiculouſly thrown away in teaching the poor children to ſet the ears of the whole pariſh on edge, in making them *underſtand* thoroughly what they ſo often repeat by rote, *without underſtanding*, I mean the anſwers to thoſe uſeful queſtions in their catechiſm, "What is your duty to God?" and, "What is your duty "to your neighbour?" This would be of *ſervice* to them *all* their *lives*; whereas the other anſwers *no end*, that has the leaſt connexion with common-ſenſe.

It is by keeping clear of every thing *diſagreeable* or grating, and by conſulting all that may *pleaſe*, *entertain*, and *ſtrike*, that the ſagacious Roman Catholics keep up, in their people, a *delight* in their public ſervices of their fooliſh religion. If we were wiſe, and as much in earneſt, as we ought, we ſhould imitate them in this. But what avails it to attempt to oppoſe that which has power to make *wrong right*, and *abſurdity proper*, I mean, the irreſiſtible tyrant, CUSTOM, whoſe dominion is in no nation more *abſolute* (where there are ſo *many* ſo *capable* of judging) than in *this* our dear *country*.

LESSONS

LESSONS.

I.

HISTORICAL NARRATION[a].

NARRATION.

THE *Trojans* ([b] if we may believe *tradition*) were the *firſt founders* of the *Roman Commonwealth*; who under the conduct of *Æneas*, having made their *eſcape* from their own ruined country, got to *Italy*, and there for ſome time lived a *rambling* and *unſettled life*, without any *fixed* place of abode, among the *natives*, an *uncultivated* people, who had neither *law* nor regular *government*, but were wholly *free* from all *rule* or *reſtraint*. This *mixed multitude*, however, *crowding* together into *one city*, though originally *different* in *extraction*

[a] Narration requires very little of what is properly called *expreſſion*, in pronouncing it; I have, however, ordered the *emphatical words* in this, and all the *leſſons*, to be printed in *Italics*, for the reader's help. See in the ESSAY, *Narration*, and the other *paſſions* put upon the *margin* of the *leſſons*.

[b] Of the manner of pronouncing matter *contained* in a *parentheſis*, ſee the ESSAY, p. 10.

traction, language, and cuſtoms, united into one body, in a *ſurpriſingly* [c] *ſhort* ſpace of time. And as their little ſtate came to be *improved* by additional *numbers*, by *policy*, and by extent of *territory*, and ſeemed likely to make a *figure* among the *nations*; according to the *common courſe* of *things*, the appearance of *proſperity* drew upon them the *envy* of the *neighbouring ſtates*; ſo that the Princes and people who *bordered* upon them, begun to ſeek occaſions of *quarrelling* with them. The *alliances* they could form were but *few:* for moſt of the neighbouring ſtates *avoided embroiling* themſelves on their account. The Romans ſeeing, that they had *nothing to truſt to*, but their *own conduct*, found it neceſſary [d] to *beſtir themſelves* with great *diligence*, to make *vigorous preparations*, to *excite one another*, to face their *enemies* in the *field*, to hazard their *lives* in defence of their *liberty*, their *country*, and their *families*. And when, by their valour, they *repulſed the enemy*, they gave aſſiſtance to their *allies*, and gained friendſhips by *often giving* [e], and *ſeldom demanding favours* of that ſort. They had, by this time, eſtabliſhed a *regular* form of *government*,

[c] A ſmall *elevation* of the voice will be proper here, to expreſs moderate *wonder*. See *Wonder*.

[d] This ſentence is to be ſpoken ſomewhat *quicker* than the reſt, to expreſs *earneſtneſs*.

[e] The words *often giving* and *ſeldom demanding*, being in antitheſis to one another, muſt be expreſſed with ſuch an *emphaſis*, as may point out the antitheſis, or oppoſition.

ment, to wit, the *monarchical*. And a *ſenate*, conſiſting of men *advanced* in *years*, and grown *wiſe* by *experience*, though infirm of body, *conſulted* with their *kings* upon all *important matters*, and, on account of their age, and care of their country, were called *Fathers*. Afterwards, when *kingly power*, which was originally eſtabliſhed for the *preſervation* of *liberty*, and the *advantage* of the *ſtate*, came to degenerate into *lawleſs tyranny*, they found it neceſſary to *alter* the *form* of *government*, and to put the *ſupreme power* into the hands of *two chief magiſtrates*, to be held for *one year only*; hoping, by *this contrivance*, to prevent the *bad effects* naturally ariſing from the *exorbitant* licentiouſneſs of princes, and the *indefeaſible tenure* by which they *generally imagine* they hold their *ſovereignty*, &c. [*Sal.* [f] BELL. CATILINAR.]

[f] The reader is, once for all, deſired to take notice, that I have not ſcrupled to *alter* both the *ſenſe* and the *words* in many, if not moſt, of the following paſſages, taken both from the ancients and the moderns. For my deſign was to put together a ſet of leſſons *uſeful for practice*, which did not reſtrict me to the *very words* of any author. I have endeavoured to make each leſſon a *complete* piece; which obliged me to inſert matter of my own. I have excluded *improper* ſentiments, and have ſubſtituted *modern* expreſſions, for ſome antiquated ones, which I thought young people would be puzzled to underſtand; and I have inſerted a few fancies, which occurred to me in copying out ſome of the paſſages, to render them more diverting to youth, whoſe taſte long experience has given me ſome knowledge of.

II.

NARRATION.

NARRATION. DAMON and Pythias, of the *Pythagorean ſect* in philoſophy, lived in the time of *Dionyſius* the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual *friendſhip* was ſo *ſtrong*, that they were ready to *die* for *one another*. One of the two (for it is not known which) being *condemned* to *death* by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to *ſettle* his *affairs*, on condition that the *other* ſhould conſent to be *impriſoned* in his *ſtead*, and put to *death* for him, if he did not return before the day of execution. The *attention* of every one, and eſpecially of the *tyrant himſelf*, was excited to the *higheſt pitch*; as every body was curious to ſee what ſhould be the *event* of

DOUBTING. ſo *ſtrange an affair*. When the time was almoſt elapſed, and he, who was gone, did not appear, the *raſhneſs* of the other, whoſe ſanguine friendſhip had put him upon running ſo ſeemingly *deſperate a hazard*, was univerſally *blamed*. But

CONFIDENCE. he ſtill declared that he had not the leaſt *ſhadow* of *doubt* in his mind, of his friend's *fidelity*. The event ſhewed how well he knew him. He *came*

COURAGE. in due *time*, and *ſurrendered* himſelf to that *fate*, which he had no reaſon to think he ſhould *eſcape*; and which he did not *deſire* to eſcape by leaving his

his *friend* to ſuffer it in his *place*. Such fidelity *ſoftened* even the *ſavage heart* of Dionyſius *himſelf*. He *pardoned* the *condemned*. He gave the two *friends* to *one another*; and begged, that they *would* take *himſelf* in for a *third*. [*Val. Max. Cic.*]

III.

NARRATION.

NARRATION.

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, ſhewed *how far* he was from being *happy*, even whilſt he *abounded* in *riches*, and all the *pleaſures*, which *riches* can *procure*. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his *power*, his *treaſures*, and the *magnificence* of his *royal ſtate*, and affirming, that no monarch *ever* was *greater*, or *happier*, than *he*. "Have you "a mind, Damocles," ſays the king, "to *taſte* "this *happineſs*, and know, by *experience*, what "my *enjoyments* are, of which you have ſo *high* "an *idea?*" Damocles *gladly* accepted the *offer*. Upon which the king ordered, that a *royal banquet* ſhould be prepared, and a *gilded couch* placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and ſide-boards loaded with *gold* and *ſilver* plate of *immenſe value*. Pages of extraordinary *beauty* were ordered to wait on him at table; and to obey his commands with the *greateſt readineſs*, and the moſt *profound ſubmiſſion*. Neither *oint-*

QUESTIONING.

ments, *chaplets* of *flowers*, nor rich *perfumes* were wanting. The table was loaded with the moſt *exquiſite delicacies* of *every kind*. Damocles fancied himſelf amongſt the *Gods*. In the midſt of all his happineſs, he ſees let down from the roof exactly over his neck, [g] as he lay indulging himſelf in ſtate, a *glittering ſword* hung by a ſingle hair[h]. The ſight of *deſtruction* thus *threatening* him from on high, ſoon put a *ſtop* to his *joy* and *revelling*. The *pomp* of his *attendance*, and the *glitter* of the *carved plate*, gave him no longer *any pleaſure*. He *dreads* to *ſtretch* forth his hand to the *table*. He throws off the chaplet of roſes. He *haſtens* to *remove* from his *dangerous ſituation*, and at laſt *begs* the *king* to reſtore him to his *former* humble *condition*, having no deſire to enjoy any longer ſuch a *dreadful* kind of happineſs. [*Cic.* Tusc. Quest.]

FEAR.

TREPIDATION, or HURRY.

IV.

NARRATION.

NARRATION.

THE prætor had given up to the triumvir, a woman of ſome *rank*, condemned for a capital crime, to be *executed* in the *priſon*. He, who had charge of the execution, in conſideration

[g] The ancients, every body knows, lay on *couches* at table.

[h] This may be ſpoken with as much of the *action* proper to fear (See *Fear* in the Essay, pag. 17.) as can be conveniently applied.

tion of her *birth*, did not *immediately* put her to *death*. He even ventured to let her *daughter* have *acceſs* to her in *priſon*; *carefully ſearching* her, however, as ſhe went in, leſt ſhe ſhould carry with her any *ſuſtenance*; concluding, that, in a *few days*, the mother muſt, of courſe, periſh for *want*, and that the *ſeverity* of putting a woman of *family* to a *violent death*, by the hand of the *executioner*, might thus be *avoided*. Some days paſſing in this manner, the triumvir begun to *wonder* that the daughter *ſtill came* to viſit her mother, and could by *no means comprehend*, how the latter ſhould *live ſo long*. *Watching*, therefore, *carefully*, what paſſed in the interview between them, he found, to his *great aſtoniſhment*[i], that the *life* of the *mother* had been, all this while, ſupported by the *milk* of the *daughter*, who came to the priſon every day, to give her *mother* her *breaſts* to *ſuck*. The *ſtrange contrivance* between them was repreſented to the *judges*, and procured a *pardon* for the *mother*. Nor was it thought ſufficient to give to ſo *dutiful* a *daughter*, the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both *maintained* afterwards by a *penſion* ſettled on them for *life*. And the *ground*, upon which the priſon ſtood, was *conſecrated*, and a temple to *Filial Piety* built upon it.

WONDER.

What will not *filial duty contrive*, or what *hazards* will it not *run*; if it will put a daughter upon

DECLAMATION.

[i] See *Admiration*, in the ESSAY, pag. 22.

upon venturing, at the *peril* of her *own life*, to maintain her *impriſoned* and *condemned mother* in ſo unuſual a manner. For what was ever heard of more *ſtrange*, than a *mother ſucking* the *breaſts* of her own *daughter?* It might even ſeem ſo *unnatural*, as to render it doubtful, whether it might not be, in ſome ſort, *wrong*, if it were not, that *duty* to *parents* is the *firſt law* of *nature*. [*Val. Max. Plin.*]

PITY.

V.

HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION.

LUCIUS CATILINE, by birth a *Patrician*, was, by nature, endowed with *ſuperior advantages* both *bodily* and *mental:* but his *diſpoſitions* were *corrupt* and *wicked*. From his youth, his *ſupreme delight* was in *violence*, [k] *ſlaughter*, *rapine*, and *inteſtine confuſions*; and ſuch works were the employment of his *earlieſt years*. His conſtitution qualified him for bearing *hunger*, *cold*, and *want* of *ſleep*, to a degree *exceeding belief*. His mind was *daring*, *ſubtle*, *unſteady*. There was *no character* which he could not *aſſume* and *put off* at pleaſure. *Rapacious* of what belonged to *others*; *prodigal* of his *own*; violently *bent* on whatever

AVERSION.

WONDER.

[k] Enumeration requires a ſhort *pauſe* between the particulars.

whatever became the object of his *purſuit*. He poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of *eloquence*; but little *ſolid knowledge*. His *inſatiable temper* was ever puſhing him to graſp at what was *immoderate*, *romantic*, and out of his *reach*.

About the time of the *diſturbances* raiſed by *Sylla*, Catiline was ſeized with a *violent luſt* of *power*; nor did he *at all heſitate* about the *means*, ſo he could but *attain* his *purpoſe* of raiſing himſelf to *ſupreme dominion*. His *reſtleſs ſpirit* was in a *continual ferment*, occaſioned by the *confuſion* of his own *private affairs*, and by the *horrors* of his *guilty conſcience*; *both which* he had brought upon *himſelf* by living the life *above deſcribed*. He was *encouraged* in his ambitious projects by the general *corruption* of *manners*, which then prevailed amongſt a people *infected* with *two vices*, not leſs *oppoſite* to one another in their *natures*, than *miſchievous* in their *tendencies*, I mean, *luxury*, and *avarice*. [*Sal.* BELL. CATILINAR.]

NARRATION.

HORROR.

AVERSION.

VI.

ARGUING[1].

NO one, who has made the *ſmalleſt progreſs* in *mathematics*, can avoid obſerving, that *mathematical demonſtrations* are accompanied with *ſuch a kind* of *evidence*, as overcomes obſtinacy

[1] See, in the ESSAY, the articles *Arguing*, *Teaching*, &c. pag. 19.

inſuperable by many *other* kinds of reaſoning. Hence it is, that ſo many learned men have laboured to illuſtrate other ſciences with *this* ſort of evidence; and it is certain, that the ſtudy of mathematics has given light to ſciences *very little connected* with them. But *what* will not wrong-headed men abuſe! This advantage, which *mathematical reaſoning* has, for diſcovering *truth*, has given occaſion to *ſome* to reject *truth itſelf*, though ſupported by the moſt *unexceptionable arguments*. Contending, that nothing is to be taken for *truth*, but what is proved by *mathematical* demonſtration, they, in many caſes, take away *all criterion* of truth, while they boaſt, that they defend the only *infallible one*.

But how eaſy is it to ſhew the *abſurdity* of ſuch a way of philoſophiſing? Aſk thoſe gentlemen, whether they have any more *doubt*, that there were, in former times, ſuch men, as *Alexander* and *Cæſar*, than whether *all the angles* of a plain triangle amount to the ſum of *one hundred and eighty degrees?* they *cannot pretend*, that they believe the *latter at all more firmly* than the *former*. Yet they have *geometrical demonſtration* for the *latter*, and nothing more than mere *moral evidence* for the *former*. Does not this ſhew, that many things are to be received, are *actually* received, even by *themſelves*, for *truth*, for *certain* truth, which are not capable of *mathematical* demonſtration?

There

There is, therefore, an evidence, *different* from *mathematical*, to which we *cannot* deny our *aſſent*; and it is called by latter philoſophers, *moral evidence*, as the *perſuaſion* ariſing from it is called *moral certainty*; a certainty as *real*, and as much to be *depended upon*, as *mathematical* though of a *different ſpecies*. Nor is there any more *difficulty* in conceiving how this may be, than in conceiving, that two buildings may be both *ſufficiently ſubſtantial*, and, to all the intents and purpoſes of buildings, *equally ſo*, though one be of *marble*, and the other of *Portland ſtone*.

The object of mathematics is *quantity*. The geometrician meaſures *extenſion*; the mechanic compares *forces*. Divinity, ethics, ontology, and hiſtory, are naturally *incapable* of *mathematical diſquiſition* or *demonſtration*. Yet *moral ſubjects* are capable of being *enquired into*, and *truths* concerning them *determined* in *that way*, which is *proper* to them, as well as *mathematical* in *theirs*; in the ſame manner, as *money* is reckoned by *tale*, *bullion* by *weight*, and *liquors* by *meaſure*, &c. [*Graveſ.* Orat. conc. Evid. Mathem. Elem. Nat. Phil.]

VII.

VII.

ARGUING.

THE *regularity* of the *motions* and *revolutions* of the *heavens*, the *ſun*, the *moon*, and *numberleſs ſtars*[m]; with the *diſtinction*, *variety*, *beauty*, and *order* of *celeſtial objects*; the *ſlighteſt* obſervation of which ſeems ſufficient to convince *every beholder*, that they *cannot* be the effect of *chance*; theſe afford a proof of a Deity, which ſeems *irrefragable*. If he, who ſurveys an *academy*, a *palace*, or a *court* of *juſtice*, and obſerves *regularity*, *order*, and *œconomy* prevailing in them, is *immediately convinced*, that this *regularity* muſt be the effect of *authority*, and *diſcipline*, ſupported by perſons *properly qualified*; how much *more reaſon* has he

WONDER. who finds himſelf *ſurrounded* by ſo *many* and ſuch *ſtupendous* bodies, performing their various *motions* and *revolutions*, without the *leaſt deviation* from perfect *regularity*, through the *innumerable ages* of paſt *duration*; how much *more reaſon* has he to conclude, that ſuch *amazing revolutions* are governed by ſuperior *wiſdom* and *power!*

Is

[m] Every body knows, that all the antients from Ariſtotle's time, held the Ptolemaic ſyſtem, viz. of the earth's being unmoveable in the centre of the univerſe, and the whole heavens turning round her.

Is it not therefore *aſtoniſhing*, that any man ſhould ever have *dreamed* of the poſſibility, that a *beautiful* and *magnificent ſyſtem* might ariſe from the *fortuitous concourſe* of certain *bodies* carried towards one another by I know not what *imaginary impulſe!* I ſee not, why he, who is capable of aſcribing the production of a world to a cauſe *ſo inadequate*, may not expect, from the *fortuitous ſcattering about* of a ſet of letters of ivory, or metal, a *regular hiſtory* to appear. But, I believe, he who hopes to produce, in this way, *one ſingle line*, will find himſelf *for ever diſappointed*. If the caſual concourſe of atoms has produced a *whole univerſe*, how comes it, that we never find a *city*, a *temple*, or ſo much as a *portico*, which are all *leſs conſiderable works*, produced in the ſame manner? One would imagine, they, who *prate* ſo *abſurdly* about the origination of the world, had *no eyes*, or had never *opened them* to view the *glories* of *this immenſe theatre*. CONTEMPT.

The reaſonings of *Ariſtotle*, on this point, are *excellent*. "Let us ſuppoſe, ſays he, certain perſons to have been born, and to have lived to mature age, *under ground*, in habitations accommodated with all the conveniences, and even magnificence of life, except the *ſight* of this *upper world*. Let us ſuppoſe thoſe perſons to have heard by fame, of *ſuperior beings*, and *wonderful effects* produced by *them*. Let the earth be imagined *ſuddenly* to *open*, and expoſe to the view of thoſe ARGUING. WONDER.

DELIGHT.

thoſe ſubterraneans, this *fair world*, which we inhabit. Let them be imagined to behold the *face* of the *earth* diverſified with *hills* and *vales*, with *rivers* and *woods*; the *wide-extended ocean*; the *lofty ſky*; and the *clouds* carried along by the *winds*. Let them behold the *ſun*, and obſerve his *tranſcendent brightneſs* and *wonderful influence*, as he pours down the *flood of day* over the *whole earth*, from *eaſt* to *weſt*. And when *night covered* the *world* with darkneſs, let them behold the heavens adorned with *innumerable ſtars*. Let them obſerve the various appearances of the *moon*, now *horned*, then *full*, then *decreaſing*. Let them have leiſure to mark the *riſing* and *ſetting* of the *heavenly bodies*, and to underſtand that their *eſtabliſhed courſes* have been going on from *age* to *age*. When they have ſurveyed and conſidered all theſe things, *what could they conclude*, but that the *accounts* they had heard in their ſubterranean habitation, of the exiſtence of *ſuperior beings*, *muſt* be *true*, and that theſe *prodigious works* muſt be the effect of *their power?*"

Thus Ariſtotle. To which I will add, that it is only our being *accuſtomed* to the *continual view* of theſe *glorious objects*, that *prevents* our *admiring* them, and endeavouring to come to *right concluſions* concerning the *author* of them. As if *novelty* were a better reaſon for exciting our *enquiries*, than *beauty* and *magnificence*. [*Cic.* NAT. DEOR. Lib. II.

VIII.

VIII.

SNEER[n].

Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

TEACHING.

FOR the *fable*. Take out of any old poem, hiſtory-book, romance, or legend, (for inſtance, *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, or *Don Belianis of Greece*) thoſe parts of the ſtory, which afford moſt ſcope for *long deſcriptions*. Put theſe pieces together, and throw all the adventures into *one tale*. Then take a hero, whom you may chooſe for the ſound of his *name*, and put him into the *midſt* of theſe *adventures*. There let him work for *twelve books*; at the end of which you may take him out ready to *conquer* or to *marry*: it being neceſſary, that the concluſion of an epic poem be *fortunate*.

For the *machines*. Take of *deities male* and *female* as many as you can *uſe*. Separate them into two *equal parts*, and keep *Jupiter* in the *middle*. Let *Juno* put him in a *ferment*, and *Venus mollify* him. Remember on all occaſions to make uſe of *volatile Mercury*. If you have need of *devils*, draw them from *Milton*; and extract your *ſpirits* from

[n] The *gravity* of *look* and *manner* is to be kept up as much in reading this, as if it were Ariſtotle's or Horace's ſerious directions on the ſame ſubject.

from *Taſſo*. When you cannot extricate your *hero* by any *human means*, or *yourſelf* by your *wits*, ſeek relief from *heaven*, and the *gods* will help you out of the ſcrape *immediately*. This is according to the direct *preſcription* of *Horace* in his ART OF POETRY.

> *Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus*
> *Inciderit.*

That is to ſay, *A poet has no occaſion to be at a loſs, when the gods are always ready at a call.*

For the deſcriptions, as a *tempeſt*, for inſtance. Take *Eurus*, *Zephyrus*, *Auſter*, and *Boreas*, and caſt them together in *one verſe*. Add to theſe, of *rain*, *lightning*, and *thunder* (the *loudeſt* you can get) *quantum ſufficit*. *Mix* your clouds and billows, till they *foam*; and *thicken* your deſcription here and there with a *quickſand*. *Brew* your tempeſt well in your *head*, before you ſet it a *blowing*.

For a *battle*. Pick half a dozen *large handfuls* of images of your *lions*, *bears*, and other *quarrelſome animals*, from Homer's *Iliad*, with a ſpice or two from *Virgil*. If there remain an *overplus*, lay them by for a *ſkirmiſh* in an odd *epiſode*, or ſo. *Seaſon* it well with *ſimilies*, and it will make an *excellent battle*. For a *burning town*, if you chooſe to have one, old *Troy* is ready *burnt* to your *hands*, &c. [*Swift*, Vol. iv. p. 132.]

IX.

IX.

REMONSTRANCE and CONTEMPT of PRIDE.

DOES *greatneſs* ſecure perſons of rank from *infirmities* either of *body*, or *mind?* Will the *head-ach*, the *gout*, or *fever*, ſpare a *prince* any more than a *ſubject?* When *old-age* comes to lie *heavy* [o] upon him, will his *engineers relieve* him of the *load?* [p] Can his *guards* and *ſentinels*, by *doubling* and *trebling* their *numbers*, and their *watchfulneſs*, *prevent* the approach of *death?* Nay, if *jealouſy*, or even *ill-humour*, *diſturb* his *happineſs*, will the *cringes* of his *fawning attendants reſtore* his *tranquillity? What comfort* has he, in reflecting, (if he can make the reflection) while the *colic*, like Prometheus's vulture, *tears* his *bowels*, that he is under a canopy of crimſon *velvet* fringed with *gold?* When the *pangs* of the *gout*, or *ſtone*, extort from him *ſcreams* of *agony*, do the titles of *Highneſs* or *Majeſty* come *ſweetly* into his *ear?* If he is agitated [q] with *rage*, does the ſound of *Serene*, or *Moſt Chriſtian*, prevent his *ſtaring*, *reddening*,

QUESTIONING.

FEAR.

CONTEMPT.

ANGUISH.

BOASTING.

[o] The word *heavy* to be *dragged out* as expreſſing *diſtreſs*. See *Complaining*, page 24.

[p] This ſentence [*Can his guards*, &c.] to be ſpoken with fear. See *Fear*, pag. 17.

[q] *If he is agitated*, &c. to be ſpoken full-mouthed, a boaſting. See *Boaſting*, pag. 18.

dening, and *gnaſhing* with his *teeth*, like a *mad-*
CONTEMPT. *man?* Would not a *twinge* of the *tooth-ach*, or an *affront* from an *inferior*, make the mighty *Cæſar forget*, that he was *emperor* of the *world?* [*Montaigne.*]

X.

HORRORS of War.

TREPIDATION. NOW had the Grecians ſnatch'd a *ſhort repaſt*,
And buckled on their ſhining arms in *haſte*,
PERPLEXITY. Troy rouz'd as ſoon; for on that *dreadful day*
The fate of *fathers*, *wives*, and *infants* lay.
TREPIDATION. The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on *ſquadrons* cloud the duſty plain;
Men, *ſteeds*, and *chariots*, *ſhake* the *trembling ground*;
The *tumult thickens*, and the *ſkies reſound*.
[r] And now with *ſhouts* the *ſhocking armies* clos'd,
To *lances lances*, *ſhields* to *ſhields* oppos'd,
Hoſt againſt *hoſt* their ſhadowy legions drew;
The *ſounding darts* in *iron tempeſts* flew;
Victors and *vanquiſh'd* join *promiſcuous cries*;
Triumphant ſhouts [s] and *dying groans* [t] ariſe;
HORROR. With *ſtreaming blood* the ſlipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And *ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell* the *dreadful tide*.

Long,

[r] To be ſpoken quick and loud.

[s] To be ſpoken boldly.

[t] To be ſpoken faintly, and with pity. See *Pity*, pag. 16.

Long as the morning beams increaſing bright,
O'er heav'n's clear azure ſpread the ſacred light,
Promiſcuous death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle *gor'd* with equal wounds.
But when the ſun the height of heav'n aſcends,
[x] The *Sire* of *Gods* his *golden ſcales* ſuſpends
With *equal hand.* In theſe *explores* the fate — AWE.
Of *Greece* and *Troy*, and *pois'd* the *mighty weight.*
Preſs'd with its *load* the *Grecian* balance lies
Low ſunk on *earth*; the *Trojan ſtrikes* the *ſkies.*
[y] Then *Jove* from Ida's top his *horror ſpreads*; — HORROR.
The *clouds burſt dreadful* o'er the Grecian heads;
Thick *lightnings flaſh*; the *mutt'ring thunder rolls,*
Their *ſtrength* he *withers*, and *unmans their ſouls.*
Before his *wrath* the [z] *trembling hoſts retire,* — FEAR.
The *god* in *terrors*, and the *ſkies* on *fire.*

[*Pope*'s HOM. IL. B. viii. v. 67.]

[x] To be ſpoken *ſlowly*, and with *veneration.* See *Veneration*, pag. 20.

[y] To be ſpoken *hollow*, and *full-mouthed.*

[z] To be ſpoken with a *quivering voice.*

XI.

PETITIONING with DEJECTION.

Paſſages taken from ſundry petitions [a] preſented to the French king by a diſgraced miniſter. [PENS. ING. ANC. MOD. p. 167.]

DEJECTION. BEING *weary* of the *uſeleſs life* I live at preſent, I take the liberty of *imploring*, with *profound ſubmiſſion*, your *Majeſty*, that I may have leave to ſeek an *honourable death* in your Majeſty's *ſervice*. After the *diſappointments*, and *reverſes* of *fortune*, which I have had to *ſtruggle* with, my *expectations* of riſing *again* to proſperity are brought *low enough*. But it would be a ſatisfaction to me, that my *real character* were *known* to your Majeſty; which if it *were*, I flatter myſelf, I ſhould have your Majeſty's *indulgence*, nay, your *eſteem*. *Refuſe not*, moſt *gracious Sovereign*, the means, for gaining this end, to a man, who is ready to ſhed his *blood* in proof of his *loyalty* and *affection* to your *Majeſty*. Were my own *private* intereſt *alone* concerned, I ſhould be peculiarly *cautious*, how I intruded upon your Majeſty with theſe

HUMBLE REMON.

BESEECHING.

[a] Though petitions are commonly preſented in *writing*, yet they may be imagined to be addreſſed to the prince *viva voce*, and ſometimes are.

theſe *ſolicitations*. But as the *only happineſs* I deſire in this *world* is, to have an opportunity of *ſerving* my *king* and *country*; I *humbly hope*, I may be *forgiven*, though I *urge* my *ſuit* with ſome *warmth* and *importunity*. I do not *preſume*, Sire, to claim a *total exemption* from *hardſhip*. I pretend to no *right* to live a life of *indulgence*. *All* I *aſk*, is, to change *one puniſhment* for *another*. And I *beſeech* your Majeſty to have *ſome* conſideration for my *paſt* ſervices; and that a *year's impriſonment*, *five years exile*, the *ruin* of my *fortune*, the *ſubmiſſion* with which I have *borne* theſe *puniſhments*, and the *zeal* I *ſtill* am ready to ſhew for your Majeſty's ſervice, may plead in my favour, and *diſarm* your Majeſty of your *indignation* againſt me. It is true, that in making your Majeſty the offer of my life, I offer what is of *little value* even to *myſelf*. But it is *all* I have to offer. The misfortune I have lain under, theſe *ſix years*, of your *Majeſty's diſpleaſure*, has rendered life *ſo inſipid* to me, that, *beſides* the *honour* of loſing it in your *Majeſty's ſervice*, the proſpect of an *end* being, by *death*, put to my *vexations*, makes the thought of my diſſolution *pleaſing* to me. If it *ſhould ſeem good* to your Majeſty to finiſh my diſtreſſes the *other way*, I mean, by your moſt *gracious pardon*, the obligation will be *ſtill greater*; and to the *zeal* I have for your Majeſty's *intereſt*, I ſhall think myſelf obliged to add *gratitude* ſuitable to ſo *important a favour*. And

EARNEST SOLICITATION.

REMORSE.

BESEECHING.

HUMBLE REMON.

DEJECTION.

PROFOUND SUBMISSION.

RESOLUTION. with *ſuch ſentiments*, there is *nothing* I ſhall not be willing to enterprize for your Majeſty's *ſervice*.

DEVOTION. May *heaven* touch the *heart* of your *Majeſty*, that you may *at laſt* forgive your *ſincerely penitent ſubject*.

HUMBLE REMON. *No one* knows better than your Majeſty, that it is *as great* to *forgive*, as *to puniſh*. If I *alone* am doomed to have *no benefit* from that goodneſs, which extends to *ſo many*, my lot muſt be *peculiarly calamitous*.

XII.

PRAISE under the appearance of blame[b].

Voiture's whimſical commendation of the *Marquis de Piſany*'s courage. [PENS. ING. ANC. MOD. p. 152.]

CONGRATULATION. I AM *extremely glad* to hear, that you are grown ſo *hardy*, that neither *labour*, *watching*, *ſickneſs*, *lead*, nor *ſteel*, can *hurt* you.

WONDER. I *could not* have *thought*, that a man, who lived on *water-gruel*, ſhould have ſo *thick* a *ſkin*; nor did I imagine you had a *ſpell*, by which you was *powder-proof*. To account, how you come to be *ſtill alive*,

[b] This is to be ſpoken in the ſame manner as if one was *finding fault in earneſt*. For it is the character of *Humour* to *mean* the *contrary* of what it *ſeems* to mean. And though the matter was originally part of a *Letter*, it may be imagined as *ſpoken*.

alive, after the *deſperate hazards* you have *run*, is more than *I can pretend to*. But I had rather, it were by the help of the *Devil himſelf*, than that you were as poor *Attichy*, or *Grenville*; if you were *embalmed* with the richeſt *drugs* of the *Eaſt*. To tell you *my opinion plainly*, Sir; let a man die for his *country*, or for *honour*, or *what you pleaſe*, I cannot help thinking, he makes but a *ſilly figure*[c], when he is *dead*. It ſeems to me *great pity*, that ſome people ſhould be *ſo careleſs* about their *lives*, as they *are*. For, *deſpicable as life is*, a man, when he has *loſt it*, is not worth *half* what he was, when he *had it*. In ſhort, *a dead king*, a *dead hero*, or even a *dead demy-god*, is, in *my mind*, but a *poor character*; and *much good* may it do *him*, who is *ambitious* of it.

CONGRATULATION.

DISAPPROBATION.

CONCERN.

REMON.

XIII.

A love-ſick Shepherd's COMPLAINT[d].

All well-a-day! how long muſt I endure
This *pining pain*[e]? Or *who* ſhall ſpeed my *cure*?
Fond love *no cure* will *have*; ſeeks *no repoſe*;
Delights in *grief*, nor *any meaſure* knows.

LAMENTATION.
ANGUISH.

[c] The ſpeaker will naturally utter theſe words, *ſilly figure*, with a *ſhrug*.

[d] See *Melancholy*, pag. 16.

[e] The words *pining pain* cannot be ſpoken *too ſlowly*. See *Complaining*, pag. 24.

COMPLAINT. [f]Lo! now the moon begins in clouds to riſe,
The brightning ſtars beſpangle all the ſkies.
The winds are huſh'd. The dews diſtil; and ſleep
Hath clos'd the eye-lids of my weary ſheep.

ANGUISH. [g] *I only* with the prowling wolf conſtrain'd
[h] *All night* to *wake.* With *hunger he* is pain'd,
And *I with love.* His *hunger he* may *tame*;
But *who* can quench, [i] O *cruel love*, thy flame?

LAMENTATION. Whilom did I, all as this popular fair,
Up-riſe my heedleſs head, devoid of care;
'Mong ruſtic routs the *chief* for wanton game;
Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
Who better ſeen than I in ſhepherd's arts,
To pleaſe the lads, and win the laſſes' hearts?
How deftly to mine oaten reed ſo ſweet
Wont they upon the green to ſhift their feet!
And *wearied* in the dance *how* would they *yearn*
Some well-deviſed tale from me to learn?
For many a *ſong*, and *tale* of *mirth* had I
To chaſe the loit'ring ſun adown the ſky.
But *ah!* ſince Lucy coy *deep wrought* her *ſpight*
Within my *heart*, *unmindful* of *delight*,
The jolly youths I fly; and all alone
To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitleſs moan.
Oh!

[f] Theſe four lines are to be ſpoken *ſlowly*, and with a *torpid uniformity* of *tone*.

[g] The ſpeaker is to ſeem *rouſed* here, as by a ſudden *pang*.

[h] Theſe four words to expreſs extreme *anguiſh*.

[i] A *ſtep* before and after the words, *O cruel love*; which are to be expreſſed with exclamation of *anguiſh*.

Oh! *leave* thy *cruelty*, relentleſs fair; DEPRECATION.
Ere, lingering long, I *periſh* through *deſpair*.
Had *Roſalind* been miſtreſs of my mind, COMPLAINT.
Though not ſo *fair*, ſhe *would* have prov'd more *kind*.
O *think*, unwitting maid! while yet is time, ADVICE.
How flying years impair the youthful prime!
Thy virgin bloom will not *for ever* ſtay,
And flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, *will decay*.
The flow'rs, anew, returning ſeaſons bring;
But faded *beauty* has *no ſecond ſpring*.
[k]—My *words* are *wind!*—She, *deaf* to *all my cries*, DESPAIR.
Takes *pleaſure* in the *miſchief* of her *eyes*.

[*A. Philips.*]

XIV.

REMONSTRANCE.

Part of *Socrates*'s ſpeech to *Montaigne*, in the French DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD. [PENS. ING. ANC. MOD. p. 117.]

ANTIQUITY is an object of a *peculiar ſort*: TEACHING.
Diſtance magnifies it. If you had been perſonally acquainted with *Ariſtotle*, *Phocion*, and *me*; you would have found *nothing in us* very *different* from what you may find in people of your *own age*. What commonly prejudices us in

[k] A long *pauſe*.

DISAPPROBATION.

favour of *antiquity*, is that we are prejudiced *againſt* our *own times*. We *raiſe* the antients, that we may *depreſs* the moderns. When *we antients* were *alive*, we *eſteemed* our *anceſtors more* than they *deſerved*. And *our poſterity* eſteem *us* more than *we* deſerve. But the very *truth* of the matter is, our *anceſtors*, and *we*, and our *poſterity*, are *all very much alike*.

XV.

AUTHORITY, and FORBIDDING.

Jupiter forbids the gods and goddeſſes taking any part in the contention between the Greeks and Trojans.

NARRATION.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roſy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the ſenate of the ſkies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops ariſe,

AWE.

The *fire* of *gods* his *awful* ſilence *broke*;
The *heav'ns attentive trembled* as he *ſpoke*;

AUTHORITY.

" *Celeſtial ſtates! immortal gods!* give *ear*[1];
Hear our *decree*; and *rev'rence* what you hear;

The

[1] There are three pretty long *pauſes* to be made in this line, at the words, *ſtates*, *gods*, and *ear*. The words, *Celeſtial ſtates*, may be ſpoken with the *right* arm extended, the palm upwards, and the *look* directed toward the *right*, as addreſſing that

The *fix'd decree*, which not *all heav'n* can *move*;
Thou, *Fate! fulfil* it; and ye, *Pow'rs*, *approve*.
[m] What god ſhall *enter* yon' *forbidden field*, THREATENING.
Who *yields* aſſiſtance, or but *wills* to yield,
Back to the *ſkies* with *ſhame* he ſhall be *driv'n*,
Gaſh'd with diſhoneſt *wounds*, the *ſcorn* of *heav'n*;
[n] Or from our *ſacred hill* with *fury thrown*
Deep, in the *dark Tartarean gulf* ſhall *groan*;
With *burning chains fix'd* to the *brazen floors*,
And *lock'd* by *hell's inexorable doors*;
As *deep* beneath th' *infernal centre hurl'd*,
As from that centre to th' *æthereal world*.
[o] Let each, ſubmiſſive, *dread* thoſe *dire abodes*,
Nor *tempt* the *vengeance* of the *God of gods*.
League *all* your *forces*, then, ye pow'rs above; CHALLENGING.
Your ſtrength *unite* againſt the *might* of *Jove*.

Let

that part of the aſſembly. The words, *immortal gods!* with the *left* arm extended, in the ſame manner, (the right continuing likewiſe extended) and the look directed toward the left-hand part of the aſſembly. And the words, *give ear*, with the look bent directly forward. See *Authority*, pag. 18.

[m] At the words, *What god ſhall enter*, the left arm, which ſhould continue extended, with the right, to the beginning of this fourth line of the ſpeech, may be drawn in, and placed upon the hip, while the right is brandiſhed with the clenched fiſt, as in threatening. See *Boaſting*, pag. 18.

[n] The ſpeaker will naturally here point *downward* with the fore-finger of his right hand.

[o] "Let each", &c.] The ſpeaker may here again extend both arms, as before, the open palms upwards, caſting a look over the whole room, ſuppoſed to be filled with the gods.

Let down our golden *everlaſting chain,* [*main.*
Whoſe *ſtrong embrace* holds *heav'n* and *earth* and
Strive all, of *mortal* and *immortal* birth,
To *drag* by this the *thund'rer* down to *earth.*
* CONTEMPT. † CHALLENGING. [p] Ye * *ſtrive* in *vain.* If I † but *ſtretch* this *hand,*
I *heave* the *gods,* the *ocean,* and the *land.*
I *fix* the *chain* to *great Olympus height,*
And the *vaſt world* hangs *trembling* in my *ſight.*
For *ſuch* I *reign unbounded,* and *above;*
And *ſuch* are *men,* and *gods,* compar'd to *Jove.*

XVI.

SUBLIME DESCRIPTION.

An Ode, from the ſixth Pſalm. [SPECT. N°. 465.]

I.

ADMIRATION. THE *lofty pillars* of the *ſky,*
And *ſpacious concave rais'd* on *high*
Spangl'd with ſtars, a *ſhining frame,*
Their *great original* proclaim.
Th' *unweary'd ſun,* from *day* to *day,*
Pours knowledge on his *golden ray,*
VENERATION. And *publiſhes* to *ev'ry land*
The *work* of an *Almighty hand.*

II. Soon

[p] The ſpeaker will do well, here, to have his arms in any *other* poſture, rather than extended; becauſe, after the pauſe in the middle of the line, the right arm muſt be *extended* with great ſolemnity.

II.

Soon as the *ev'ning ſhades prevail*, ADMIR.
The *moon* takes up the *wond'rous tale*,
And *nightly* to the *liſt'ning earth*
Repeats the *ſtory* of her *birth*;
Whilſt *all* the *ſtars*, that *round* her *burn*,
And *all* the *planets* in their *turn*,
Confirm the *tidings*, as they *roll*,
And *ſpread* the *truth* from *pole* to *pole*.

III.

What, tho' in *ſolemn ſilence* all QUEST.
Move *round* the dark terreſtrial ball?
What tho' no *real voice*, nor *ſound*
Amid their *radiant orbs* be found?
In *Reaſon's ear* they *all rejoice*, VENERATION.
And utter forth a *glorious voice*,
For *ever ſinging*, as they *ſhine*,
"The *hand*, that *made us*, is *divine*."

XVII.

DESCRIPTION, ſublime, and terrible.

The fight about Patroclus's body, broke off by Achilles's appearing on the rampart, unarmed, and calling aloud. [*Pope*'s HOM. IL. xviii. v. 241.]

ADMIRATION.

——————THE *hero roſe*,
Her *Ægis*, *Pallas* o'er his ſhoulder *throws*;
Around his brows a *golden cloud* ſhe *ſpread*;
A *ſtream* of *glory flam'd* above his *head*.
As when from ſome beleagur'd town ariſe
The *ſmokes high-curling* to the ſhaded *ſkies*,
(Seen from ſome *iſland* o'er the main afar
When men diſtreſt hang out the ſign of war)
With *long-projected beams* the ſeas are *bright*,
And heav'n's wide *arch reflects* the *ruddy light*;
So from Achilles' head the *ſplendors riſe*,
Reflecting *blaze* on *blaze* againſt the *ſkies*.
Forth march'd the *chief*, and, diſtant from the croud,
High on the *rampart* [q] *rais'd* his *voice aloud*.
With

[q] The reader will hardly need to be told, that ſuch matter ought to be expreſſed with a *raiſed voice*.

With her own *ſhout* Minerva *ſwells* the *ſound*;
Troy *ſtarts aſtoniſh'd*, and the *ſhores rebound.* TERROR.
As the loud *trumpet's brazen mouth* from far,
With *ſhrilling clangor ſounds* th' alarm of war,
So high his *dreadful voice* the hero rear'd;
' *Hoſts drop'd* their *arms*, and *trembled* as they heard; TREPIDATION.
And *back* the *chariots roll*, and *courſers bound*,
And *ſteeds* and *men* lie *mingled* on the *ground.*
Aghaſt they ſee the *living lightnings play*, TERROR.
And *turn* their *eye-balls* from the *flaſhing ray.*
Thrice from the trench his *brazen voice* he *rais'd*;
And *thrice* they *fled confounded* and *amaz'd.*
Twelve in the tumult *wedged*, untimely *ruſh'd*
On their *own ſpears*, by their *own chariots cruſh'd:*
While *ſhielded* from the *darts*, the Greeks obtain
The *long-diſputed carcaſs* of the *ſlain.*

' Theſe three lines to be ſpoken *quicker* than the reſt.

XVIII.

XVIII.

COMPLAINT.

Humorous petition of a French gentleman to the king, who had given him a title, to which his income was not equal, by reaſon of the weight of the taxes levied from his eſtate. [PENS. ING. ANC. MOD. p. 428.]

[After acknowledging the honour done him by the king's conferring on him a title, he goes on as follows.]

COMPLAINT. YOUR Majeſty has only made me *more unhappy* by giving me a title. For there is nothing more *pitiable* than a *gentleman loaded* with a *knapſack*. This *empty ſound*, which I was ſuch
VEXATION. a *fool* as to be *ambitious* of, does not keep away *hunger*. I know well enough, that *glory* makes us *live* after we are dead; but in *this world*, a man has but a *poor* time on't, if he has not a bit of *bread* to put in his *mouth*. I had but a *little* bit of land on the banks of the Rhone, on which I made a *ſhift* to *live*. But as it is now *taxed*, *any*
APPREHENSION. *body* may have it for *me*; for I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſoon, with my *title* and *eſtate*, be glad of an *almshouſe* for my *ſeat*. I have no *reſource*, if there be a proſecution commenced againſt me, as they threaten,

threaten, but in your Majeſty's *goodneſs*. If indeed, my fate is to be decided by *that*, I am in no danger, but ſhall *laugh* at them *all*. If your Majeſty were to ſeize my *poor patrimony whole*, *what* would a few *acres* of *marſh-land* be to the * *mighty monarch* of *France* and *Navarre?* It ‖ bears nothing but *willows*, † and your Majeſty values *no trees*, but the *laurel*. I, therefore, *beſeech* your Majeſty to give me leave to *enjoy* what my *little ſpot brings in*, without *deduction*. All that a *poor ſubject* aſks of your Majeſty is—That your Majeſty would *aſk nothing of him*.

COMFORT.

DEPRECATION.

* POMP.
‖ CONTEMPT.
† SUBMISSION.

INTREATING.

XIX.

TERRIBLE DESCRIPTION.

IN *elder* days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our *diſtant* world ſubdu'd,
A *ſpacious city ſtood* with *firmeſt walls*
Sure mounded, and with *num'rous turrets crown'd*,
Aërial ſpires and *citadels*, the *ſeat*
Of *kings* and *heroes reſolute* in *war*;
Fam'd Ariconium; *uncontroul'd* and *free*,
Till *all-ſubduing Latian arms prevail'd*.
Then likewiſe, tho' to *foreign* yoke ſubmiſs,
Unlevel'd ſhe remained; and ev'n till *now*
Perhaps had ſtood, of *antient* Britiſh *art*
A *pleaſing monument*, not leſs admir'd
Than what from *Attic*, or *Etruſcan hands*

NARRATION.

Aroſe;

AWE. NARRATION. Aroſe; had not the *heav'nly pow'rs* averſe
Decreed her *final doom.* And now the fields
Labour'd with *thirſt.* Aquarius had not ſhed
His *wonted ſhow'rs*, and Sirius parch'd, with *heat*
Solſtitial the *green herb.* Hence 'gan *relax*
The earth's *contexture.* Hence *Tartarian dregs*,
HORROR. *Sulphur*, and *nitrous ſpume*, enkindling *fierce*
Bellow'd tremendous in her *darkſome caves*,
More *diſmal* than the *loud diſploded roar*
Of *brazen enginry*, that ceaſeleſs *ſtorm*
The baſtion of a well-built city deem'd
Impregnable. Th' infernal *winds*, till now
Cloſely impriſoned, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with *unctuous* vapour fed,
Diſdain'd their narrow cells; and, their *full* ſtrength
Collecting, from beneath the ſolid maſs
Upheav'd, and all her *caſtles rooted deep*
Shook from their *loweſt ſeat.* Old *Vaga*'s ſtream
Forc'd by the ſudden *ſhock*, her *wonted track*
Forſook, and drew her *humid train* aſlope,
Wrinkling her *banks.* And now the *lowring ſky*
AWE. The *baleful lightning*, and loud *thunder*, voice
Of *angry heav'n*, fierce *roaring*, with diſmay
TREPIDATION. The *boldeſt* hearts appal'd. [s] *Where* ſhould they turn
Diſtreſs'd? *Whence* ſeek for aid? When from below
Hell *threatens*; and when *fate ſupreme* gives *ſigns*
DESPAIR. Of *wrath* and *deſolation.* *Vain* were *vows*,

And

[s] To be ſpoken quick from the words, *Where ſhould*, to *deſolation.*

And *plaints*, and ſuppliant hands to heav'n erect!
Yet ſome to temples fled, and humble rites — CONTEMPT.
Perform'd to *Thor* and *Woden*, fabled gods,
Who with their *vot'ries* in *one* ruin ſhar'd,
O'erwhelm'd and *cruſh'd*. Others in *frantic mood*, — TREPIDATION.
Run *howling* through the *ſtreets*. Their hideous *yells*
Rend the dark *welkin*. *Horror ſtalks* around — HORROR.
Wild *ſtaring*, and his *ſad* concomitant
Deſpair, of *abject* look. At ev'ry *gate* — TREPIDATION.
The *thronging* populace with *haſty* ſtrides
Preſs *furious*, and, too *eager* of eſcape,
Obſtruct the *ſpacious* way. The *rocking* ſtreet
Deceives their *footſteps*. To and fro they reel
Aſtoniſh'd, as with *wine* o'ercharg'd. When lo! — HORROR.
The parched earth her *riven* mouth diſparts,
Horrible chaſm *profound!* With *ſwift* deſcent
Old *Ariconium ſinks*; and *all* her tribes,
Heroes, and *ſenators*, *down* to the realms
Of *endleſs night*. Mean while the *looſen'd* winds
Infuriate, molten *rocks* and *globes* of *fire*
Hurl *high* above the *clouds*; till all their force
Conſum'd, her *rav'nous jaws*, earth, ſatiate, *cloſ'd*.

[*A. Philips.*]

XX.

RIDICULE.

Swift's on Tranſubſtantiation[t]. [TALE OF A TUB, Sect. IV.]



Scene Lord Peter's houſe; a table covered, with plates, knives, and forks, and a brown loaf in the middle of the table.

Lord Peter, Martin, Jack.

DICTATING. Peter. *BREAD*, gentlemen, bread is the *ſtaff* of *life*. In bread is contained, *incluſive*, the *quinteſſence* of *beef*, *mutton*, *veal*, *veniſon*, *partridge*, *plumb-pudding*, and *cuſtard*; and, to render *all complete*, there is intermingled a due quantity of *water*, whoſe *crudities* are *corrected* by *yeaſt*, and which therefore becomes, to *all intents* and *purpoſes*, a *wholeſome fermented liquor diffuſed* through the *maſs* of the *bread*. Therefore he, who

[t] A pupil, in order to his expreſſing properly this leſſon, muſt be let a little into the author's plot; that by Peter is meant the Pope; by Martin, the Lutheran church, and by Jack, the Calviniſts. That, in this paſſage, he expoſes the doctrine of the wafer's being tranſubſtantiated into the real body of Chriſt; the papiſts refuſing the cup to the laity; the arrogance of the popes; and the evils ariſing from perſecution.

who eats *bread*, at the ſame time *eats* the *beſt* of *food*, and *drinks* the *beſt* of *liquors*. *Come on*, brothers, the *cauſe* is *good*; fall to, and ſpare not. Here is a ſhoulder of *excellent Banſtead mutton* [pointing to the brown loaf] as *ever* was *cut* with *knife*. Here you may *cut*, and come again. But, now I think on it, I had better help you *myſelf*, now my hand is in. Young people are *baſhful*. *Come*, brother Martin, let me help you to this *ſlice*. INVITING.

Martin. *My lord!* [ſo Peter ordered his brothers to call him] I doubt, with *great ſubmiſſion*, here is ſome *little miſtake*. In my humble .... SURPRIZE. SUBMISSION.

Peter. *What* you are *merry? Come then*, let us *hear* this *jeſt*, your *head* is ſo *big* with. PEEVISHNESS.

Martin. No jeſt *indeed* my lord. But unleſs I am *very much deceived*, your lordſhip was pleaſed, a little while ago, to drop a word about *mutton*; and I ſhould be glad to *ſee it* upon the *table*. SUBMISSION.

Peter. *How!* I don't *comprehend* you. PEEVISH.

Jack. Why, my lord, my brother Martin, I ſuppoſe, is *hungry*, and longs to ſee the *ſhoulder* of Banſtead *mutton*, you ſpoke of, come to table. SUBMISSION.

Peter. Pray, *explain* yourſelves, gentlemen. Either you are both out of your *wits*, or are diſpoſed to be merry a little *unſeaſonably*. You had better keep your jokes till after *dinner*. Brother Martin, if you don't *like* the *ſlice* I have helped you to, I will cut you *another*; though I ſhould think it the *choice bit* of the *whole ſhoulder*. PEEVISH. RECOLLECTION.

QUEST. WONDER. Martin. What then, my lord, is this *brown loaf* a ſhoulder of Banſtead *mutton* all this while?

REPROVING. Peter. Pray, Sir, *leave off* your *impertinence*, and eat your *victuals*, if you pleaſe. I am not diſpoſed to *reliſh* your *wit* at preſent.

AFFIRMATION. Martin. May I then, my lord, be *ſouſed* over *head* and *ears* in a *horſe-pond*, if it ſeems to my *eyes*, my *fingers*, my *noſe*, or my *teeth*, either *leſs* or *more*, than a ſlice of a ſtale ſixpenny *brown loaf*.

Jack. If I *ever ſaw* a *ſhoulder* of *mutton* in my *life* look *ſo like* a ſixpenny brown *loaf*, I am an old *baſket-woman*.

REPROVING. Peter. *Look you*, gentlemen, to *convince* you, what a couple of *blind*, *poſitive*, *ignorant puppies* you are, I will uſe but *one* plain argument. The

EXECRATION. *d—l roaſt both* your *ſouls* on his *gridiron* to all *eternity*, if you don't believe *this* [clapping his hand upon the brown loaf] to be a *ſhoulder* of as *good mutton* as ever was *ſold* in *Leadenhall-market*.

RECOLLECTION. Martin. Why, truly, upon more *mature conſideration* . . . . . .

Jack. Why, ay, now I have thought *better* on the thing, your lordſhip ſeems to be in the *right*.

RECONCILIATION. Peter. *O now* you are *come* to *yourſelves*. Boy, fill me a bumper of *claret*. *Come*, brothers, here is good *health* to you both.

SUBMISSION. Martin and Jack. *Thank* your good *lordſhip*, and ſhall be glad to *pledge* you.

Peter. *That* you *ſhall*, my boys. I am not a man to refuſe you *any thing* in *reaſon*. A *moderate* glaſs of wine is a *cordial*. *There*. [Giving them a cruſt each.] There is a *bumper* a *piece* for you. *True natural* juice of the *grape*. None of your naſty *balderdaſh* vintners *brewings*.—*What now!* [Obſerving them to ſtare.] Are you at your doubts *again?* *Here Boy*. Call neighbour *Dominic* [u] the *blackſmith* here. Bid him bring his *tongs* with him. *Red hot*—d'ye hear. *I'll* teach you to *doubt*. GIVING. SURPRIZE. THREATNING.

Martin. [x] *Come, Jack*. This houſe is like to be too *hot* for you and me ſoon. He is quite *raving mad*. Let's get *away* [y] as *faſt* as we *can*. TREPIDATION.

Jack. A *plague* on his *crazy head*. If ever I put my noſe within his *door again*, may it be *pinched off* in good *earneſt*. [Exeunt running.]

[u] Saint Dominic was the inventor of the inquiſition.
[x] To be ſpoken *quick* to the end.
[y] Separation of the Proteſtants from the Romiſh church.

XXI.

EXHORTATION.

Prologue to Cato by Mr. Pope.

TEACHING. TO *wake* the *ſoul* by *tender ſtrokes* of art;
To *raiſe* the *genius*, and to *mend* the *heart*[z];
COURAGE. To make mankind in *conſcious virtue bold*,
Live o'er each *ſcene*, and *be* what they *behold*;
TEACHING. For *this* the *tragic* muſe firſt *trod* the *ſtage*,
Commanding *tears* to *ſtream* through ev'ry *age*.
Tyrants no more their *ſavage* nature kept,
WONDER. And foes to *virtue wondered* how they *wept*.
CONTEMPT. [a] Our *author ſhuns* by *vulgar* ſprings to *move*,
The *hero's glory*, or the *virgin's love*.
In *pitying love*, we but our *weakneſs* ſhew,
And *wild ambition* well *deſerves* its *woe*.
EXCITING. *Here tears* ſhall *flow* from a more *gen'rous* cauſe,
Such tears as *patriots* ſhed for *dying laws*.

He

[z] The words *mend* the *heart* may be expreſſed with the *right hand* laid upon the *breaſt*.

[a] I queſtion, whether all readers of this line [*Our author ſhuns*, &c.] underſtand it as the author meant it. The ſenſe, in plain proſe, would be, "Our author thinks it beneath him "to endeavour to affect you by the common ſubject of tragic "diſtreſs, as the fall of a prince or ſtateſman, or the misfor-"tunes occaſioned by love."

He bids your *breaſt* with *antient ardors riſe*,
And calls forth *Roman drops* from *Britiſh eyes*.
Virtue confeſt in *human ſhape* he *draws*,
What *Plato thought*, and *godlike Cato was*; VENERATION.
No *common object* to your ſight diſplays;
But what with *pleaſure Heav'n itſelf ſurveys*, AWE.
A *brave man* ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate, ESTEEM.
And *greatly falling* with a *falling ſtate*.
While Cato gives his *little ſenate laws*,
What *boſom* [b] *beats* not in his *country's cauſe*? EARNESTNESS.
Who ſees him *act*, but *envies* ev'ry *deed*?
Who hears him *groan*, and does not *wiſh* to *bleed*?
Ev'n when proud *Cæſar* 'midſt triumphal *cars*, CONTEMPT.
The *ſpoils* of *nations*, and the *pomp* of *wars*,
Ignobly vain, and *impotently great*,
Shew'd Rome her *Cato's figure* drawn in ſtate, DEJECTION.
As her dead *father's rev'rend image paſt*,
The *pomp* was *darken'd*, and the *day o'ercaſt*;
The *triumph ceas'd*. *Tears guſh'd* from *ev'ry eye*; GRIEF.
The *world's* great *victor* paſs'd *unheeded* by. CONTEMPT.
Her *laſt good man* dejected Rome *ador'd*,
And honour'd *Cæſar's leſs* than *Cato's ſword*. GRIEF.
Britons attend. Be *worth* like this *approv'd*, TEACHING.
And ſhew, you have the *virtue* [c] to be *mov'd*.
With *honeſt ſcorn* the firſt fam'd Cato view'd CONTEMPT.
Rome *learning* arts from *Greece*, whom ſhe *ſubdu'd*.

[b] The words, *What boſom beats not*, may be ſpoken with the right hand preſſed to the breaſt.

[c] So may the word, *virtue*.

Our ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts *too long*
On *French tranſlation* and *Italian ſong.*
EXCITING. *Dare* to have *ſenſe yourſelves: Aſſert* the *ſtage.*
Be *juſtly warm'd* with your own *native rage.*
Such plays alone ſhould pleaſe a *Britiſh* ear,
As *Cato's ſelf* had not *diſdain'd* to *hear.*

XXII.

Humourous ſcene between Dennis the critic (ſatyrically repreſented by Swift, as mad) and the Doctor.

Scene Dennis's garret.

Dennis, Doctor, Nurſe, Lintot the bookſeller, and another author.

Dennis. [Looking wiſe, and bringing out his words ſlowly and formally.]

WARNING. *BEWARE*, Doctor, that it fare not with *you*, as it did with your predeceſſor, the *famous Hippocrates*, whom the *miſtaken* citizens of Abdera ſent for, in this *very manner*, to *cure* the philoſopher *Democritus*. He returned full of *admiration* at the *wiſdom* of the perſon, whom he had ſuppoſed a *lunatic*. *Behold*, Doctor, it was *thus* that *Ariſtotle himſelf*, and *all* the great *antients*, ſpent their
PRIDE.

their *days* and *nights*, *wrapped up* in *criticiſm*, and *beſet all round* with their *own writings*. As for *me*, be aſſured, *I have no diſeaſe*, beſides a *ſwelling* in my *legs*, of which I ſay nothing, ſince your art may farther certify you.

Doctor. Pray, Sir, how did you *contract* this *ſwelling?* QUESTIONING.

Dennis. By *criticiſm.*

Doctor. By *criticiſm!* That's a diſtemper I have *never heard* nor *read of.* WONDER.

Dennis. *Death*, Sir! A *diſtemper!* It is *no diſtemper*; but a *noble art.* I have ſat *fourteen hours a day* at it, and are *you* a *doctor*, and don't know, that there is a communication between the *brain* and the *legs?* SUDDEN ANGER. CONTEMPT.

Doctor. What made you ſit ſo *many hours*, Sir? QUEST.

Dennis. *Cato*, Sir.

Doctor. Sir, I ſpeak of your *diſtemper.* What gave you this *tumour?* EARNEST.

Dennis. *Cato, Cato, Cato*[d]. PEEVISH.

Nurſe. For *God's ſake*, Doctor, name not this *evil ſpirit*; it is the *whole cauſe* of his *madneſs.* Alas! *poor maſter* will have his *fits* again. INTREAT. GRIEF.

[Almoſt crying.]

Lintot. *Fits!* with a pox! A man may well have *fits*, and ſwell'd *legs*, that ſits writing *four-* WONDER.

teen

[d] He publiſhed Remarks on Cato, in the year 1712.

teen hours in a *day*. The *Remarks*, the *Remarks*, have brought *all* his *complaints* upon him.

QUEST. Doctor. The *Remarks!* What are *they?*

WONDER. Dennis. Death! Have you never read my

PEEVISHNESS. *Remarks?* I'll be *hang'd* if this *niggardly bookſeller* has *adverti ſed* the book as it ſhould have been.

Lintot. Not *adverti ſe* it, quotha! Pox! I have laid out *pounds* after *pounds* in *adverti ſing*. There has been as *much done* for the book, as could be done for *any book* in *Chriſtendom*.

CAUTIONING. Doctor. We had better not talk of *books*, Sir, I am *afraid*, they are the *fuel* that *feed* his *delirium*. Mention books *no more*.

I deſire a word in private with this gentleman.

QUEST. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are his *apothecary*.

Gent. Sir, I am his *friend*.

Doctor. I doubt it not. What *regimen* have you *obſerved*, ſince he has been under your care? You remember, I ſuppoſe, the paſſage in *Celſus*; which ſays, "If the patient, on the third day, "have an *interval*, *ſuſpend* the *medicaments* at

TEACHING. "*night*." Let *fumigations* be uſed to *corroborate* the *brain*. I hope, you have, upon *no account*, promoted *ſternutation* by *Hellebore?*

PRIDE and ANGER. Gent. Sir, you *miſtake* the *matter quite*.

Doctor. What! An *apothecary* tell a *phyſician*, he *miſtakes! You* pretend to *diſpute my preſcription! Pharmacopola componat. Medicus ſolus præſcribat. Fumigate* him, I ſay, this *very evening*, while he is relieved by an interval.

AUTHORITY.

Dennis.

Dennis. *Death*, Sir! Do you take my *friend* for an *apothecary!* A man of *genius* and *learning* for an *apothecary!* *Know*, Sir, that this gentleman profeſſes, like myſelf, the two *nobleſt* ſciences in the univerſe, Criticiſm, and Poetry. By the *immortals*, he *himſelf* is author of *three* whole *paragraphs* in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my *Public Spirit*, and aſſiſted me in my deſcription of the *Furies* and *infernal regions* in my *Appius*. ANGER. AUTHORITY.

Lintot. He is an *author*. You *miſtake* the gentleman, Doctor. He has been an author theſe *twenty years*, to his *bookſeller*'s knowledge, if to *no one's leſs*. SNEER.

Dennis. Is all the *town* in a *combination?* Shall *poetry* fall to the *ground?* Muſt our *reputation* in *foreign countries* be *quite loſt?* O *deſtruction! Perdition! Curſed Opera! Confounded Opera*[e]*!* As *poetry* once *raiſed* cities, ſo, when poetry *fails*, *cities* are *overturned*, and the *world* is no *more*. VEXATION. ANGUISH.

Doctor. He *raves*, he *raves*. He muſt be *pinioned*, he muſt be *ſtrait-waiſtcoated*, that he may do *no miſchief*. ANXIETY.

Dennis. O I am *ſick!* I am *ſick* to *death*. VEXATION.

Doctor. That is a *good ſymptom*; a very good ſymptom. To be ſick to death (ſays the modern theory) is *ſymptoma præclarum*. When a patient is *ſenſible* of his *pain*, he is *half cured*. Pray, Sir, of *what* are you *ſick?* COMFORT. QUEST.

Dennis.

[e] He wrote a Treatiſe to prove, that the decay of public ſpirit proceeds from the Italian Opera.

PEEVISHNESS. Dennis. Of *every thing*. Of *every thing*. I am ſick of the *ſentiments*, of the *diction*, of the *protaſis*, of the *epitaſis*, and the *cataſtrophe*.—*Alas* for the *loſt drama!* The *drama* is no *more*.

OBSEQUIOUSNESS. Nurſe. If you want a *dram*, Sir, I will bring you a couple of penn'orths of *gin* in a *minute*. Mr. Lintot has drank the laſt of the *noggin*.

PEEVISH. Dennis. *O ſcandalous want! O ſhameful omiſſion!* By all the *immortals*, here is not the *ſhadow* of a *peripætia!* No *change* of *fortune* in the *tragedy*.

OBSEQ. Nurſe. *Pray*, Sir, don't be uneaſy about *change*. Give me the *ſixpence*, and I'll get you *change* immediately at the *gin-ſhop next door*.

DIRECTING. Doctor. Hold your *peace*, good woman. His fit *increaſes*. We muſt call for *help*. Mr. Lintot a——*hold him*, pray. [Doctor gets behind Lintot.]

FEAR, ANXIETY. Lintot. *Plague* on the *man!* I am afraid, he *is really* mad. And, if he *be*, who, the *devil*, will buy the *Remarks?* I wiſh [ſcratching his head] he had been *beſh—t*, rather than I had meddled with his *Remarks*.

DIRECTING. Doctor. He muſt uſe the *cold bath*, and be *cupped* on the *head*. The *ſymptoms* ſeem *deſperate*.

ANXIETY. Avicen ſays, "If *learning* be mixed with a *brain*, "that is not of a contexture *fit* to receive it, the "brain *ferments*, till it be totally *exhauſted*." We muſt endeavour to *eradicate* theſe *indigeſted ideas* out of the pericranium, and to reſtore the patient to a competent *knowledge* of *himſelf*.

Dennis.

Dennis. *Caitiffs ſtand off! Unhand* me *miſcreants!* [The Doctor, the nurſe, and Lintot, run out of the room in a hurry, and tumble down the garret ſtairs all together.] Is the *man*, whoſe *labours* are calculated to bring the town to *reaſon*, *mad?* Is the *man*, who ſettles poetry on the baſis of *antiquity*, *mad? See Longinus* in my *right* hand, and *Ariſtotle* in my *left!* [Calls after the Doctor, the bookſeller, and the nurſe, from the top of the ſtairs.] *I am* the *only* man among the *moderns*, that ſupport the *venerable antients*. And am I to be *aſſaſſinated?* Shall a *bookſeller*, who has *lived* upon *my labours*, take away *that life*, to which he owes his *ſupport?* [Goes into his garret, and ſhuts the door.]

FURY with PRIDE.

XXIII.

ADORATION.

Milton's Morning Hymn. [PARAD. LOST. B. v. v. 153.]

THESE are thy *glorious works*, *Parent* of *good* *Almighty! Thine* this *univerſal frame*,
Thus *wondrous fair! Thyſelf*[f] how *wondrous* then *Un-*

VENERATION.

ADMIRATION.

[f] "*Thyſelf* how *wondrous*," &c.] The ſenſe in proſe, would be, "If thy works be ſo wonderfully excellent, thine own ori-"ginal excellence is unſpeakable and inconceivable." It is not,

VENERATION. *Unſpeakable!* who ſitt'ſt above the heav'ns,
To *us inviſible*, or *dimly* ſeen
In theſe thy *loweſt* works; yet *theſe* declare
LOVE with VENER. Thy *goodneſs* beyond *thought*, and *pow'r divine*.
Speak, ye who *beſt* can *tell*, ye *ſons* of *light*,
SACRED RAPTURE. *Angels!* For [g] *ye behold* him, and with *ſongs*
And *choral ſymphonies*, *day* without *night*,
Circle his throne rejoicing. [h] *Ye* in *heav'n!*
On *earth* join *all ye creatures* to *extol*
Him firſt, *Him* laſt, *Him* midſt, and *without end*.
Faireſt of *ſtars*, laſt in the train of *night*,
If better thou belong not to the *dawn*,
Sure *pledge* of *day*, that *crown'ſt* the *ſmiling morn*
With thy bright *circlet!* praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While morn ariſes, that *ſweet hour* of *prime*.
ADMIR. [i] Thou, *ſun*, of this *great world* both *eye* and ſoul,
Acknow-

not, I believe, generally underſtood ſo, elſe readers would not (as I have heard many) make a pauſe between the word *then* and *unſpeakable*.

[g] The reader need ſcarce be told, that ſuch matter ought to be expreſſed with as much ſmoothneſs and liquidity of utterance as poſſible.

[h] "*Ye in heav'n.*" This is generally ill pointed. Theſe words are a complete ſentence. The meaning is, "I call on "you [Angels] to praiſe God in *your* celeſtial *habitation*." And then the poet goes on to call on the *terreſtrials* to join *their* humble tribute.

[i] "Thou, *ſun*, of this," &c. To be ſpoke a little more *ore rotundo*, or *full-mouthed*, than the foregoing, to image the ſtupendous greatneſs of a world of fire, equal, as ſuppoſed by aſtronomers, to a million of earths.

Acknowledge *Him* thy *greater*. *Sound* his praiſe — LOWLY SUBMISSION.
In thy *eternal courſe*, both when thou *climb'ſt*,
And when *high noon* haſt *gain'd*, and when thou
fall'ſt.
Moon, that now *meet'ſt* the orient *ſun*, now *fly'ſt* — RAPTURE.
With the *fix'd ſtars*, fix'd in their ſphere on *high*,
And ye five other *wand'ring orbs*, that move
In myſtic dance, *not without ſong!* reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs called up light.
Air, and ye *elements*, the *eldeſt birth*
Of *nature's womb*, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, *multiform*; and *mix*
And *nouriſh all things*; let your *ceaſeleſs change*
Vary to our *great Maker* ſtill *new praiſe*.
Ye *miſts*, and *exhalations*, that now riſe
From *hill*, or ſteaming *lake*, *duſky*, or *grey*,
Till the ſun *paint* your *fleecy ſkirts* with *gold*,
In *honour* to the *world's* great *Author* riſe;
Whether to *deck* with *clouds* th' *uncolour'd ſky*,
Or *cheer* with *falling ſhow'rs* the *thirſty ground*,
Riſing, or *falling*, *ſtill* advance his *praiſe*.
His *praiſe*, ye *winds*, that from four quarters *blow*
Breathe ſoft or *loud*; and *wave* your *tops*, ye *pines*,
With *ev'ry plant*, in ſign of *worſhip wave*.
Fountains, and ye that *warble*, as ye *flow*,
Melodious murmurs, *warbling* tune his *praiſe*.
Join voices, all ye *living ſouls*. Ye *birds*,
That *ſinging* up to *heav'ns high gate aſcend*,
Bear on your *wings*, and in your *notes*, his *praiſe*.
Ye that in *waters glide*, and ye that *walk*

The

The *earth*, and *ſtately tread*, or *lowly creep*.
Witneſs, if *I be ſilent*, *morn* or *ev'n*,
To *hill*, or *valley*, *fountain*, or *freſh ſhade*
Made *vocal* by my ſong, and taught his *praiſe*.
PROFOUND SUBMISSION. *Hail univerſal Lord!* Be *bounteous* ſtill,
To *give* us *only good*; and if the *night*
Have *gather'd* aught of *evil*, or *conceal'd*,
Diſperſe it, as now *day* the *dark diſpels*.

XXIV.

PEEVISHNESS.

The ſcene between Priuli, a Venetian ſenator, and Jaffier, who had married his daughter without his conſent, and being afterwards reduced to poverty, and ſoliciting his father-in-law to relieve his diſtreſs, receives the following treatment. [VENICE PRESERVED.]

Priuli and Jaffier.

PEEV. Pr. NO *more!* I'll *hear* no *more*. Be *gone*, and *leave* me.
COURAGE. Jaff. Not *hear* me! By my ſufferings but you *ſhall*.
My *lord!* my *lord!* I am *not* that *abject wretch*
REMON. You *think me*. Where's the *diff'rence* throws me back
So far *behind* you, that I muſt not *ſpeak* to you?

Pr.

Pr. Have you not *wrong'd* me? PEEVISH.
Jaff. Could my nature e'er COURAGE.
But have endur'd the *thought* of doing wrong,
I need not now thus *low* have bent myſelf
To gain a *hearing* from a *cruel* father. DISTRESS.
You *cannot ſay* that I have *ever wrong'd* you. REMON.
Pr. I ſay, you've *wrong'd* me in the *niceſt point*, PEEVISH.
The *honour* of my *houſe*. You *can't defend*
Your *Baſeneſs* to me. When you firſt came home REMON
From travel, I with *open arms* receiv'd you,
Pleas'd with your *ſeeming virtues*; ſought to *raiſe* you.
My *houſe*, my *table*, *fortune*, *all* was *yours*.
And, in *requital* of my *beſt endeavours*, CHIDING.
You *treacherouſly* practis'd to *undo* me;
Seduc'd the *joy* of my *declining age*,
My *only child*, and ſtole her from my *boſom*.
Jaff. Is this your *gratitude* to him who *ſav'd* REMON
Your daughter's *life?* You *know*, that, but for me,
You had been *childleſs*. *I reſtor'd* her to you, SELF-
When *ſunk* before your *eyes* amidſt the *waves*, DEFENCE.
I *hazarded* my *life* for *her's*; and *ſhe*
Has *richly paid* me with her *gen'rous love*.
Pr. You *ſtole* her from me, like a *thief* you REPROACH-
ſtole her, ING.
At *dead* of *night*. That *curſed* hour you choſe
To *rifle* me of *all* my heart held *dear*.
But may *your joy* in her prove *falſe* as *mine*. EXECRA-
May the *hard hand* of *pinching poverty* TION.
Oppreſs and *grind* you; till at laſt you find

The *curſe* of *diſobedience* all your *fortune*.
CHIDING. *Home*, and be *humble*. Study to *retrench*.
Diſcharge the lazy *vermin* of thy *hall*,
Thoſe *pageants* of thy *folly*.
Reduce the *glitt'ring trappings* of thy *wife*
To *humble weeds* fit for thy *narrow ſtate*.
Then to ſome *ſuburb-cottage* both retire,
And with your *ſtarveling brats* enjoy your *miſery*.
Home, *home*, I ſay. [Exit.]

XXV.

CONTEMPT of the common objects of purſuit.

From Mr. Pope's ESSAY ON MAN.

TEACHING. *HONOUR* and *Shame* from *no condition* riſe;
Act well your *part*: *There* all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome *ſmall diff'rence* made;
One *flaunts* in *rags*; one *flutters* in *brocade*;
The *cobler apron'd*, and the *parſon gown'd*;
The *friar hooded*, and the *monarch crown'd*.
QUEST. "*What differ more* (you cry) than *crown* and *cowl*?"
INFORMING. [k] I'll *tell* you, friend! A *wiſe man* and a *fool*.
You'll

[k] This line ["I'll *tell* you, friend," &c.] may be expreſſed in a ſort of important *half-whiſper*, and with ſignificant *looks*, and *nods*, as if a grand *ſecret* was told.

You'll *find*, if once the *wiſe man* acts the *monk*; TEACHING.
Or, *cobler-like*, the *parſon* will be *drunk*;
† *Worth* makes the *man*, and * *want* of it the *fellow*; † APPROBATION. * CONTEMPT.
The *reſt* is all but *leather* or *prunella*.
Stuck o'er with *titles*, and *hung round* with *ſtrings*, SNEER.
That thou may'ſt be by *kings*, or *whores* of *kings*.
Boaſt the *pure blood* of an *illuſtrious race* CONTEMPT.
In *quiet flow* from *Lucrece* to *Lucrece*:
But by your *father*'s worth if *your*'s you rate,
Count me thoſe only, who were *good* and *great*.
Go! if your *antient*, but *ignoble* blood,
Has crept through *ſcoundrels* ever ſince the flood:
Go! and pretend, your family is *young*;
Nor own, your fathers have been *fools* ſo long.
What can ennoble *ſots*, or *ſlaves*, or *cowards?*
Alas! not *all* the *blood* of all the *Howards*.
Look next on *greatneſs*. Say, where *greatneſs* lies? QUEST.
Where, but among the *heroes* and the *wiſe?* SNEER.
Heroes are all the *ſame*, it is agreed,
From *Macedonia's madman* to the *Swede*. CONTEMPT.
The whole *ſtrange purpoſe* of their lives to *find*,
[1] Or *make*—an *enemy* of *all mankind*.
Not *one* looks *backward*: *onward* ſtill he goes;
Yet ne'er looks *forward*, farther than his *Noſe*.

[1] I have put a *pauſe* after *make*, though contrary to general rules, to mark the *antitheſis* between *find* and *make*, more diſtinctly.

No leſs alike the *politic* and *wiſe*;
[m] All *ſly*, *ſlow* things, with *circumſpective* eyes.
Men in their *looſe*, *unguarded hours* they take;
Not that *themſelves* are *wiſe*; but *others weak*.

REMON. But *grant* that *thoſe* can *conquer*; *theſe* can *cheat*;
'Tis phraſe *abſurd* to call a *villain great*.

AVERSION. Who *wickedly* is *wiſe*, or *madly brave*,
Is but the more a *fool*, the *more* a *knave*.

APPROBATION. Who *noble ends* by *noble means* obtains,
Or, failing, *ſmiles* in *exile*, or in *chains*,

ADMIR. Like good *Aurelius* let him *reign*; or *bleed*
Like *Socrates*; that man is *great* indeed.

SUPERIOR NEGLECT. What's *fame*? A *fancy'd life*, in *others' breath*;
A thing *beyond* us, ev'n *before* our *death*.
Juſt what you *hear*'s your own; and what's *unknown*,
The ſame (my lord!) if *Tully*'s, or your *own*.
All, that *we feel* [n] of it, *begins* and *ends*,
In the *ſmall circle* of our *foes*, or *friends*;
To all *beſides* as much an *empty ſhade*,
An *Eugene living*, as a *Cæſar dead*;
Alike or *when*, or *where*, they *ſhone*, or *ſhine*,
Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.

CONT. A *wit*'s a *feather*, and a *chief* a *rod*;

APPROBAT. An *honeſt man*'s the *nobleſt* work of God.

Fame,

[m] "*All ſly, ſlow* things," to be pronounced very *ſlowly*, and with a *cunning look*.

[n] "*All* that *we feel*," &c. to be expreſſed with the *right hand* laid upon the *breaſt*.

RIBLIOTECA·COLLEGII·REGII

Fame, but from death a *villain's name* can ſave,
As *juſtice* tears his *body* from the *grave*; AVERSION.
When what t' *oblivion* better were reſign'd,
Is hung on *high* to poiſon half mankind. BLAMING.
All fame is *foreign*; but of *true deſert*;
Plays round the *head*; but *comes* not to the *heart*°. SUPERIOR NEGLECT.
One *ſelf-approving hour* whole *years outweighs*
Of *ſtupid ſtarers*, and of *loud huzzas*; CONTEMPT.
And more *true joy* Marcellus *exil'd* feels, ADMIR.
Than *Cæſar* with a *ſenate* at his heels. CONTEMPT.
In *parts ſuperior* what advantage lies? QUEST.
Tell (for you can) what is it to be *wiſe?* RESPECT.
'Tis but to *know*, how *little* can be known; CONCERN.
To ſee all *others'* faults, and feel our *own:*
Condemn'd in *buſ'neſs*, or in *arts*, to *drudge*
Without a *ſecond*, and without a *judge*.
Truths would you *teach*, to *ſave* a *ſinking land*,
All fear; *none aid* you; and *few underſtand*.
Painful Pre-eminence! yourſelf to view SUFFERING.
Above life's *weakneſs*, and its *comforts* too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a *ſtrict account*; ARGUING.
Make *fair deductions:* ſee to what they *mount*.
How much of *other each* is ſure to *coſt*;
How *each* for *other* oft is wholly *loſt*;
How inconſiſtent *greater* goods with *theſe*;
How ſometimes *life* is riſqu'd, and always *eaſe*;

° ——" *comes* not to the *heart*," to be ſpoken with the *right hand* laid upon the *breaſt*. And—" Marcellus *exil'd* feels," below.

Think. And if *ſtill* ſuch things thy envy call,
QUEST. Say, would'ſt thou be the *man* to whom they *fall?*
CONTEMPT. To figh for *ribbands* if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace *Lord Umbra*, or *Sir Billy*.
Is *yellow dirt* the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus' wife*.
CONCERN. If *parts* allure thee, think how *Bacon* ſhin'd,
The *wiſeſt*, *brighteſt*, *meaneſt* of mankind:
CONTEMPT. Or raviſh'd with the *whiſtling of a name*,
AVERSION. See *Cromwell damn'd* to *everlaſting fame*:
TEACH- If all *united* thy ambition call,
ING. From *antient ſtory* learn to *ſcorn* them all.

XXVI.

CLOWNISH BASHFULNESS, and AWKWARDNESS.

The meeting between Humphry Gubbin, and Mr. Pounce. [TEND. HUSB.]

FOOLISH WONDER. Humph. HOW prettily this park is ſtock'd with *ſoldiers*, and *deer*, and *ducks*, and *ladies*.—*Ha!* Where are the *old fellows* gone? *Where* can they *be*, trow?—I'll aſk theſe people.
QUEST. ——A—a—a—you *pretty young gentleman* [to Fainlove] did you ſee *Vather?*
Fain. Your *father*, Sir?

Humph.

Humph. Ey, my *Vather*, a *weezle fyaced*, *croſs* old gentleman with *ſpindle-ſhanks*?

Fain. No, Sir.

Humph. A *crab ſtick* in his hand.

Pounce. We have met no body with theſe *marks*. But, *ſure*, I have ſeen *you before*.—Are not you Mr. *Humphry Gubbin*, *ſon* and *heir* to Sir *Harry Gubbin*? ATTEN. QUEST.

Humph. *Ey*, *ey*, an *that* were all, I'ſe his *ſon*; but how lung I ſhall be his *heir*, I *can't* tell: for a talks o'*diſinheriting* on ma every *day*.

Pounce. Dear Sir, I am *glad* to ſee you. I have had a deſire to be acquainted with you ever ſince I ſaw you *clench* your *fiſt* at your father, when his back was turned toward you. I *love* a young man of *ſpirit*. JOY.

Humph. Why, Sir, would it not *vex* a man to the very *heart*, *blood*, and *guts* on him, to have a crabbed old fellow *ſnubbing* a body every minute before *company*? VEXATION.

Pounce. Why, Mr. Humphry, he uſes you like a *boy*. EXCITING.

Humph. Like a *boy*, quotha! He uſes me like a *dog*. A *lays me on* now and then, e'en as if a were a breaking a *hound* to the game.—— You can't think what a *tantrum* a was in this morning, becauſe I boggled a little at marrying my own *born couſin*. COMPLAINING.

Pounce. A man can't be too *ſcrupulous*, Mr. Humphry; a man can't be too *ſcrupulous*. CAUTIONING.

COMPLAINING. Humph. Why, Sir, I could as ſoon love my own *fleſh* and *blood*. We ſhould ſquabble like *brother* and *ſiſter*, not like *man* and *wife*. Do you

QUEST. think we *ſhould not*, Mr. ——. Pray, gentlemen, may I crave your *names?*

CURIOSITY. Pounce. Sir, I am the *very perſon*, that has been employed to draw up the *articles* of *marriage* between *you* and your *couſin*.

WONDER. Humph. Ho, ho! ſay you ſo? Then mayhap, you can *tell* one ſome things one wants to *know*.——A—a—pray, Sir, what *eſtyeate* am I heir to?

INFOR. Pounce. To *fifteen hundred pounds* a *year*, *intailed eſtate*.

JOY. Humph *'Sniggers!* I'ſe *glad* on't with *all my heart*. And—a—a—can you ſatisfy ma in *another queſtion*—Pray, how *old* be I?

QUEST. INFOR. Pounce. *Three* and *twenty* laſt March.

VEXATION. Humph. *Plague on it!* As *ſure* as you are there, they have kept ma *back*. I have been told, by goody *Clack*, or goody *Tipple*, I dan't know which, that I was born the *very year* the ſtone *pigſtye* was built; and every body knows the *pigſtye* in the back cloſe is *three* and *twenty* year *old*. I'll be *duck'd* in a *horſe-pond*, if here has not been *tricks* play'd ma. But, pray, Sir,

QUEST. mayn't I crave your *name?*

INFOR. Pounce. My name, Sir, is *Pounce*, at your ſervice.

Humph.

Humph. *Pounce* with a P——?

Pounce. Yes, Sir, and *Samuel* with an S.

Humph. Why then, Mr. *Samuel Pounce*, [chuckling, and wriggling, and rubbing his hands earneſtly] do you know any *clever gentlewoman* of your acquaintance, that you think I could *like*. For I'll be *hang'd* like a *dog*, an I han't taken a *right down averſion* to my couſin, ever ſince Vather propoſed her to ma.——And ſince every body knows I came up to be *married*, I ſhou'd not care to go down again with a *flea* in my *ear*, and look *balk'd*, d'ye ſee. EARNESTNESS.

Pounce. [After a pauſe.] Why, Sir, I have a *thought juſt* come into my *head*. And if you will walk along with this gentleman and me, where we are going, I will communicate it. PLOTTING.

Humph. With all my heart, good Mr. Samuel Pounce. [Exeunt.] JOY

XXVII.

MOURNFUL DESCRIPTION.

From Æneas's account of the Sack of Troy.
[*Dryd.* VIRG. ÆN. II.]

ATTENTION. ALL were *attentive* to the *godlike man*,
When from his lofty couch he thus *began*;
RESPECT. *Great queen!* What you command me to relate
GRIEF. Renews the *ſad remembrance* [p] of our *fate*;
An *empire* from its *old foundations rent*,
And *ev'ry woe* the Trojans *underwent*;
A *pop'lous city* made a *deſert place*;
All that I *ſaw*, and part of which I *was*;
Not ev'n the *hardeſt* of our *foes* could hear,
Nor *ſtern Ulyſſes tell* without a *tear*.

* * * * * * * *

HORROR. 'Twas now the *dead* of *night*, when *ſleep repairs*
Our *bodies worn* with *toils*, our *minds* with *cares*,
When *Hector's ghoſt* [q] before my ſight *appears*;
PITY. *Shrouded* in *blood* he *ſtood*, and *bath'd* in *tears*,
Such as when by the *fierce Pelides ſlain*,
Theſſalian courſers *dragg'd* him o'er the *plain*.

Swoln

[p] The words, "*ſad remembrance*," may be ſpoken with a *ſigh*, and the *right hand* laid on the *breaſt*.

[q] The words, "*Hector's Ghoſt*," may be ſpoken with a ſtart, and the attitude of fear. See *Fear*, pag. 17.

Swoln were his *feet*, as when the *thongs* were *thruſt*
Through the *pierc'd limbs*: his *body black* with *duſt*.
Unlike that *Hector*, who *return'd* from *toils*
Of *war triumphant* in *Æacian ſpoils*,
Or him, who made the *fainting* Greeks *retire*, COURAGE.
Hurling [r] amidſt their *fleets* the *Phrygian fire*.
His hair and beard were *clotted ſtiff* with *gore*, PITY.
The *ghaſtly wounds*, he for his *country bore*,
Now *ſtream'd afreſh*.
I *wept* to ſee the viſionary man, GRIEF.
And whilſt my trance continu'd, thus began.
[s] *O light* of *Trojans*, and *ſupport* of *Troy*,
Thy *father*'s *champion*, and thy *country*'s *joy*!
O, long expected by thy *friends*! From *whence*
Art thou *ſo late* return'd to our *defence*?
Alas! what *wounds* are *theſe*? What *new diſgrace*
Deforms the *manly honours* of thy *face*?
[t] The *ſpectre*, *groaning* from his inmoſt breaſt, HORROR.
This warning in theſe mournful words expreſs'd;
Haſte, goddeſs-born! *Eſcape*, by *timely flight*, WARNING.
The *flames* and *horrors* of this *fatal night*.
The *foes already* have *poſſeſs'd* our *wall*;
Troy nods from *high*, and *totters* to her *fall*.
Enough

[r] "*Hurling*," to be expreſſed by *throwing out* the *arm*. with the *action* of *hurling*.

[s] "*O light* of *Trojans*," &c. to be expreſſed by *opening* the *arms* with the *action* of *welcoming*.

[t] "The *ſpectre*," &c. Theſe two lines, and the ghoſt's ſpeech, are to be ſpoken in a *deep* and *hollow voice*, *ſlowly* and *ſolemnly*, with *little riſing* or *falling*, and a *torpid inertia* of *action*.

Enough is *paid* to *Priam*'s *royal name*,
Enough to *country*, and to *deathleſs fame*.
If by a *mortal arm* my *father*'s *throne*
Could have been *ſav'd*—*this arm* the *feat* had *done*.
Troy now commends to *thee* her *future ſtate*,
And gives her gods *companions* of *thy fate*.
DIRECTING. Under *their* umbrage hope for *happier* walls,
And follow where thy *various fortune calls*.
[u] He ſaid, and brought, from forth the *ſacred choir*,
The *gods*, and *relicks* of th' *immortal fire*.
TREPIDATION. Now *peals* of *ſhouts* came *thund'ring* from *afar*,
Cries, *threats*, and *loud lament*, and *mingled war*.
The *noiſe approaches*, though *our palace ſtood*
Aloof from *ſtreets*, *emboſom'd cloſe* with *wood*;
Louder and *louder ſtill*, I hear th' *alarms*
Of *human cries diſtinct*, and *claſhing arms*.
Fear broke my *ſlumbers*.
I *mount* the *terraſs*; *thence* the *town ſurvey*,
And *liſten* what the *ſwelling ſounds convey*.
Then *Hector*'s *faith* was *manifeſtly clear'd*;
And *Grecian fraud* in *open light appear'd*.
The *palace* of *Deiphobus aſcends*
In *ſmoaky flames*, and *catches* on his *friends*.
Ucalegon burns *next*; the *ſeas* are *bright*
With *ſplendors* not their *own*, and *ſhine* with *ſparkling light*.
New *clamours*, and new *clangors* now *ariſe*,
The *trumpet*'s *voice*, with *agonizing cries*.

With

[u] "He ſaid, and," &c. Here the voice reſumes its uſual key.

With *frenzy ſeized* I *run* to meet th' *alarms*, COURAGE.
Reſolv'd on *death*, reſolv'd to *die* in *arms*.
But firſt to *gather friends*, with *whom* t' oppoſe
If fortune favour'd, and *repel* the *foes*,
By *courage rous'd*, by *love* of *country fir'd*,
With ſenſe of *honour* and *revenge inſpir'd*.

Pantheus, Apollo's *prieſt*, a *ſacred name*, TREPIDATION.
Had *'ſcap'd* the Grecian *ſwords*, and *paſs'd* the *flame*.
With *relicks loaded*, to my *doors* he *fled*,
And by the hand his *tender grandſon led*.

What hope, *O Pantheus? Whither can we run?* QUEST.
Where make a *ſtand?* Or *what* may yet be *done?*

Scarce had I *ſpoke*, when Pantheus, with a *groan*,
[x] *Troy*—is no *more!* Her *glories now* are *gone*. GRIEF.
The *fatal day*, th' *appointed hour* is *come*,
When *wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom* AWE.
Transfers the *Trojan ſtate* to *Grecian hands:*
Our *city*'s *wrapt* in *flames:* the *foe commands*.
To *ſev'ral poſts* their *parties* they *divide*; HORROR.
Some *block* the *narrow ſtreets*; ſome *ſcour* the *wide*.
The *bold* they *kill*; th' *unwary* they *ſurpriſe*;
Who *fights* meets *death*, and *death* finds him who *flies*, &c.

[x] "*Troy* is no *more*." Such ſhort periods, comprehending much in few words, may often receive additional *force* by a *pauſe* (not exceeding the length of a ſemicolon) between the *nominative* and the *verb*, or between the *verb* and what is governed by it; which, otherwiſe, is contrary to rule.

XXVIII.

RUSTICITY. AFFECTATION.

The ſcene of Humphry Gubbin's introduction to his romantic couſin. [TEND. HUSB.]

Humphry, Aunt, Couſin Biddy.

RESPECT. QUEST. Humph. *AUNT*, your *ſaarvant*—your *ſaarvant* aunt.—Is *that*—*ha*, *aunt?*

INFORMAT. with SATISF. Aunt. *Yes*, couſin Humphry, *that is* your *couſin Bridget*. Well, I'll *leave* you *together*.

[Ex. Aunt. They ſit.]

QUEST. WONDER. Humph. *Aunt does* as ſhe'd be *done by*, couſin Bridget, *does not ſhe*, couſin? [A long pauſe, looking hard at her.] *What*, are *you* a *Londoner*, and *not* give a *gentleman* a *civil anſwer*, when he

INDIF. aſks you a *civil queſtion?*—*Look ye*, *d'ye ſee* couſin, the *old volks* reſolving to *marry us*, I thought it would be proper to ſee how I *lik'd* you. For I don't love to buy a *pig* in a *poke*, as we ſayn i' th' country, he, he, he. [Laughs.]

STIFF AFFECTAT. Biddy. Sir, your *perſon* and *addreſs* bring to my mind the *whole ſtory* of *Valentine* and *Orſon*.

AFFEC. DELICACY. *What*, would they give me, for a *lover*, a *Titanian*, a *ſon* of the *earth?* *Pray*, *anſwer* me a *queſtion* or *two*.

INDIF. Humph. *Ey*, *ey*, as many as you *pleaſe*, couſin Bridget, an they be not too *hard*.

Biddy.

Biddy. *What wood* were you *taken* in? How *long* have you been *caught?* — AFFECTAT. of WONDER.

Humph. *Caught!* — QUEST. SURPRISE.

Biddy. *Where* were your *haunts?* — QUEST.

Humph. My *haunts?* — WONDER.

Biddy. Are not *clothes* very *uneaſy* to you? Is this *ſtrange dreſs* the *firſt* you ever *wore?* — QUEST.

Humph. *How!* — WONDER.

Biddy. Are you not a great admirer of *roots* and *raw fleſh?*—Let me look upon your *nails* —I hope you won't *wound me* with them. — QUEST. AFFECTAT. of FEAR.

Humph. *Whew!* [Whiſtles] *Hoity toity! What* have we *got?* Is ſhe *betwattled?* Or is ſhe gone o' *one ſide?* — WONDER.

Biddy. Canſt thou *deny*, that thou wert *ſuckled* by a *wolf*, or at leaſt by a female *ſatyr?* Thou haſt not been ſo *barbarous*, I hope, ſince thou cam'ſt among men, as to hunt thy *nurſe*. — AFFECTED AVERS.

Humph. *Hunt* my *nurſe! Ey, ey, 'tis ſo*, ſhe's out of her *head*, poor thing, as *ſure* as a *gun*. [Draws away.] *Poor couſin Bridget! How long* have you been in *this condition?* — PITY. FEAR.

Biddy. *Condition! What* doſt mean by *condition*, monſter? — OFFENCE.

Humph. *How* came you upon the *high ropes?* Was you never in *love* with any body before *me?* — QUEST. with PITY.

Biddy. I never *hated* any thing ſo heartily before thee. — AFFECTED AVERS.

Humph. For the *matter* of *that* couſin, an it were not a *folly* to talk to a *mad-woman*, there's — INDIFF.

no

QUEST. with EARN. AVERS.

no *hatred loſt*, I *aſſure* you. But do you *hate* me in *earneſt?*

Biddy. Doſt think *any human being* can *look* upon thee with *other eyes*, than thoſe of *hatred?*

DESIRE.

Humph. There is *no knowing* what a *woman loves* or *hates*, by her *words*. But an you were in your *ſenſes*, couſin, and *hated* me in *earneſt*, I ſhould be *main contented*, look you. For, may I be *well horſe-whipt*, if I *love* one *bone* in your *ſkin*, couſin; and there is a *fine woman*, I am told, who has a month's mind to ma.

AVERSION.

Biddy. When I think of ſuch a *conſort* as *thee*, the *wild boar* ſhall defile the *cleanly ermine*, or the *tyger* be wedded to the *kid*.

Humph. An I marry you, couſin, the *polecat* ſhall *caterwaul* with the *civet*.

ROMANTIC AFFECTATION.

Biddy. To imagine ſuch a *conjunction*, was as *unnatural*, as it would have been to deſcribe *Statira* in *love* with a *chimney-ſweeper*, or *Oroondates* with a *nymph* of *Billingſgate*; to paint, in romance, the *ſilver ſtreams* running *up* to their *ſources* in the ſides of the *mountains*; to deſcribe the *birds* on the leafy *boughs* uttering the *hoarſe ſound* of *roaring bears*; to repreſent *knights errant murdering* diſtreſſed *ladies*, whom their profeſſion obliges them to *relieve*; or *ladies* yielding to the ſuit of their enamoured *knights*, before they have *ſighed* out *half* the *due* time at their feet.

CLOWNISH PITY.

Humph. If this *poor gentlewoman* be not out of *herſelf*, may I be *hang'd* like a *dog*. [Exit.]

XXIX.

XXIX.

ASKING. REPROOF. APPROBATION.

From Mr. Pope's TEMPLE OF FAME[y].

A *Troop* came next, who *crowns* and *armour* wore,
And proud *defiance* in their *looks* they *bore*.
" For *thee*," (they cry'd) " amidſt *alarms* and *ſtrife*, CRINGING.
" We ſail'd in *tempeſts* down the ſtream of life;
" For thee *whole nations fill'd* with *fire* and *blood*,
" And *ſwam* to *empire* through the *purple flood*.
" [z] Thoſe *ills*, we *dar'd*, *thy inſpiration own*;
" What *virtue* ſeem'd, was done for *thee* alone.
" *Ambitious fools!*" (the queen reply'd, and frown'd) REPROOF.
" Be *all* your *deeds* in dark *oblivion drown'd*.

[y] The pupil, if he has not read the TEMPLE OF FAME, muſt be informed of the plot of the poem, viz. The author repreſents numbers of the purſuers of fame, as repairing, in crowds, to the temple of that goddeſs, in queſt of her approbation, who are differently received by her, according to their reſpective merits, &c.

[z] " Thoſe *ills*," &c. The meaning of this line (which is not too obvious) is, " Our being guilty of ſuch extravagancies, " ſhews how eager we were to obtain a name."

" There *ſleep forgot* with *mighty Tyrants gone*;
" Your *ſtatues moulder'd*, and your *names unknown*."

WONDER. A *ſudden cloud* ſtraight *ſnatch'd* them from my *ſight*,
And each *majeſtic phantom ſunk* in *night*.
Then came the *ſmalleſt* tribe I yet had ſeen;
Plain was their *dreſs*, and *modeſt* was their *mien*.

INDIFF. " *Great idol* of *mankind*! *We* neither *claim*
" The *praiſe* of *merit*, nor *aſpire* to *fame*;
" But *ſafe* in *deſarts* from th' *applauſe* of *men*,
" Would *die unheard of*, as we *liv'd unſeen*.
" 'Tis *all* we *beg* thee, to *conceal* from *ſight*
" Thoſe acts of *goodneſs*, which *themſelves requite*.

DELIGHT. " O let us ſtill the *ſecret joy* [a] partake,
" To follow *virtue* ev'n for *virtue's* ſake."

WONDER. " And *live* there *men*, who *ſlight immortal fame*?
" *Who* then with incenſe ſhall *adore* our *name*?

INFORM. " But, mortals! *know*, 'tis ſtill *our greateſt pride*
" To *blaze* thoſe *virtues*, which the *good* would *hide*.

EXCITING. " *Riſe*, Muſes! *Riſe*! Add *all* your *tuneful breath*
" *Theſe muſt* not *ſleep* in *darkneſs*, and in *death*."

PLEASING DESCRIPTION. She ſaid. [b] In air the *trembling muſic floats*,
And on the *winds triumphant ſwell* the *notes*;
So *ſoft*, tho' high; ſo *loud*, and yet ſo *clear*;
Ev'n liſt'ning *angels lean* from *heav'n* to *hear*.

To

[a] — " the *ſecret joy*," to be expreſſed with the *right hand* laid upon the *breaſt*.

[b] To be ſpoken as *melodiouſly* as poſſible.

To *fartheſt ſhores* th' *ambroſial ſpirit flies*,
Sweet to the *world*, and *grateful* to the *ſkies*.
While thus I *ſtood intent* to *ſee* and *hear*,
One came, methought, and *whiſper'd* in my ear;
" " *What could* thus *high* thy *raſh ambition raiſe?* QUEST. with REPROOF.
" Art *thou*, *fond youth!* a *candidate* for *praiſe?*"
'Tis *true*, ſaid I, not *void* of hopes I came; APOLOGY.
For who ſo fond, as *youthful bards*, of fame?
But *few*, alas! the *caſual bleſſing boaſt*, CONCERN.
So *hard* to *gain*, ſo *eaſy* to be *loſt*.
How *vain* that *ſecond life* in *other's breath*,
Th' *eſtate*, which *wits inherit—after death*.
Eaſe, *health*, and *life*, for *this* they muſt *reſign*
(*Unſure* the *tenure*, and how *vaſt* the *fine!*)
The *great* man's *curſe*, without the *gains*, endure,
Though *wretched*, *flatter'd*, and though *envy'd*, *poor*.
All *luckleſs wits* their enemies *profeſs*,
And all *ſucceſsful*, *jealous friends* at beſt.
Nor *fame* I *ſlight*, nor for her *favours call*; INDIFF.
She comes *unlook'd* for, if ſhe comes *at all*.
But if the *purchaſe* coſts *ſo dear a price*, APPREHENSION of EVIL.
As *ſoothing folly*, or *exalting vice*;
And if the Muſe muſt *flatter lawleſs ſway*,
And follow ſtill, where *fortune* leads the way;
Or if *no baſis* bear my *riſing name*,
But the *fall'n ruins* of *another's fame*;

[c] " " *What could* thus *high*," &c. muſt be ſpoken with a lower voice than the foregoing.

DEPRECATION. Then *teach* me, *Heav'n*, to *ſcorn* the *guilty bays*,
Drive from my *breaſt* that *wretched* luſt of praiſe.
Unblemiſh'd let me *live*, or *die unknown*;
O *grant* me *honeſt fame*; or *grant me none*.

XXX.

POLITE CONVERSATION.

The ſcene between Mr. Bevil and Indiana, in which ſhe endeavours to find out, whether he has any other regard for her, than that of rational eſteem, or Platonic love. [CONSC. Lov.]

RESPECT. Bev. MADAM, your moſt *obedient*. How do you do to-day? I am afraid you *wiſhed* me *gone* laſt night, before I *went*. But you were partly to *blame*. For *who* could *leave* you in the *agreeable humour* you was in?

Ind. If *you* was pleaſed, Sir, we were *both pleaſed*. For your company, which is *always agreeable*, was more *peculiarly ſo* laſt night.

Bev. *My* company, Madam! You *rally*. I ſaid very *little*.

Ind. Too little you *always* ſay, Sir, for *my improvement*, and for my *credit*; by the *ſame token*, that I am afraid, you gave me an opportunity of ſaying *too much* laſt night; and unfortunately,

when a woman is in the talking vein, ſhe wants *nothing ſo much* as to have *leave* to *expoſe herſelf*.

Bev. I hope, Madam, I ſhall always have the ſenſe to give *you* leave to expoſe yourſelf, as you call it, without *interruption*.

[Bowing reſpectfully.]

Ind. If I had *your talents*, Sir, or your *power*, to make my *actions* ſpeak for me, I might be *ſilent*, and yet pretend to ſomewhat *more* than being *agreeable*. But as it is ——

Bev. Really, Madam, I know of *none* of *my* *actions*, that deſerve your *attention*. If I might be *vain* of any thing, it is, that I have *underſtanding* enough to mark *you out*, Madam, from *all* your *ſex*, as the moſt deſerving object of my *eſteem*. HUMILITY.

Ind. [Aſide.] A *cold word!* Though I cannot *claim* even his *eſteem*. [To him.] Did I think, Sir, that your eſteem for me proceeded from any thing in *me*, and not altogether from *your own generoſity*, I ſhould be in danger of *forfeiting* it. ANXIETY. RESPECT.

Bev. How *ſo*, Madam?

Ind. *What* do you *think*, Sir, would be *ſo likely* to puff up a weak woman's *vanity*, as the *eſteem* of a man of *underſtanding*? *Eſteem* is the reſult of *cool reaſon*; the voluntary *tribute* paid to inward *worth*. *Who*, then, would not be *proud* of the *eſteem* of a perſon of *ſenſe*, which is always *unbiaſſed*; whilſt *love* is often the effect of *weakneſs*.

[Looking hard at Bevil, who caſts down his eyes reſpectfully.] *Eſteem* ariſes from a *higher* ſource, the ſubſtantial *merit* of the *mind.*

Bev. True, Madam—And *great minds only* can *command* it, [bowing reſpectfully.] The utmoſt *pleaſure* and *pride* of my *life*, Madam, is, that I endeavour to *eſteem* you as—I *ought.*

APPREHENSION. Ind. [Aſide.] As he *ought!* Still *more perplexing!* He neither *ſaves* nor *kills* my *hope.* I will *try* him a little *farther.* [To him.] Now, I think on it, I muſt beg your *opinion*, Sir, on a

QUESTION. point, which created a *debate* between my *aunt* and me, juſt *before* you came in. She would *needs* have it, that no man ever does any *extraordinary kindneſs* for a *woman*, but from *ſelfiſh* views.

RESPECT. Bev. *Well*, Madam, I cannot ſay, but I am in the *main*, of *her opinion*; if ſhe means, by *ſelfiſh views*, what *ſome* underſtand by the *phraſe*; that is, his own *pleaſure*; the *higheſt* pleaſure *human nature* is *capable* of, that of being conſcious, that from *his ſuperfluity*, an *innocent* and *virtuous ſpirit*, a perſon, whom he thinks one of the *prime ornaments* of the *creation*, is raiſed *above* the *temptations* and *ſorrows* of *life*; the pleaſure of ſeeing *ſatisfaction*, *health* and *gladneſs*, *brighten* in the countenance of one he *values*, above *all mankind.* What a man beſtows in *ſuch* a way, may, I think, be ſaid, in *one ſenſe* to be laid out with a *ſelfiſh* view, as much as if he ſpent it in *cards*, *dogs*,

dogs, *bottle-companions*, or *looſe women*; with *this difference*, that he ſhews a *better taſte* in *expence*. Nor ſhould I think this any ſuch *extraordinary* matter of *heroiſm* in a man of an *eaſy fortune*. *Every gentleman ought* to be capable of this, and I doubt not but *many are*. For I hope, there are *many*, who take more delight in *reflexion* than *ſenſation*; in *thinking*, than in *eating*.—But *what* am I *doing?* [Pulls out his watch haſtily.] My hour with Mr. Myrtle is *come*.—Madam, I muſt take my leave *abruptly*. But, if you pleaſe, will do myſelf the pleaſure of waiting on you in the *afternoon*. Till when, Madam, your moſt obedient. [Exit.

SUDDEN RECOLLECTION.

XXXI.

SERIOUS MEDITATION.

From Dr. Young's NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE *clock* ſtrikes *one*. We take *no note* of *time*,
But by its *loſs*. To give it then a *tongue*
Is *wiſe* in *man*. As if an *angel* ſpoke,
I *feel* the *ſolemn ſound*. If heard *aright*,
It is the *knell* of my *departed hours*.
Where are they?—With the *years beyond* the *flood*.

ALARM.

It is the *ſignal* that demands *diſpatch.*
How *much* is *ſtill* to *do!* My *hopes*, and *fears*
Start up *alarm'd*, and o'er *life's narrow verge*
Look down—on *what?*—A *fathomleſs abyſs.*

ADMIRATION.

How *poor*, how *rich*, how *abject*, how *auguſt*,
How *complicate*, how *wonderful* is *man!*
How *paſſing* wonder *He*, who *made* him ſuch!
Who *cent'red* in our make ſuch *ſtrange extremes*,
From *diff'rent natures marvellouſly mixt*,
Connexion exquiſite of *diſtant worlds!*
Diſtinguiſh'd *link* in Being's endleſs *chain*,
Midway from *nothing* to the *One Supreme.*
A *beam æthereal*,—*ſully'd*, and *abſorpt!*
Though ſully'd and diſhonour'd, *ſtill divine!*
Dim *miniature* of *Greatneſs abſolute!*
An *heir* of *glory!* A frail *child* of *duſt!*
Helpleſs immortal! Inſect infinite!
A *worm!* A *God!* I *tremble* at *myſelf!*
What can *preſerve* my *life?* or What *deſtroy?*
An *Angel's arm* can't ſnatch me from the *grave.*
Legions of *angels* can't *confine* me there.

XXXII.

Seeming Civililty.

The meeting between the knight of the Red Croſſe, attended by Truth, with Hypocriſy. [*Spenſer*'s Fairie Queene [d].]

AT length they chaunſt to *meet* upon the way — Description.
An *aged ſire* [e] in *long blacke weedes* yclad [f],
His *feete* all *bare*, his *beard* all *hoarie grey*,
And by his *belt* his *booke* he hanging had.
Sober he ſeem'd, and very *ſagely ſad*,
And to the *ground* his *eyes* were *lowly bent*,
Simple of *ſhew*, and *voide* of *malice bad*.
And all the way he *prayed* as he went,
And often *knock'd* his *breſt*, as one that did *repent*.

He faire the knight *ſaluted louting* [g] *low*,
Who faire him *quited* [h], as that courteous was,
And after *aſked* him, if he did know
Of ſtraunge *adventures* which abroad did pas.
" *Ah*

[d] The edition, from which this is taken, viz. *Church*'s, is, in my opinion, incomparably preferable, for correctneſs, to all the others.

[e] Hypocriſy. [f] Clothed. [g] Bowing.
[h] Returned his ſalutation.

CIVILITY. " *Ah* my deare *ſonne*," (quoth he) "how ſhould,
" alas,
" Silly *old man*, that lives in hidden *cell*,
" *Bidding* his *beades* [i] all day for his treſpas,
" Tidings of *warre*, and worldly *trouble* tell?
" With *holy father* fits not with ſuch things to
" *mell* [k].

" But if of *daunger*, which hereby doth dwell
" And *homebred evil* ye deſire to heare,
" Of a *ſtraunge man* I can you *tidings tell*,
" That waſteth *all this countrey* far and neare."

ALARM. " Of *ſuch*," (ſaid he) " I *chiefly* do *inquere*,
" And ſhall thee *well rewarde* to ſhew the *place*,
" In which that *wicked Wight* [l] his dayes doth
" *weare* [m].

THREATENING. " For to all *knighthood* it is *foul diſgrace*
" That ſuch a *curſed creature* lives ſo *long a ſpace*.

FEAR. " Far *hence* (quoth he) in *waſtfull wilderneſſe*
" His *dwelling* is, by which *no living wight*
" May *ever paſs*, but thorough *great diſtreſſe*."

ADVISING. " *Now*" (ſaid the ladie [n]) " *draweth toward night*,
" And well I wote [o], that of your *later fight*
" Ye all *forwearied* be; for what ſo *ſtrong*,
" But, *wanting reſt*, will alſo *want* of *might*?
" The *ſunne*, that *meaſures heavens* all day long,
" At *night* doth *baite* his *ſteeds* the *ocean waves*
" emong.

" Then

[i] Saying his prayers. [k] Meddle. [l] Creature.
[m] Paſs. [n] Truth. [o] Know.

" Then with the *ſunne*, take, Sir, your *timely reſt*,
" And with new *day* new *worke* at once begin.
" *Untroubled night*, they ſay, gives counſell *beſt*."
" *Right well*, Sir knight, ye have adviſed bin," INVITING.
Quoth then that aged man; " the way to *win* [p],
" Is *wiſely* to *adviſe*; now *day* is *ſpent*;
" Therefore with me ye may take up your *In*
" For this *ſame night*." The knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIII.

TREPIDATION. VEXATION.

The humourous ſcene of cramming Sir John Falſtaff into the baſket of foul linen, to prevent his being caught by jealous *Ford* [q]. [*Shakeſpeare*'s MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.]

Falſtaff, Mrs. Ford.

Serv. [Without.] *MADAM, Madam, Madam!* HASTE. Here is Mrs. *Page*, *ſweating* and *blowing*, and looking *wild*, and ſays ſhe *muſt ſpeak* with you *immediately*.

Falſt.

[p] Conquer.

[q] In teaching the right utterance of this ſcene, the pupil muſt be let into the plot of it, if he has not read or ſeen the play. He muſt be made to underſtand, that Falſtaff, a fat, old,

FEAR. Falſt. She *ſhan't* ſee *me*. I will *enſconce* me behind the *arras*.

DIRECTING Mrs. Ford. Pray do. She is a very *tattling woman*.

Enter Mrs. Page.

QUESTION. Mrs. Ford. What's the *matter?* How *now?*

ALARM. Mrs. Page. *O Mrs. Ford! What* have you *done?* You're *ſham'd*; you're *overthrown*; you're *undone* for *ever*.

FEAR. Mrs. Ford. What's the *matter*, good Mrs. *Page?*

REPROOF. Mrs. Page. *O well-a-day*, Mrs. *Ford!* Having an *honeſt man* to your *huſband*, to give him ſuch cauſe of *ſuſpicion*.

QUESTION. Mrs. Ford. *What* cauſe of *ſuſpicion?*

REPROOF. Mrs. Page. *What* cauſe of *ſuſpicion! Out upon* you! How I'm *miſtaken* in you; I could not have thought you *capable* of ſuch a *thing*.

ANXIETY. Mrs. Ford. Why, *alas! What* is the *matter?*

ALARM. Mrs. Page. *Matter!* Why, woman, your *huſband* is a *coming hither*, with *all* the *officers* in *Windſor*,

old, humourous, worthleſs, needy knight, has, in the former part of the play, made love to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, with a view, merely, of getting money of them, and that they concert this interview, and its conſequences, on purpoſe to be revenged on him for his attempt to corrupt them; while Ford is jealous in earneſt; and Falſtaff, from time to time, communicates to him, under the name of Brook, not knowing him to be Mrs. Ford's huſband, an account of his intrigues and their bad ſucceſs.

Windſor, to *ſearch* for a *gentleman*, that is *here now* in the *houſe*, by *your conſent*, to take an *ill advantage* of his *abſence*. You are *undone*.

Mrs. Ford. It is not ſo, I hope. FEAR.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not ſo, that you have a *man* here. But it is moſt *certain*, that Mr. Ford is coming with *half Windſor* at his heels, to *ſearch* the *houſe*. I came *before* to *tell* you. If you know yourſelf *clear*, I am *glad* of it. But if you have any body *here*, convey him *out* as *faſt* as you *can*. Be not *amazed*. Call your *ſenſes* to *you*. *Defend* your *reputation*, or bid *farewel* to your *happineſs* for ever. WARNING.

Mrs. Ford. *What* ſhall I *do?* There is a *gentleman* here, my *dear* friend. And I fear not mine *own ſhame*, ſo much as *his peril*. I had rather than a *thouſand pound* he were *ſafe* out of the *houſe*. TREPIDATION.

Mrs. Page. Never ſtand crying; *You had rather*; *You had rather*. Your *huſband*'s at *hand*. Bethink you of ſome *conveyance*. In the *houſe* you *cannot hide* him. *Look*, here is a *baſket*. If he be of any *reaſonable ſtature*, he may creep in *here*, and you may throw *foul linen* upon him, as if it were going to *bucking*. It is *whitening* time; ſend him by your two men to *Datchet-mead*. EXCITING. ADVISING.

Mrs. Ford. He is too *big* to go in there. *What ſhall I do?* CONFUSION.

Enter

Enter Falſtaff from behind the arras.

HURRY. Falſt. Let me *ſee* it. Let me *ſee* it. I'll *in*. I'll *in*. *Follow* your friend's *counſel*. I'll *in*.

SURPR. and REPROACHING. Mrs. Page. *What*, Sir John *Falſtaff!* Is *this* the *love* you *profeſſed* to *me* in your *letters?*

APOLOGY. Falſt. I *do love* you for *all this*. *Help* me out of this *ſcrape*. I'll *convince* you how much I *love* you. [He goes into the baſket. They cover him with foul linen.]

HASTE. Mrs. Page. [To Falſtaff's boy.] *Help* to cover your *Maſter*, ſirrah. [To Falſtaff.] *Ah*, you are a ſad *diſſembler*, Sir John. [To Mrs. Ford.] Call your *men*, Mrs. Ford. *Quick*, *quick*.

REPROACHING. HASTE. ORDERING. Mrs. Ford. What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*—Why, *John*, I ſay. Make *haſte*, and take up theſe *clothes* here. *Where*'s the *cowl-ſtaff?* How you *gape!* Carry them away *directly* to Mrs. Plaſh, the laundreſs, at *Datchet-mead*. [They carry away the baſket. Ford meets them. Is prevented ſearching the baſket. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page retire, and enjoy the puniſhment they had inflicted on Falſtaff.]

Scene changes to the Inn.

Enter Falſtaff juſt out of the Thames.

Falſt. *Bardolph*, I ſay.

CONFU. Bard. *Here*, Sir.

VEXATION. Falſt. *Go*, fetch me a *quart* of *ſack*. Put a *toaſt* in it. [Exit Bard.] Have I *lived* to be *carried* in

in a *baſket*, like a *barrow* of butchers *offal*, and to be *thrown* into the *Thames? Well*, if ever I let myſelf be ſerved ſuch *another* trick, I'll have my *brains*, if there be *any* in my *ſkull*, taken out, and *buttered*, to be given my dog *Jowler* for his breakfaſt on *new-year's day*. The rogues *chucked* me into the *river* with as little *remorſe*, as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind *puppies fifteen* i'the *litter*. And then a man of *my weight* muſt have a *comfortable alacrity* in *ſinking*. If the bottom had been on a level with the bed of the river *Styx*, *down* I ſhould have *gone*. For that matter, I had been fairly *drown'd*, if the ſhore had not been ſo kind as to *ſhelve* it a little in my favour. And then to *think*, only to *think* of *my* being *drown'd!* — A man of *my ſize!* —For your freſh water ſwells you an *ordinary* man to the ſize of your middling *porpuſs*. As for me, an I were to be drown'd, I ſuppoſe there is ne'er a *whale* of them all, that would not be out of *countenance* at the ſight of me.—*Bardolph*—Is the *ſack brew'd?*

SELF-CONDEMNATION

VEXATION.

To him enter Ford.

Ford. *Bleſs* you, Sir.

CIVILITY.

Falſt. Now, Maſter *Brook*. You come to know what has paſſed between me and *Ford's wife*.

Ford. That is indeed my *buſineſs*, Sir John.

Falſt. Maſter *Brook*, I will not *lie* to you. I was at her houſe at the *hour* ſhe *appointed* me.

Ford.

Ford. And you *ſped*, Sir.

VEXAT. Falſt. *Very ill-favour'dly*, Maſter *Brook*.

SURPRISE. Ford. *How*, Sir, did ſhe change her *mind?*

VEXATION. Falſt. *No*, Maſter *Brook*. But the *miſchievous* old cuckold, her *huſband*, Maſter Brook, dwelling in a *continual alarm* of *jealouſy*, comes, *provoked* and *inſtigated* by his *diſtemper*, and at his heels a whole *rabble* of people, to *ſearch* the houſe for his wife's *love*.

SURPRISE. Ford. What! While *you* were *there?*

Falſt. While *I* was *there*, Maſter *Brook*.

QUEST. Ford. And did he *ſearch* for you, and could not *find* you?

INFORM. with VEXATION. Falſt. Maſter *Brook*, you ſhall hear. As *good luck* would have it, *comes in* one Mrs. *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford*'s approach; and by *her invention*, and Ford's wife's *direction*, I was conveyed into a *buck-baſket*.

WONDER. Ford. A *buck-baſket!*

VEXAT. REMEMBRANCE. Falſt. *Yea*; a *buck-baſket*; *rammed* in with *foul ſhirts* and *ſmocks*, *ſweaty ſocks*, *dirty handkerchiefs*, *greaſy night-caps*, and *infants clouts freſh* from their *ſtinking tails*; that, Maſter Brook, there was as great a *variety* of *villainous ſmells*, as there was of *living things* in Noah's *ark*. There I ſuffered the pangs of *three* unnatural *deaths*. Firſt, the intolerable *fear* of being *detected* by a *jealous* old *bell-weather*; next, to be *coil'd up*, like an overgrown *ſnake* in a dunghill; *roll'd round* within

within the *circumference* of a *peck*, *hilt* to *point*, *heel* to *head*; thirdly, and laſtly, Maſter Brook, to be *ſtopt in*, like a *ſtrong diſtillation*, with *ſtinking clothes*, that *fermented* in their own *greaſe*. Think of *that*, Maſter Brook, a man of *my body*; that am as liable to *melt* as a lump of Epping *butter* expoſed to the *ſun-beams* on the twentieth of June at *noon-day*. Think of *that*, Maſter Brook, and that, while I was in the *midſt* of this high ſalivation, from which, that I eſcaped without *ſuffocation*, is neither more nor leſs than a *miracle*; while I was in the height of this hot-bath, I ſay, with my very *bones melted* almoſt to the conſiſtency of *calves-foot-jelly*, to be flung into the *Thames*, *cool'd glowing hot*, as I *was*, *caſe-hardened* at *once*; think of *that*, Maſter Brook; *hiſſing hot*; think of *that*, Maſter Brook.

XXXIV.

VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

From Mr. *Pope*'s MORAL ESSAYS. [Epiſt. I.]

SNEER, OR MOCK-PRAISE.

'TIS from *high life high characters* are drawn:
A ſaint in *crape* is *twice* a ſaint in *lawn*.
A *judge* is *juſt*; a *chanc'lor*—*juſter ſtill*;
A *gownman learn'd*; a *biſhop*—what you *will*;
Wiſe, if a *miniſter*; but if a *king*,
More wiſe, *more juſt*, *more learn'd*, *more ev'ry thing*.—

TEACHING. 'Tis *education* forms the common mind;
Juſt as the *twig* is *bent*, the *tree*'s *inclin'd*.

BOASTING. [r] *Boaſtful* and *rough*, your *firſt* ſon is a *'ſquire*;
SMOOTH. The *next* a *tradeſman*, *meek*, and *much* a *lyar*;
STRUT. *Tom ſtruts* a *ſoldier*, *open*, *bold*, and *brave*;
SNEAKING. *Will ſneaks* a *ſcriv'ner*, an *exceeding knave*.
PRIDE. Is he a *churchman?* Then he's fond of *pow'r*;
* FORM. A *quaker*?* *Sly.* A *Preſbyterian* †? *Sour.*
† PEEV. A ſmart *free-thinker?* *All* things in an *hour.*—
FOPPERY.

TEACHING. *Manners* with *fortunes*, *humors* turn with *climes*,
Tenets with *books*, and *principles* with *times*.
Search then the *ruling paſſion*. *There* alone
The *wild* are *conſtant*, and the *cunning known*.
This *clue* once *found unravels all* the *reſt*;
The *proſpect clears*, and *Wharton* ſtands *confeſt*;
* CONT. *Wharton!* the *ſcorn**, and *wonder* †, of our days,
† ADMIR. Whoſe *ruling paſſion* was the *luſt* of *praiſe*.
Born with whate'er could *win* it from the *wiſe*,
EAGER. *Women*, and *fools*, *muſt like him*, or he *dies*.

Tho'

[r] Tho' theſe lines contain *deſcriptions*, or *characters*, they may be expreſſed with *action*, almoſt as if they were *ſpeeches*. This firſt line, "*Boaſtful* and *rough*," &c. may be ſpoken with the action of *boaſting*. See *Boaſting* in the Eſſay, pag. 18. The next with that of *tempting*. See *Tempting*, pag. 22. The *ſoldier*'s character may be repreſented by the *arms a-kimbo*, the *lips pouting out*, and a *bluſtering* manner of reading the line. The ſcrivener's with the *eyes* turn'd *a-ſquint*, a *low voice*, and the action of *ſhame*. See *Shame*, pag. 17. The quaker's with the *words* ſpoken through the *noſe*, and the appearance of *affectation* of *piety*. See *Affectation*, pag. 22.

Tho' *wond'ring ſenates hung* on *all* he *ſpoke*, — ADMIR.
The *club* muſt *hail* him *maſter* of the *joke*. — CONTEMPT.
Shall parts *ſo various* aim at nothing *new?*
He'll ſhine a *Tully*, and a *Wilmot* too.
Then turns *repentant*, and his *God adores*,
With the *ſame ſpirit* as he *drinks* and *whores*.
Enough, if *all* around him but *admire*,
And now the *punk* applaud, and now the *friar*.—
A *ſalmon's belly*, Helluo[s], was thy *fate*[t].
The *doctor* call'd, declares all help *too late*. — TREPI.
" *Mercy*" (cries Helluo " *mercy* on my *ſoul!* — DEPRECAT.
" Is there *no hope?*—*Alas!*—then *bring* the — GRIEF with SICKNESS.
" *jowl*[u]."—
" *Odious!* In *woollen!* 'Twould a *ſaint provoke*." — AVERSION.
(Were the *laſt words* that *poor* Narciſſa *ſpoke*)
" *No*—let a *charming chintz*, and *Bruſſels lace*, — WEAKNESS.
" *Wrap* theſe *cold limbs*, and *ſhade* this *lifeleſs face*.
" One *need not*, ſure, be *ugly*, though one's *dead*;
" And—*Betty*—give this *cheek*—a *little*—*red*." — EXPIRING.
The *courtier ſmooth*, who *forty years* had *ſhin'd*
An *humble ſervant* to *all human kind*,
Juſt brought out *this*, when ſcarce his *tongue* could *ſtir*;
" If—where I'm *going*—I could—*ſerve* you, — CIVILITY with WEAK.
" Sir."
" I *give*,

[s] *Engliſh* readers may not, perhaps, know, that *Helluo* ſignifies *Glutton*.

[t] That is, a ſurfeit of freſh ſalmon was thy death.

[u] The glutton will indulge appetite (ſo indeed will every habitual offender in every kind) in ſpite of all conſequences.

GRIEF. " I *give*, and I *deviſe*," (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) " my *lands* and *tenements* to Ned."
" Your *money*, Sir,"—" My *money*, Sir!—*What*
—*all?*

WEEPING. " Why—if I *muſt*"—(then wept)—I give it
" *Paul.*"
" The *manour*, Sir?—" The *manour*—" *Hold*"
—(he cry'd)

WEAK. " I *cannot*—*muſt* not part with *that*"—and dy'd.

DIGNITY. And *you*, brave Cobham! at your *lateſt breath*
Shall feel your *ruling paſſion ſtrong* in death.
Such in *that* moment, as in *all* the *paſt*,

PRAYING. " O *ſave* my *country*, *Heav'n!*"—ſhall be your
laſt.

XXXV.

RECONCILIATION.

The Scene between Mr. Bevil and Mr. Myrtle.
[CONSC. LOV.]

COMPLAIS. Bev. SIR, I am *extremely obliged* to you for this *honour*.

ANGER. Myrt. The *time*, the *place*, our *long acquaintance*, and *many* other *circumſtances*, which *affect* me on this *occaſion*, *oblige* me, without *ceremony* or *conference*, to deſire, that you will *comply* with the requeſt in my *letter*, of which you have *already acknowledged* the *receipt*.

Bev.

Bev. Sir, I *have received* a *letter* from you in a very *unuſual ſtyle*. But, as I am *conſcious* [x] of the *integrity* of my behaviour with reſpect to you, and intend that *every thing* in *this matter*, ſhall be your *own ſeeking*, I ſhall *underſtand nothing*, but what you are pleaſed to *confirm face* to *face*. You are therefore to take it for *granted*, that I have *forgot* the contents of your *epiſtle*. COMPLAIS.

Myrt. Your *cool behaviour*, Mr. Bevil, is agreeable to the *unworthy uſe* you have made of my *ſimplicity* and *frankneſs* to you. And I ſee, your *moderation* tends to your *own* advantage; not *mine*; to your own *ſafety*, not to *juſtice* for the *wrongs* you have done your *friend*. ANGER.

Bev. My *own ſafety!* Mr. Myrtle. OFFEN.

Myrt. Your *own ſafety*, Mr. Bevil. REPROACH.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, there is *no diſguiſing* any longer, that I *underſtand* what you would *force* me to. You *know* my *principle* upon that *point*; and you have *often* heard me expreſs my *diſapprobation* of the *ſavage* manner of deciding quarrels, which tyrannical *cuſtom* has introduced, to the breach of *all laws*, both *divine* and *human*. DISPLEASURE. FIRMNESS.

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil*, Mr. *Bevil!* It would be a *good* firſt *principle* in thoſe, who have ſo *tender* a *conſcience that* way, to have as much *abhorrence* at *doing injuries*, as—— [Turns away abruptly.] REPROACHING.

[x] —"*conſcious* of the *integrity*," &c. may be expreſſed with the right hand laid on the breaſt.

Bev. As what?

IRRITATING. Myrt. As *fear* of *anſwering* them.

SELF-VINDICATION. Bev. Mr. Myrtle, I have *no fear* of anſwering *any* injury I have done *you*; becauſe I have *meant* you none; for the *truth* of which I am ready to appeal to *any indifferent perſon*, even of your *own chooſing*. But I *own* I am afraid of doing a *wicked action*, I mean, of *ſhedding your blood*, or *giving you* an opportunity of *ſhedding mine*, *cold*. I am not afraid of *you*, Mr. Myrtle. But I own, I am afraid of *Him*, who *gave* me this *life* in *truſt*, on *other conditions*, and with *other deſigns*, than that I ſhould *hazard*, or throw it *away*, becauſe a *raſh*, *inconſiderate man* is pleaſed to be *offended*, without *knowing* whether he is *injured* or not. *No*—I *will not*, for *your*, or *any man*'s humour, commit a *known* crime; a crime which I *cannot repair*, or which may, in the *very act*, cut me off from all *poſſibility* of *repentance*.

SERIOUSNESS.

PIOUS VENERATION.

COURAGE.

RAGE. IRRITATING. Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I muſt tell you, this *coolneſs*, this *moralizing*, ſhall not *cheat* me of my *love*. You may *wiſh* to preſerve your life, that you may *poſſeſs Lucinda*. And I have reaſon to be *indifferent* about it, if I am to *loſe all that* from which I expect *any joy* in life. But I ſhall firſt try *one means* toward recovering her, I mean, by *ſhewing* her what a *dauntleſs hero* ſhe has choſen for her protector.

FIRMNESS. Bev. Shew me but the leaſt *glimpſe* of argument, that I am *authoriz'd* to *contend* with you

at

at the peril of the *life* of one of us, and I am *ready* upon your *own terms*. If *this* will not *ſatisfy* you, and you *will* make a *lawleſs aſſault* upon me, I will *defend* myſelf as againſt a *ruffian*. There is *no ſuch terror*, Mr. Myrtle, in the *anger* of *thoſe*, who are *quickly hot*, and *quickly cold* again, they *know* not *how*, or *why*. I *defy* you to ſhew wherein I have *wrong'd* you.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, it is eaſy for *you* to talk *coolly* on this occaſion. You who *know not*, I ſuppoſe, *what it is* to *love*, and from your *large fortune*, and your *ſpecious* outward *carriage*, have it in your *power* to come, *without* much *trouble* or *anxiety*, to the *poſſeſſion* of a *woman* of *honour*; *you* know *nothing* of what it is to be *alarmed*, *diſtracted*, with the *terror* of *loſing* what is *dearer* than *life*. You are *happy*. Your *marriage* goes on like *common buſineſs*; and, in the *interim*, you have, for your ſoft moments of *dalliance*, your *rambling captive*, your *Indian princeſs*, your *convenient*, your *ready Indiana*.

IRRITATING.

JEALOUSY.

SARCASM.

Bev. You have *touched* me beyond the *patience* of a *man*; and the defence of *ſpotleſs innocence* will, I hope, excuſe my *accepting* your *challenge*, or at leaſt my *obliging* you to retract your *infamous aſperſions*. I *will not*, if I can avoid it, *ſhed your blood*, nor ſhall *you mine*. But *Indiana*'s *purity* I *will defend*. Who *waits?*

ANGER ROUSED.

AUTHO.

Serv. Did you *call*, Sir?

SUBMIS.

Bev. *Yes*, go *call* a *coach*.

COMMAND.

TREPIDAT. with SUBMIS.

Serv. *Sir*—Mr. *Myrtle*—*Gentlemen*—You are *friends*—I am but a *Servant*—But——

* ANGER.

Bev. * *Call* a *coach.* [Exit. Serv.]

[A long pauſe. They walk ſullenly about the room.]

RECOLLECTION.

[Aſide.] Shall I (though provoked beyond *ſufferance*) *recover* myſelf at the entrance of a *third perſon*, and that my *ſervant* too; and ſhall I not have a due *reſpect* for the dictates of my own *conſcience*[y]; for what I owe to the *beſt* of *fathers*, and to the *defenceleſs innocence* of my *lovely Indiana*, whoſe very *life* depends on *mine?*

[To Mr. Myrtle.] I have, *thank Heaven*, had *time* to *recollect* myſelf, and have *determined* to *convince* you, by *means* I would willingly have *avoided*, but which yet are preferable to *murderous duelling*, that I am more innocent of *nothing*, than of *rivalling* you in the affections of *Lucinda.*

REMON.

Read this *letter*; and *conſider*, *what effect* it would have had upon you to have *found* it about the man you had *murdered.*

SULLENNESS.

[Myrtle reads.] " I hope it is *conſiſtent* with " the laws a woman ought to impoſe upon her- " ſelf to acknowledge, that your manner of *de-*

SURPRISE.

" *clining* what has been *propoſed* of a treaty of

RISING HOPE.

" marriage in our family, and *deſiring*, that the " *refuſal* might come from *me*, is more engaging, " than the *Smithfield courtſhip* of *him*, whoſe arms

" I am

[y] To be ſpoken with the *right hand* on the *breaſt.*

"I am in danger of being *thrown* into, unleſs "your *friend exerts* himſelf for our common "*ſafety* and *happineſs**."—*O, I want no more*, to *clear* your *innocence*, my *injured, worthy friend*— I ſee her *dear name* at the *bottom*—I ſee that you have been *far enough* from *deſigning any obſtacle* to my happineſs, while I have been treating my *benefactor* as my *betrayer*—*O Bevil*, with what *words* ſhall I——

Joy.

Shame.

Remorse.

Confusion.

Bev. There is no *need* of *words*. To *convince* is *more* than to *conquer*. If you are but *ſatisfied*, that I *meant* you *no wrong*, *all* is as it *ſhould be*.

Benev.

Myrt. But *can* you—*forgive*—ſuch *madneſs?*

Anguish.

Remorse.

Bev. Have not I *myſelf offended?* I had almoſt been as *guilty* as *you*, though I had the *advantage* of *you*, by *knowing* what you did not *know*.

Benev. and Forgiv.

Myrt. That I ſhould be ſuch a *precipitate wretch?*

Anguish.

Remorse

Bev. *Prithee no more.*

Forgiv.

Myrt. *How many friends* have *died* by the hand of *friends*, *merely* for *want* of *temper! What* do I *not owe* to your *ſuperiority* of *underſtanding?* What a *precipice* have I *eſcaped!* O my *friend*—Can you *ever*—*forgive*—Can you *ever* again *look* upon me—with an *eye* of *favour?*

Self-Congra with Horror.

Intreat with Remors

Bev.

* In reading the letter, the *countenance* of Myrtle ought to *quit*, by degrees, the look of *anger*, and to paſs to thoſe marked on the margin.

BENEVOLENCE. Bev. Why ſhould I *not?* *Any* man may *miſtake*. *Any* man may be *violent*, where his *love* is concerned. I was *myſelf*.

ADMIRATION. Myrt. O *Bevil!* You are capable of *all* that is *great*, *all* that is *heroic*.

[Enter a ſervant to Bevil, and gives a letter.

XXXVI.

CHARACTERS.

From Mr. *Pope*'s MORAL ESSAYS. [Epiſt. III.]

NARRATION. WHERE London's column, pointing to the ſkies,
Like a *tall bully*, *lifts* its *head*, and *lies*,
There dwelt a *citizen* of *ſober* fame,
A *plain*, *good man*, and *Balaam* was his *name*;
Religious, *punctual*, *frugal*, and *ſo forth*;
His *word* would *paſs* for *more* than he was *worth*.
One ſolid diſh his *week-day* meal affords;
An added *pudding* ſolemniz'd the *Lord*'s.
Conſtant at *church*, and *change*. His *gains* were *ſure*,
His *givings rare*, ſave *farthings* to the *poor*.

VEXATION. The *Dev'l* was *piq'd* ſuch *ſaintſhip* to behold,
EARNEST. And *long'd* to *tempt* him, like good *Job* of *old*;
NARRATION. But Satan now is *wiſer* than of *yore*,
And tempts by making *rich*; not making *poor*.
Rous'd by the prince of air, the *whirlwinds ſweep*
The *ſurge*, and plunge his *father* in the *deep*;

Then

Then full againſt his *Corniſh lands* they *roar*;
And two *rich ſhipwrecks bleſs* the *lucky ſhore*.
Sir Balaam now! He *lives* like *other folks*; PRIDE.
He takes his *chirping pint*, and *cracks* his *jokes*.
"Live like *yourſelf*," was ſoon my *lady*'s word;
And lo! *two puddings ſmok'd* upon the *board*.
Aſleep, and *naked*, as an *Indian* lay,
An *honeſt factor ſtole* a *gem away*; CRAFT.
And *pleag'd* it to our *knight*. Our *knight* had *wit*.
He *kept* the *di'mond*, and the *rogue* was *bit*.
Some *ſcruple roſe* But *thus* he *eas'd* his thought; ANXIETY.
"I'll now give *ſixpence*, where I gave a *groat*;
"Where *once* I went to *church*, I'll now go *twice*, AFFECTED PIETY.
"And *am ſo clear*, too, of all *other vice*."
The *tempter* ſaw his *time*; the *work* he *ply'd*; CRAFT.
Stocks and *ſubſcriptions pour* on ev'ry *ſide*;
Till *all* the *demon* makes his *full deſcent*, EARNESTNESS.
In one *abundant ſhow'r* of *cent* per *cent*;
Sinks *deep* within him, and poſſeſſes *whole*;
Then *dubs director*, and *ſecures* his *ſoul*.
Behold! Sir Balaam, now a man of *ſpirit*, PRIDE.
Aſcribes his *gettings* to his *parts* and *merit*.
What late he called a *bleſſing*, now was *wit*,
And *God*'s good *providence*, a *lucky hit*.
Things change their *titles*, as our *manners* turn; NARRATION.
His *compting-houſe* employs the *Sunday-morn*.
Seldom at *church*, ('twas ſuch a *buſy life*)
But duly ſent his *family* and *wife*.
There (ſo the *Dev'l* ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
My good old lady *caught* a *cold*, and *dy'd*.

A nymph

A nymph of *quality admires* our *knight*.
He *marries*; *bows* at *court*; and grows *polite*;
Leaves the *dull cits*, and *joins* (to *pleaſe* the *fair*)
The *well-bred cuckolds* in St. *James*'s air.
Firſt, for his ſon a *gay commiſſion* buys,
Who *drinks*, *whores*, *fights*, and in a *duel dies*.
His *daughter ſtruts* a *viſcount's tawdry wife*;
And bears a *coronet*, and *p—x* for *life*.
In Britain's *ſenate* he a *ſeat obtains*;
And *one more penſioner* St. Stephen's gains.
My lady takes to *play*, ſo *bad* her chance,
He *muſt* repair it. Takes a *bribe* from *France*.
CONFUSION. The *houſe impeach* him. Coningſby *harangues*.
The *court forſake* him; and Sir Balaam *hangs*.
Wife, *ſon*, and *daughter*, Satan! are thy *own*;
His wealth, *yet dearer*, forfeit to the *crown*.
The *Devil* and the *king* divide the prize,
And *ſad* Sir *Balaam curſes God*, and *dies*.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

ANXIETY. RESOLUTION.

Cato ſitting in a thoughtful poſture. In his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the ſoul. A drawn ſword on the table by him. After a long pauſe, he lays down the book, and ſpeaks.

IT *muſt* be ſo—*Plato* thou *reaſon'ſt well*— DEEP CONTEMPL.
Elſe whence this *pleaſing hope*, this *fond deſire*[a],
This *longing* after *immortality?* COMFORT.
Or whence this *ſecret dread*, and *inward horror* DESIRE.
Of *falling* into *nought?*—Why *ſhrinks* the *ſoul* FEAR.
Back on *herſelf*, and ſtartles at *deſtruction?*
'Tis the *Divinity* that *ſtirs within* us; AWE.
'Tis *Heav'n itſelf* that *points out* an *Hereafter*,
And *intimates eternity* to man.
[b] *Eternity!* —— thou *pleaſing* * —— *dreadful* † *thought!*— * SATISF. † APPRE.
Through what *variety* of *untry'd being*, CURIOSITY.
Through what *new ſcenes* and *changes* muſt we *paſs?*

The

[a] ——" this *fond deſire*," may be ſpoken with the *right hand* laid on the *breaſt*.

[b] " *Eternity!*—thou *pleaſing*," &c. requires an *eye fixed*, with *profound thoughtfulneſs*, on one point, throughout this line.

The *wide*, th' *unbounded proſpect* lies before me;
ANXIETY. But *ſhadows*, *clouds*, and *darkneſs*, *reſt* upon it.
* COUR. * Here *will* I *hold*.
† VENE. † If there's a *Pow'r above* us;
And *that there is*, all *nature* cries aloud
Through *all* her works——He *muſt delight* in *virtue*,
SATISFAC. And that, which *He delights* in, *muſt* be *happy*.
ANXIETY. But *when!*—or *where!*—*This world* was made for *Cæſar*.
* COUR. I'm *weary* of *conjectures*—* *This* muſt *end them*.
[Laying his hand on his ſword.]
FIRMNESS. Thus am I *doubly arm'd*. [c] My *death*, my *life*;
My *bane* and *antidote*, are *both* before me;
APPRE. *This*—in a *moment*, brings me to an *end*.
COMFORT. Whilſt *this* informs me, I ſhall *never die*.
NOBLE. The *ſoul*, [d] *ſecur'd* in her *exiſtence*, *ſmiles*
PRIDE. At the *drawn dagger*, and *defies* its *point*.
TRIUMPH. The *ſtars* [e] ſhall *fade away*, the *Sun himſelf*
Grow *dim* with *age*, and *nature* ſink in *years*;
But *thou* [f] ſhalt *flouriſh* in *immortal youth*,
Unhurt

[c] —" My *death*, my *life*," &c. Long *pauſes* between, and pointing, or looking at the *ſword* in pronouncing " my " death," and at the *book* in pronouncing " my life," and ſo in " my bane, and antidote," and in the two following lines.

[d] " The *ſoul*," &c. may be pronounced with the *right hand* laid upon the *breaſt*.

[e] " The *ſtars*," &c. may be ſpoken with the eyes raiſed toward heaven, and the arms moderately ſpread.

[f] —" *thou*—ſhalt *flouriſh*," &c. The *right hand* upon the *breaſt*.

[g] *Unhurt* amidſt the *war* of *elements*,
The *wrecks* of *matter*, and the *cruſh* [h] of *worlds*.

XXXVIII.

ANGER. THREATENING.

Satan's ſpeech to Death ſtopping his paſſage through the gate of Hell; with the anſwer. [*Milt.* PARAD. LOST, B. II. v. 681.]

WHENCE, and *what* art thou, *execrable ſhape!* — QUEST. with ANGER.
That *dar'ſt*, though *grim* and *terrible*, *advance*
Thy *miſcreated front athwart* my *way*
To *yonder gates?* through *them* I mean to *paſs*, — RESOL.
That be *aſſur'd*, *without* leave aſk'd of *thee*. — CONF.
Retire [i]; or *taſte* thy *folly*, and learn by *proof*, — THREATENING.
Hell-born, *not* to *contend* with *ſpirits* of *Heav'n*.
To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.
" Art *thou* that *traitor Angel*, art *thou He*, — ANGER.
" Who *firſt broke peace* in Heav'n, and *faith*, till
" *then*
" *Unbroken*,

[g] " *Unhurt*," &c. The *arms ſpread* again, as before.

[h] —" the *cruſh*," &c. The *hands* brought *together* with *force*.

[i] " *Retire*;" is to be ſpoken as a *whole ſentence*, and with the *greateſt force* of *threatening*. See *Anger*, pag. 23.

" *Unbroken*, and in *proud*, *rebellious arms*
" Drew after him the *third part* of *Heav'n's ſons*,
" *Conjur'd* againſt the *Higheſt*, for which both
" *thou*
" And *they*, *outcaſt* from *God*, are here *condemn'd*
" To waſte *eternal days* in *woe* and *pain?*
CONTEMPT with ANGER. " And reckon'ſt *thou* thyſelf with *ſpirits of Heav'n*,
" *Hell-doom'd*, and breath'ſt *defiance here*, and *ſcorn*,
" Where *I reign king*, and to *enrage* thee *more*,
PRIDE. " *Thy king* and *lord? Back* to thy *puniſhment*,
THREATENING. " *Falſe fugitive* [k], and to thy *ſpeed* add *wings*,
" Leſt with a *whip* of *ſcorpions* I *purſue*
" Thy *ling'ring*, or with *one ſtroke* of this *dart*
" *Strange horror ſeize* thee, and *pangs unfelt before.*"

[k] —" and to thy *ſpeed*," &c. to be ſpoken quick.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

DEPRECATION. RECOLLECTION.

The ſpeech of Sin to Satan, to prevent a hoſtile encounter between the latter and Death; with the effect of her ſpeech. [*Milt.* PARAD. LOST. B. II. v. 726.]

"[1] *O Father! what intends* thy *hand*," (ſhe cry'd) — EXCLAM.
" " Againſt thy *only ſon?* What *fury*, O ſon, — REPROOF.
" Poſſeſſes thee to *bend* that *mortal dart*
" Againſt thy *father's head?* And know'ſt for
" *whom*;
" For *Him* who ſits above, and *laughs* the while — VEXAT.
" At thee ordain'd his *drudge*, to execute
" Whate'er his *wrath*, which he calls *juſtice*, *bids*;
" His *wrath*; which *one day* will *deſtroy* ye *both*." — ALARM.
She *ſpoke*, and at her words the helliſh peſt — NARRATION.
Forbore, then *theſe* to her *Satan return'd:*
" So *ſtrange* thy *outcry*, and thy *words* ſo *ſtrange* — SURPRISE.
" Thou *interpoſeſt*, that my ſudden hand
" *Prevented*, *ſpares* to tell thee yet by *deeds* — RECOLLECT
" What it *intends*; till firſt I *know* of thee,
" What *thing* thou *art*, thus double form'd, and — QUEST.
" *why*

[1] " *O Father,*" &c. muſt be ſpoke *quick*, as people do, when they mean to prevent imminent miſchief.

" In this infernal vale *firſt met*, thou call'ſt
" *Me Father*, and that *phantaſm* call'ſt *my ſon*;
" I *know* thee *not*; nor ever *ſaw*, till now,
AVIZS. " *Sight* more *deteſtable* than *him* and *thee*."

XL.

VEXATION. PERTNESS. CRINGING.

Part of Mr. *Pope*'s complaint of the impertinence of ſcribblers. [From the PROLOGUE to his IMITATIONS of HORACE'S SATIRES.]

GRATITUDE. *FRIEND*[m] to my *life!* (which did not *you prolong*,
VEXATION. [n] The *world* had *wanted*—many an *idle* ſong)
What *drop*, or *noſtrum*, can this *plague remove?*
Or *which* muſt *end* me, a *fool's wrath*, or *love?*
A *dire dilemma! Either* way I'm *ſped*;
If foes, they *write*, if friends, they *read* me dead.
Seiz'd, and *ty'd down* to judge, how *wretched I!*
Who *can't* be *ſilent*, and who *will not lye.*
To *laugh* were want of *goodneſs*, and of *grace*;
And to be *grave* exceeds all *pow'r* of *face.*
I ſit

[m] Dr. Arbuthnot.

[n] " The *world* had *wanted*"—Thus far ought to be ſpoken with great emphaſis, as if ſomewhat very important were coming; and the remaining part of the line, " many an *idle* ſong" in a ludicrous manner.

I ſit with *ſad civility*. I read
[o] With *ſerious anguiſh*, and an *aking head*;
Then drop, at laſt, but in *unwilling ears*,
This *ſaving counſel*, "Keep your piece *nine* "*years* [p]." ADVISING.
"*Nine years!*" cries he, who high in Drury-lane, OFF. with SURPR.
Lull'd by *ſoft zephyrs* through the *broken pane*,
Rhymes ere he *wakes*, and *prints* before *term ends*,
Oblig'd by *hunger*—and *requeſt* of *friends*;
"The piece, you think, is *incorrect*. Why *take it*, PERTN.
"I'm *all ſubmiſſion*; what you'd *have* it, *make* it." CRING.
Three things another's *modeſt* wiſhes bound; VEXAT.
My *friendſhip*, and a *prologue*, and *ten pound*. CRING.
Pitholeon [q] ſends to me; "You know his *Grace*.
"I want a *patron*—Aſk him for a *place*."
"Pitholeon *libell'd* me—" * "But here's a *letter* OFF.
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew *no* * CRIN.
"*better*.
"Dare you *refuſe* him? [r] Curl invites to *dine*; THREATENING.
"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn *divine*."

[o] "With *ſerious anguiſh*, &c. may be ſpoken as if ſick. See *Sickneſs*, p. 26.

[p] Alluding to Horace's "Nonumque premetur in annum."

[q] Pitholeon. The name of a fooliſh ancient poet.

[r] "Curl invites," &c. Mr. Pope was, it ſeems, ill uſed by Curl, a bookſeller, by the writer of a Journal, or Newspaper, and by a "parſon much bemus'd in beer."

SURPRISE. *Bleſs me!* A *packet!* "'Tis a *ſtranger* ſues;
"A *virgin tragedy!* an *orphan muſe.*"
ANGER. If I *diſlike* it, "*Furies! death*, and *rage!*"
CRING. If I approve, "*Commend* it to the *ſtage.*"
COMF. *There, thank my ſtars*, my *whole commiſſion ends*;
The *play'rs* and I are, *luckily*, no *friends.*
ANGER. *Fir'd*, that the *houſe reject* him, "'*Sdeath!* I'll
"*print it*,
CRING. "And *ſhame* the *fools*—Your *int'reſt*, Sir, with
"*Lintot.*"
EXCUSE. "*Lintot* (dull rogue!) will think your price *too*
"*much.*"
CRING. Not if you, Sir, *reviſe* it and *retouch.*"
VEXAT. All my *demurs* but *double* his *attacks.*
WHEED. At laſt he whiſpers; Do, and we go *ſnacks.*"
OFF. *Glad* of a *quarrel*, *ſtraight* I *clap* the *door.*
DISMISS. with ANGER. "*Sir*, let me ſee *you*, and your *works no more.*"

XLI.

REFLEXION on loſt happineſs. SELF-CONDEMNATION. HORROR. DESPERATION.

Satan's Soliloquy. [*Milt.* PARAD. LOST. B. IV. v. 32.]

ADMIRATION. *O Thou*, that with *ſurpaſſing glory* **crown'd**,
Look'ſt from thy *ſole dominion*, like the *god*
Of this *new world*; at whoſe *ſight* all the *ſtars*
Hide their *diminiſh'd heads*; to *thee* I call,

But

But with *no friendly voice*, and add thy *name*, HATRED.
O *Sun*, to tell thee, how I *hate* thy *beams*,
That bring to my *remembrance* from what *ſtate* PAINFUL REFLEX.
I *fell*; how *glorious* once *above thy ſphere*;
Till *pride*, and worſe *ambition* threw me *down* SELF-COND.
Warring in *Heav'n* againſt *Heav'n's matchleſs king*:
Ah *wherefore! He* deſerv'd *no ſuch return* VINDICATION of an ENEMY.
From *me*, whom he created what I was
In *that bright eminence*, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor *was* his *ſervice hard*.
What could be *leſs*, than to afford him *praiſe*,
The *eaſieſt recompence*, and pay him *thanks*,
How *juſtly due!* yet *all* his *good* in *me* SELF-COND.
Produc'd *rank malice*: *lifted up* ſo *high*,
Subjection I *diſdain'd*; thought *one ſtep* higher PRIDE.
Would ſet me *high'ſt*, and in a moment *quit*
The *debt immenſe* of *endleſs gratitude*,
So *burdenſome ſtill paying*, *ſtill* to *owe*.
Forgetful what from *him* I ſtill *receiv'd*, SELF-CONDEMNATION.
And *underſtood not*, that a *grateful mind*
By *owing owes not*, but *ſtill pays*; at *once*
Indebted, and *diſcharged*; *what burden then?*
O had his *pow'rful deſtiny* ordain'd ANGU. REFLEX. on lost HAPPINESS.
Me ſome *inferior Angel!* I had ſtood
Then *happy*; no *unbounded hope* had rais'd
Ambition. Yet *why not?* ſome *other* pow'r,
As great, might have *aſpir'd*, and *me*, though *mean*,
Drawn to his *part*. But *other* pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand *unſhaken*, from *within*,

Or from *without*, to all *temptations arm'd.*
SELF-COND. Had'ſt thou the ſame *free-will*, and *pow'r* to *ſtand?*
Thou *had'ſt: whom* haſt thou then, or *what*
t'accuſe,
But Heav'n's *free love* dealt equally to all?
BLASPH. Be then his *love accurs'd:* ſince *love* or *hate,*
RAGE. To me alike it deals *eternal woe.*
SELF-COND. Nay curs'd be *thou*; ſince againſt *his, thy will*
Choſe *freely* what it now ſo juſtly *rues.*
DESPERATION. O *wretched ſpirit! which way* ſhall I *fly*
Infinite *wrath*, and infinite *deſpair?*
Which way *I fly* is *Hell, myſelf* am *Hell*;
And in the *loweſt deep* a *lower deep*
Still *threat'ning* to *devour* me *opens wide,*
To which the *Hell*, I ſuffer, ſeems a *Heav'n*—
Eſſay toward REPENT. O then, at *laſt, relent.* Is there *no place*
* PRIDE. Left for *repentance? None* for *pardon left?*
None left, but by *ſubmiſſion*; * and *that word*
Diſdain forbids me, and my *dread* of *ſhame*
Among the *ſp'rits beneath*, whom I *ſeduc'd*
With *other promiſes*, and *other vaunts*
Than to *ſubmit*; boaſting I could *ſubdue*
ANGU. Th' Omnipotent. *Ay me! they* little know
How *dearly* I abide that boaſt ſo vain;
Under what *torments* inwardly I *groan,*
While they *adore* me on the throne of Hell,
With *diadem* and *ſceptre* high advanc'd,
The *lower* ſtill I fall, only *ſupreme*
In *miſery*; ſuch *joy ambition* finds.
PRIDE. But ſay I *could repent*, and *could obtain,*

By

By act of grace, my *former ſtate*; how *ſoon*
Would *height* recal *high thoughts*, how ſoon *unſay*
What feign'd *ſubmiſſion ſwore? Eaſe* would recant
Vows made in *pain*, as *violent* and *void.*
For *never* can *true reconcilement* grow — MALICE.
Where *wounds* of *deadly hate* have *pierc'd* ſo *deep:*
Which would but lead me to a *worſe relapſe*,
And *heavier fall:* ſo ſhould I purchaſe *dear*
Short intermiſſion bought with *double ſmart.* — HOPELESS ANGUISH.
This *knows* my *Puniſher*, therefore as *far* — MALICE.
From *granting He*, as *I* from *begging* peace:
All hope excluded thus, *behold* inſtead
Of *us outcaſt*, *exil'd* his *new* delight,
Mankind created, and for *them* this world.
So *farewel hope*; and with hope *farewel fear*, — FIXED DESP.
Farewel remorſe: all *good* to me is *loſt*;
Evil be *thou* my *good*; by *thee* at leaſt — RESOLVED OBDUR.
Divided Empire with Heav'n's King I hold, — MAL. bent
By thee, and *more* than *half*, perhaps, ſhall reign; — on Miſchief.
As *man*, ere long, and *this new world* ſhall *know.*

XLII.

WALKING in SLEEP, and a DISTURBED CONSCIENCE. [MACBETH.]

Enter Lady Macbeth[s], with a taper.

LISTENING. Gent. *LOOK you! here ſhe comes. This is* her *guiſe. Obſerve* her. Stand *cloſe.*

WOND. Doct. Her *eyes* are *open.*

Gent. *Ay,* but their *ſenſe* is *ſhut.*

ATTEN. Doct. *What* is it ſhe *does* now? *Look* how ſhe *rubs* her *hands.*

Gent. It is an *accuſtomed action* with her to ſeem thus *waſhing* her *hands.* I have known her *continue this* a *quarter* of an *hour.*

GUILT. La. Macb. *Yet* here's a *ſpot*[t].

ATTEN. Doct. *Hark,* ſhe *ſpeaks.*

La. Macb.

[s] The pupil, if he has not ſeen MACBETH, muſt be informed, that Duncan, one of the ancient kings of Scotland, was, according to Buchanan and other hiſtorians, murdered by Macbeth, one of the nobles of that kingdom, at the inſtigation of his Lady, in their own houſe, in order to Macbeth's aſcending the throne; and that *Shakeſpeare,* in this ſcene, intends to repreſent her troubled in her ſleep with guilt and fear.

[t] There muſt be but *little emphaſis* uſed in expreſſing what Lady Macbeth ſays, becauſe it is but *dreaming.*

La. Macb. *Out*, curſed *ſpot*. *Out*, I ſay— GUILT.
"*One, two*. Now is the *time* to do it—*Hell* is HORROR.
murky—*Fie*, my *lord!* A *ſoldier afraid! What* ENCOU.
need we *fear?* *Who knows* it? *Who* has *power* to
call us to *account?* —But, *who* could have *thought*, GUILT.
the *old* man had ſo much *blood* in him?

Gent. Do you *mark that?* ATTEN.

La. Macb. The Thane of Fife is a *married* with SUSP.
man. Where is his *wife now?* *Murdered*, did you GUILT.
ſay? Who could be ſo *bloody* to *mangle* ſuch *ſweet-*
neſs? —What, will theſe hands *never* be *clean?*
No more of *that*, my lord; no more of *that*. ENCOU.
You mar all with your *ſtarting*——Here is the GUILT.
ſmell of *blood* ſtill—All the perfumes of *Arabia*
will not ſweeten this *little hand*. Oh, oh, oh! ANGUISH.

Doct. What a *ſigh* was there! That *heart* is SUSPICION.
ſorely charged. This *diſeaſe* is beyond *my practice*.

La. Macb. *Waſh* your *hands*, put on your ENCOU.
night-gown. Take *courage*—I tell you, Banquo
is *buried*, all but the *blood* that was *ſhed* at his *diſ-*
patching; and that has no *likeneſs* to be *known* by.
Are you afraid he'll come out of his *grave* again?
To *bed*, to *bed*, to *bed*. There is a *knocking* at the FEAR.
gate. *Come*, *come*, *come*. What is *done* cannot be
undone. To *bed*, to *bed*, to *bed*.

" "*One, two*" muſt be ſpoken as *counting* a great clock.

XLIII.

XLIII.

INTREATING. COMPLAINT of injury. REFUSING.

The Embaſſy from Agamemnon to Achilles (after the latter had, in diſguſt, retired from the army) to endeavour to prevail with him to return, and join the allies againſt the Trojans. Ulyſſes at table, in Achilles's tent, ſpeaks.

SUBMISSION. *HEALTH* to *Achilles! Happy* are thy *gueſts!*
Not *thoſe more honour'd* whom *Atrides* feaſts:
Tho' *gen'rous plenty crown* thy *loaded boards*;
That Agamemnon's regal *tent affords.*
ANXIETY. But *greater cares* ſit *heavy* on our *ſouls*;
Not eas'd by *banquets*, or by flowing *bowls.*
SYMPATHY. What *ſcenes* of *ſlaughter* in yon *fields appear*,
The *dead* we *mourn*, and for the *living fear.*
APPREHENSION. *Greece* on the *brink* of *fate* all *doubtful ſtands*,
And owns *no help*, but from *thy ſaving hands.*
Troy, and her *ſons*, for *ready vengeance call:*
Their threat'ning *tents* already *ſhade* our *wall.*
Hear how with *ſhouts* their *conqueſts* they *proclaim*,
And point at ev'ry *ſhip* the *vengeful flame.*
AWE. with APPR. For *them* the *Father* of the *gods declares*;
Theirs are his *omens*, and his *thunder theirs.*

See,

See, full of *Jove*, *avenging Hector riſe!* } TERROR.
All human force the raging chief *defies*;
What *fury* in his *breaſt*, what *lightning* in his *eyes!* }
He waits but for the *morn*, to ſink in flame
The *ſhips*, the *Greeks*, and *all* the *Grecian name.*
Return, *Achilles! Oh return*, tho' late, BESEECHING.
To *ſave* thy *Greeks*, and *ſtop* the *courſe* of *fate*;
If in that *heart* or *grief*, or *courage lies*,
Riſe to *redeem*: ah *yet* to *conquer riſe.*
The *day* may *come*, when, *all* our *warriors ſlain*, WARNING.
That *heart* ſhall *melt*, that *courage* riſe in *vain.*

He afterwards enumerates the advantageous conditions offered by Agamemnon, to engage him to return. To all which Achilles gives the following anſwer.

——————*Ulyſſes*[x]*!*—hear STERN FIRMNESS.
A *faithful ſpeech*, that knows nor *art*, nor *fear.*
What in my ſecret *ſoul* is *underſtood*
My *tongue* ſhall *utter*, and my *deeds* make good.
Let *Greece* then *know*, my *purpoſe* I *retain*,
Nor with *new treaties vex* my *peace* in *vain.*
Long toils, *long perils* in their cauſe I *bore*: DISPLEAS.
But *now* th' *unfruitful glories charm* no *more.*
Fight, or *not fight*, a *like reward* we claim; EXPROBATION.
The *wretch* and *hero*, find their *prize* the *ſame*;
Alike regretted in the *duſt* he *lies*,
Who *yields ignobly*, or who *bravely dies.*

Of

[x] "*Ulyſſes!*" is to be ſpoken as a whole ſentence.

Of all my *dangers*, all my *glorious pains*,
A *life* of *labours*! *lo*, what *fruit remains*!
As the *bold bird* her *helpleſs young attends*,
From *danger guards* them, and from *want defends*;
In ſearch of *prey* ſhe *wings* the *ſpacious air*,
And with *untaſted food ſupplies* her *care*;
For *thankleſs Greece* ſuch *hardſhips* have I *brav'd*,
Her *matrons*, and her *tender infants ſav'd*,
Long ſleepleſs nights in *heavy arms* have *ſtood*,
And ſpent *laborious days* in *duſt* and *blood*.
I ſack'd *twelve ample cities* on the *main*,
And *twelve* lay *ſmoking* on the *Trojan plain*.
Then at *Atrides' haughty* feet were *laid*
The *wealth I gather'd*, and the *ſpoils I made*.
SNEER with REPR. Your *mighty monarch theſe* in peace *poſſeſt*;
Some *few* my *ſoldiers* had; *himſelf* the *reſt*.
Wrong'd in my *love*, all *proffers* I *diſdain*;
RESOL. *Deceiv'd* for *once*, I *truſt not* kings *again*.
REFU. Ye *have* my *anſwer*—* What *remains* to do,
*SNEER. Your *king*, *Ulyſſes*, may *conſult* with *you*.
What needs he the defence *this arm* can make?
Has he not *walls*, no *human force* can *ſhake*?
Has he not *fenc'd* his guarded *navy round*
With *piles*, with *ramparts*, and a *trench profound*?
And will not *theſe*, the *wonders* he has *done*,
Repel the *rage* of *Priam*'s ſingle *ſon*?
SELF-COMMEND. There *was a time* ('twas when for Greece I *fought*)
When *Hector's proweſs no ſuch wonders wrought*.
He kept the *verge* of *Troy*, nor *dar'd* to wait
Achilles' *vengeance* at the Scæan gate.

But

But now thoſe *deadly conteſts* are no *more*. RESOLUTION.
To-morrow we the fav'ring *gods implore*;
Then ſhall ye ſee our *parting veſſels crown'd*,
And hear with oars the Helleſpont *reſound*.
Then *tell* your *king*, that *all* the *Greeks* may *hear*, INSULT.
And learn to *ſcorn* the man they *baſely fear*.
(For, arm'd in *impudence*, mankind he *braves*,
And meditates new *cheats* on all his *ſlaves*;
Tho' *ſhameleſs* as he is, to meet theſe *eyes*
Is what he *dares not*: if he dares, he *dies*.)
Tell him, *all terms*, *all commerce* I *decline*, } FIXED HATRED.
Nor *ſhare* his *counſels*, nor his *battles join*:
For, *once* deceived was *his*; but *twice* were *mine*.
My fates, long ſince by *Thetis* were *diſclos'd*; RESOLUTION.
And each alternate, *life*, or *fame*, *propos'd*.
Here if I *ſtay* before the Trojan *town*,
Short is my *date*; but *deathleſs* my *renown*.
If I *return*, I quit immortal *praiſe*
For *years* on *years*, and *long* extended *days*.
Convinc'd, tho' *late*, I *find* my fond *miſtake*,
And *warn* the Greeks the *wiſer* choice to make; ADVISING.
To *quit* theſe *ſhores*; their *native ſeats enjoy*,
Nor hope the *fall* of *heav'n-defended Troy*.
Life is not to be *bought* with heaps of *gold*; SERIOUS REFLEXION.
Not all, *Apollo*'s Pythian *treaſures hold*,
Or *Troy once held*, in peace and pride of ſway,
Can bribe the *poor poſſeſſion* of a *day*.
Loſt *herds* and *treaſures* we by *arms regain*,
And ſteeds *unrival'd* on the *duſty plain*.

But, from our lips the *vital ſpirit* fled
Returns no more to *wake* the *ſilent dead.*

He concludes with declaring his determined reſolution not to return. And the ambaſſadors take their leave, to go back to the army.

XLIV.

Humorous ſcene from *Shakeſpeare's* MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

ENQU. Quince. IS all our company *here?*

DIRECTING Bot. You had beſt call them *conjunctly* and *ſeverally*, *generally* and *ſpecially*, that is, whereof to call them *man* by *man*, according to the *ſcrip.*

INFORMING Quin. Here is the ſcroll of *every* man's *name*, in *this town*, that is fit to be ſeen upon the *ſtage* before the *duke* and *ducheſs.*

DIRECTING Bot. [y] Good *Peter Quince*, go to *work* in a *method.* Begin at the *top*, and go on to the *bottom*; that is, whereof as a man may ſay, firſt tell us what the *play treats of*, then read the *names* of

[y] "Good *Peter Quince*," &c. To be ſpoken with a great *affectation* of *wiſdom*; but in a *clumſy* and *ruſtic manner.*

of the *actors*, and ſo your buſineſs will ſtand by itſelf as *regular*, as a *building* ſet upon the very *pinnacle* of its *foundation*.

Quin. Why then, the play is the moſt *delectable* and *lamentable* comedy entituled and called, The *cruel tragedy* of the death of *Pyramus* and *Thiſby!* INFORMING

Bot. A very *moving play*, I warrant it. A very *deep tragedy*, I know by the *ſound* of the *title* of it. *Pyramus* and *Thiſby!* I ſuppoſe they are to have their *throats cut* from *ear* to *ear*, or their *bellies ripped up* from the waiſt-bands of their *breeches* to their *chins*. Well, now, *good Peter*, call forth your *actors* by the *ſcrowl*. *Maſters*, ſpread yourſelves out into a *clump*, every man *conjunctly* by *himſelf*. PITY. DIRECTING

Quin. *Anſwer*, as I *call* you. *Nick Bottom*, *weaver*. AUTH.

Bot. *Ready*. *Name* my *part*, and *proceed*. AFFEC.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are ſet down for *Pyramus*. SMARTNESS

Bot. I am to play *Pyramus?* Well, and *who* is *Pyramus?* A *gentleman* or a *ſimple* man? AUTH. ENQU.

Quin. *Pyramus* is a *lovyer*, and *Thiſby* is his *ſweetheart*. Pyramus *kills himſelf* for *grief*, becauſe a *lion* had got hold of Thiſby's *cloak*, and *tore* it, which makes *Pyramus conclude*, as how he had tore *her* too, and *eaten* her *up*, all but the *cloak*; whereof he had not *touched* her. So that poor Pyramus loſes his *life*, d'ye ſee, for *nothing* TEACHING.

at

at all; whereof you know, that is enough to make a man *hang himſelf*.

ENQU. Bot. What then, am I to hang myſelf for *vexation*, becauſe I had *killed* myſelf for *nothing*?

DENY. Quin. No; that is not in the *play*.

APPREHENSION. Bot. Here will be *ſalt tears wept*, or I am miſtaken. An *I be the man*, that acts this ſame *Pyramus*, let the ladies look to their *eyes*. I will *condole* and *congratulate* to ſome *tune*. I will *break every heart*, that is not *double-hooped* with *flint*. I have a *main notion* of acting your *lovyer*, that is *croſſed* in *love*. There is but *one thing*, that is *more* to my *humour* than your tribulation lovyer. That is, your *tyrant*; your *thundering tyrant*. I

BOMBAST. could play you, for example, I could play you ſuch a tyrant as *Herricoles*[z], when he gets on the *brimſtone ſhirt*, and is all on *fire*, as the unlucky boys burn a great rat alive with ſpirits. And then, when he takes up little—what's his name[a] —to *ſquir* him off of the *cliff* into the *ſea*. *O*

RANT. *then* 'tis *fine*[b], "I'll *ſplit* the *raging rocks*; and "*ſhiv'ring ſhocks*, with *thund'ring knocks*, ſhall "*break* the *locks* of *priſon gates*. And *Febal's*[c] "*car* ſhall *ſhine* from *far*, and *kindle war*, with "many

[z] Hercules. [a] Lichas.

[b] This bombaſtic paſſage (probably intended to ridicule ſome play written in Shakeſpear's time) cannot be too much *mouthed* and *ranted*.

[c] Phœbus's.

" many a *ſcar*, and *make* and *mar* the *ſtubborn* " *fates.*" There is your right tragedy ſtuff, This is *Herricole's vein* to a *hair*. This is your only *true tyrant's vein*. Your *lovyer's vein* is more upon the *condoling* and *congratulating*. Now, *Peter Quince*, name the *reſt* of the *players*. APPLAUS: DIRECTING.

Quin. *Francis Flute, bellows-mender.* AUTHO.

Flute. *Here, Peter Quince.* AFFECTAT.

Quin. *Francis, you muſt take *Thiſby* on you. SMARTN.

Flute. † *What*, that is to be *Nick Bottom's* ſweetheart, and to have my *cloak worried alive* by the *great beaſt?* Why, *Peter*, I have a *beard* a coming. I ſhan't make a *clever woman*, as you may ſay, unleſs it were Mrs. *What d'ye call her*, Mrs. Tibby's *mother* or *aunt*. Has not the gentlewoman of the play a *mother*, or an *aunt*, that appears? * AUTH. † ENQU. DOUBT. ENQU.

Quin. *Yes*; but *you* muſt do *Thiſby*. You will do *Thiſby well enough*, man. You ſhall do it in a *maſk*. *Robin Starveling, taylor.* ENCOU. AUTHO.

Star. *Here, Peter Quince.* AFFECTAT.

Quin. § *You* muſt play *Pyramus's father*; *I* will play *Thiſby's father*; *Flute* muſt play *Thiſby*; and *Snowt Thiſby's mother*. *Simon Snug, joiner.* SMARTN. § AUTH.

Snug. *Here, Peter Quince.* AFFECTAT.

Quin. ‖ *Simon*, you muſt act the part of the *lion.* SMARTN. ‖ AUTH.

Snug. *Heh!* the part of the *lion*, do you ſay, Peter Quince? Why I never made a *beaſt* of my- ENQU.

ſelf in my *life*, but *now* and *then*, when I have drunk a *cup too much*.

ENCOU. Quin. *Pſhaw*, *pſhaw*, a *better man*, than *you or I either*, has been made a *beaſt* before *now*; ay, and a *horn'd beaſt* too. But the *lion* is a *royal beaſt*, the *king* of *beaſts*. So Simon you muſt play the part of the *lion*.

DOUBT. Snug. Well, but an it be a *long part*, I can't *remember* it; for I have but a *poor brain*. Let me ſee how many *pages*.

ENCOU. Quin. Why, Simon, it is not *written*. And, for the matter of that, you may do it *off hand*. It is nothing but *roaring*.

ADVISING. Bot. I'll tell you *what*, *Peter Quince*; you were better to let *me* act the part of the *lion*. *Simon Snug* is but a *hen-hearted* ſort of a fellow.

BOASTING. He won't roar you ſo loud as a *mouſe* in the hole in the *wall*. But, if you will let *me* play the part, I will make ſuch a *noiſe*, as ſhall do any man's heart *good* to hear me. I will roar, that the duke ſhall cry, *Encore*, *encore*, let him *roar*, let him *roar*, once *more*, once *more*.

CAUTIONING. Quin. But if you were *too terrible*, you might *frighten* the *ducheſs* and the *ladies*, that they would *ſhriek*, and that were enough to *hang us all*.

SELF-VINDICATION. Bot. *Ay*, if the ducheſs and the ladies were *frighted* out of their *wits*, to be ſure, perhaps, they might have *no more wit*, than to get us all *hang'd*:

hang'd: but do *you think*, Peter Quince, that I have no more *inhumanity* in my nature, than to *frighten* people? I would *reſtrain* and *aggravate* my voice, that I would roar you as *gentle* as any *ſucking dove*; I would roar you an it were any *nightingale*.

Quin. I *tell you*, Nick Bottom, hold your *tongue*, with your *roaring*, and ſet your heart at *reſt*. You ſhall play *nothing* but *Pyramus*. AUTH.

Bot. Well; if I *muſt*, I *muſt*. What cannot be *endur'd*, you *know*, muſt be *cur'd*. But what *beard* were I beſt to play it in? SUBMISSION. ENQU.

Quin. You muſt not have on a *grey* beard, you know; becauſe it will not look *natural* for a man with a *grey* beard to be acting the part of a *lovyer*. DIRECTING.

Bot. Why, *look you*, Maſter Peter Quince, I don't think it ſo very *unnatural* to ſee people, with grey beards, acting the part of *lovyers*; at leaſt, I am ſure, it had not *need* be *unnatural*; for it is *common* enough. But, howſomdever it will look a little unnatural, as you ſay, to ſee the *young woman*, Mrs. Tibby, *fondling* and looking *ſweet* upon a man with a *grey beard*. Wherefore, upon *minture liberation*, I will play it in a beard *black* as *jet*. SELF-VINDICATION.

Quin. *Here*, then, *Maſters*; take your parts, and *con* them over with as much *retention* as you can; that you may be ready to *rehearſe* by to-morrow *night*. EXHORT.

ENQU. Bot. But *where* muſt we *rehearſe*, Peter Quince?

APPREHENSION. Quin. Why, you know, if we ſhould go to rehearſe in a *garret*, or a malt-loft, we ſhould but draw a *mob*, and perhaps get ourſelves taken up

CONTRIV. for *cromancers*. Therefore we muſt go to the *palace wood*, and do it by *moonlight*. Then you know, we ſhall do it with *dacity* and *impoſure* of mind, when there is no body to *deplaud*, or to *hiſs*.

Bot. *Right*, Peter Quince. We will be *ready* for you. [Exeunt.]

XLV.

CHIDING.

The ſpeech of Hector to Paris, on his avoiding, on the field of battle, Menelaus, the huſband of Helen, whom he had decoyed from Sparta to Troy, which occaſioned the Trojan war. [*Pope*'s Hom. Il. III. v. 53.]

NARRATION. AS *godlike Hector* ſees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat.

REPROV. "*Unhappy Paris!* But to *women—brave!*
"So *fairly form'd*, and *only* to *deceive!*

VEXATION. "*Oh* hadſt thou *dy'd*, when firſt thou *ſaw'ſt* the
"*light*,
"Or dy'd *at leaſt* before the *nuptial rite!*

"A

" A *better fate*, than *vainly* thus to *boaſt* CONTEMPT.
" And *fly*, the *ſcandal* of the *Trojan hoſt*.
" *Gods!* how the *ſcornful Greeks exult* to ſee VEXATION.
" Their *fears* of *danger undeceiv'd* in *thee!*
" Thy *figure promis'd* with a *martial air*; CONTEMPT.
" But *ill* thy *ſoul* ſupplies a *form* ſo *fair*.
" In *former* days, in all thy *gallant pride*,
" When thy tall ſhips *triumphant ſtemm'd* the *tide*,
" When Greece beheld thy *painted canvas flow*,
" And *crowds* ſtood *wond'ring* at the *paſſing ſhow*;
" Say, was it *thus*, with ſuch a *baffled mien*,
" You met th' *approaches* of the *Spartan queen?* ENQU. with CONTEMPT.
" Thus from her *realm convey'd* the *beauteous prize*,
" And *both* her *warlike lords* [d] *outſhone* in *Helen's*
" *eyes?*
" This *deed*, thy *foes delight*, thy *own diſgrace*,
" Thy *father's grief*, and *ruin* of thy *race*,
" This *deed recalls* thee to the proffer'd *fight*;
" Or haſt thou *injur'd* whom thou *dar'ſt* not *right?* CHALLENGE.
" Soon to thy *coſt* his *ſword* would make thee
" *know*,
" Thou *keep'ſt* the *conſort* of a *braver foe*.
" Thy *graceful form*, inſtilling *ſoft deſire*,
" Thy *curling treſſes*, and thy *ſilver lyre*,
" *Beauty*, and *youth*—in *vain* to *theſe* you *truſt*, WARNING.
" When *youth* and *beauty* ſhall be *laid* in *duſt*.
" *Troy yet* may *wake*, and one *avenging blow* THREATENING.
" *Cruſh* the *dire author* of his *country's woe*."

[d] Theſeus, her firſt, and Menelaus, her ſecond huſband.

XLVI.

REMORSE. CONFESSION. VIRTUOUS RESOLUTION. AFFECTION. JOY. RAPTURE.

Scene between Sir Charles Eaſy and his lady (to whom he had been falſe) after his coming to underſtand, that his falſhood was known to her, though borne without the leaſt complaint, or outward appearance of diſſatisfaction, on her part.

SERIOUS CONVERS. Sir Ch. SIT *ſtill*, my dear—I want to *talk* with you—and, which you well may *wonder* at, what I have to ſay is of *importance* too. But it is in order to our *friendſhip*'s being upon a *better foot* hereafter, than it has been *hitherto*.

AFFEC. with SUBMIS. Lady Eaſy. Your behaviour to *me*, Sir Charles, has *always* been *friendly* and *loving*; nor can I charge you with a *look*, that ever had the *appearance* of *unkindneſs*.

COMPLIM. Sir Ch. The *perpetual ſpring* of your *good humour*, Madam, lets me draw *no merit* from what I have *appeared* to be. For you ſeem to be of a *temper* to *love*, or at leaſt to behave *kindly*, to your *huſband*, let his *character* be *what it will*. Yet I cannot, *even now*, reconcile, with your *good ſenſe*, your

your *venturing* upon *marriage* with a man of my *indolent character*.

Lad. Eaſy. I never thought it ſuch a *hazard*. And your having *never ſhewn*, even in the time of *courtſhip*, the *leaſt affectation* to be *any thing*, but what you was *by nature*; and your ſhewing, through that *careleſſneſs* of *temper*, an undeſigning *honeſty* of *mind*, which I ſuſpected a *want* of in *ſmoother behaviour*, *won* me by taking *no pains* to *win* me, and *pleaſed* and *courted* me by taking no *pains* to *pleaſe* or *court* me. I concluded, that *ſuch* a *temper* could never be *deliberately unkind*. Or, at the *worſt*, I hoped, that any *errors* which might ariſe from *want* of *thinking*, might be *borne*; and that *one moment's thought* would *end* them. Thus, Sir Charles, you ſee my *worſt* of *fears*. And *theſe*, weighed againſt the *hopes* I had of winning your *heart* (as you know, our ſex are not *too diffident* of the *power* of our own *charms*) were as *nothing*. SUBMISSIVE AFFECTION.

Sir Ch. My dear, your *underſtanding*, when I conſider my *own conduct*, *ſtartles* me; and makes my own look *deſpicable*. I *bluſh* to think, I have worn ſo valuable a *jewel* in my *boſom*, and, till *this hour*, have ſcarce had the *curioſity*, or rather the *common ſenſe*, to think of *looking* upon its *luſtre*. WONDER. SHAME.

Lad. Eaſy. You ſet too *high* a value, Sir Charles, on the *common qualities* of *harmleſſneſs* and *good-nature* in a *wife*. SELF-DENIAL.

PRAISE. Sir Ch. *Virtues*, like *benefits*, are *doubled* by
SHAME. being *modeſtly concealed*. And I confeſs, I *ſuſpect* you, Madam, of *virtues*, which, as much as they *exalt your character*, *diſgrace mine*.

APPREHEN. Lad. Eaſy. I don't *underſtand* you, Sir Charles.

TREPIDATION. Sir Ch. I muſt ſpeak *plainer* then – Be *free*, and tell me, *where* did you *leave* this *handkerchief*[c] *?*

START. Lad. Eaſy. *Ha!*

TENDERN. Sir Ch. What do you *ſtart* at? – *You* have
SHAME. *nothing* to be *troubled* about. — Would to *Heaven* I had as *little*. [Aſide.]

ANXIETY. Lad. Eaſy. I *cannot ſpeak*—and I could *wiſh* you would not *oblige* me—It is the *only* thing
INTREATING. I *ever refuſed* you—And, though I *cannot* give you a *reaſon*, why I *would* not ſpeak, yet I hope you will *excuſe* me, *without* a reaſon.

STINGING REMORSE. Sir Ch. *What* then! Does this *delicate creature ſcruple* to *accuſe* me of what I have *ſo little ſcrupled* to be *guilty of! Monſter!* To *injure ſuch goodneſs!* [Aſide.]

TENDERN. with ADMIR. *Well*, then *Madam*, your *will* ſhall be a *reaſon*. I will *urge* the *point* no *farther*. And, indeed, it would *ill become me*. Since you are ſo *generouſly tender* of *reproaching* me, I will *declare* to you, that what your *delicacy avoids charging* me with, that

[c] It was by the handkerchief, that he knew his baſeneſs was diſcovered by his lady.

that my *own reflection* bears *home* upon me with *tenfold force*. Your *heroic behaviour* has *wak'd* me to a *ſenſe* of your *diſquiet paſt*—diſquiet ſo *unworthily* cauſed by *me*—and—and—[heſitating through fullneſs of heart] ſo *nobly borne* by—her—who *leaſt deſerved* to be *forced* to bear it.—But, Madam,—[ſighing] if I *have* uſed you ill—I hope I have *ſentiment* enough *ſtill left* to ſecure you from *all fear* of my offending *hereafter*. As an *earneſt* of which, let me *beg* of you to *diſcharge* your *woman*.

REMORSE. VIRTUOUS RESOLUTION. INTREAT.

Lad. Eaſy. My *deareſt!* I *think* not of her. Your *tenderneſs overcomes* me. [Weeping.]

OVERPOWER.

Sir Ch. *Nay*, *ſurely*, you have no room to praiſe my *tenderneſs*. Such *tenderneſs*, as I have ſhewn to *worth* like *yours*, might—but I ſee you are in *pain* to give me this *confuſion*. I will not, therefore, increaſe *your uneaſineſs* by reflections on what *I have been*; but rather, reſerving them for my *private recollections*, try to *ſoothe* your *anguiſh* by the *proſpect* of *happineſs* to *come*—happineſs from my *recovery* to a *ſenſe* of your *inimitable excellence*, which hereafter I intend ſhall be the *buſineſs* and the *joy* of my *life* to *ſtudy*, and *admire*. *Expect*, then, thou *beſt* of *womankind*, from my *future affection*, all that can be *conceived* of *tender* and of *kind*. *Nothing*, you can *expect*, ſhall *come up* to what you ſhall *experience*; for *no tenderneſs* can equal your *deſervings* at the hands of ſuch a huſband

JOY. SELF-DENIAL. REMORSE. TENDERN. PROTEST. of AFFECT.

husband as I have *hitherto* been. *Receive* me, then, *entire* at *last*, and take what *no woman* ever *truly had*—*not* even your *incomparable self*—my *conquered heart*. [Embracing].

INEXPRESS. TRANS. of LOVE and JOY.

Lad. Ealy. O my *recovered*, my *almost lost*, my *inestimable jewel!*—My *husband!*—My *love!*—O *extasy* of *joy!*—*Too much* for *human nature!*—*Thus* to have *all* I *love* on *earth* come *voluntarily* and *unsolicited*, to *load* me with *kindness*, and *crown* me with *happiness!* What is the rapture of the *lover* sighing at our feet, to the *solid joy* of *receiving* the *relenting*, *returning husband!* O *dearest love! Be not* so *profusely kind.* O *Heaven! Teach* me to shew *gratitude suitable* to such a *blessing!*

PIOUS GRAT.

XLVII.

DISCONTENT. EXCITING. REPROACHING. PLOTTING.

The scene, in which Cassius excites Brutus to oppose Cæsar's power. [*Shakespear's* JUL. CÆS.]

DISCON.

Cas.—*HONOUR* is the *subject* of my *story*:
I cannot tell, what *you*, and *other* men
Think of this *life*, but for *my single self*,
I'd rather *sleep* i' th' *dust*, than live to be
CONTEMPT. In *awe* of *such* a thing as *I myself*.
PRIDE. I was born *free* as *Cæsar*. *So* were *you*.

We

We *both* have *fed* as *well*, and we can *both*
Endure the winter's *cold* as well as he.
For once, upon a *raw* and *guſty* day, — NARRAT. with CONT. QUEST.
The troubled Tiber *chaffing* with his *ſhores*,
Cæſar ſays to me, " *Dar'ſt* thou, Caſſius, now
" *Leap in* with me into this *angry flood*,
" And *ſwim* to yonder *point?*" Upon the *word*,
Accoutred as I *was*, [1] I *plunged in*,
And bad him *follow*; ſo indeed he *did*. — COURAGE.
The torrent *roar'd*, and we did *buffet* it
With *luſty ſinews*, *throwing* it *aſide*,
And *ſtemming* it with hearts of *controverſy*.
But ere we could *arrive* the point *propos'd*, — FEAR.
Cæſar cry'd, " *Help* me, Caſſius, or I *ſink*." — DISTRESS and INTREAT.
* Then, as *Æneas*, our great *anceſtor*, — * COURAGE.
Did from the *flames* of *Troy* upon his *ſhoulders*
The *old Anchiſes bear*, ſo, from the *waves* of *Tiber*,
Did I the *tired Cæſar*: † and *this man* — † WONDER.
Is *now* become a *god*, and *Caſſius* is
A *wretched creature*, and muſt *bend* his *body*, — CONTEMPT.
If *Cæſar* careleſsly but *nod* to him.
He had an *ague*, when he was in Spain, — NARRAT. with CONT.
And when the *fit* was on him, I did *mark*
How he did *ſhake*: 'tis *truth*, this *god* did *ſhake*;
His *coward lips* did from their *colour fly*,
And that ſame *eye*, whoſe *bend* doth *awe* the *world*, — RANT.
Did *loſe* its *luſtre*; I did *hear* him *groan*: — CONTEMPT.
Ay,

[1] This paſſage cannot be expreſſed with *life*, without ſomething of the *action* of *ſwimming*.

Ay, and that *tongue* of his, that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and *write* his *ſpeeches* in their *books*,
SICKNESS. *Alas*, it *cry'd*, "Give me ſome *drink*, Titinius,"—
WONDER. As a *ſick girl*. Ye *gods*, it doth *amaze* me,
A man of ſuch a *feeble* temper ſhould
So get the *ſtart* of the *majeſtic world*,
And bear the *palm alone*.
LISTEN. Bru. *Another* general *ſhout!*
WONDER. I do believe, that their *applauſes* are
DISCON. For ſome *new honours* that are *heap'd* on *Cæſar*.
RANT. Caſ. Why, *man*, he doth *beſtride* the *narrow world*
Like a *Coloſſus*, and we ſorry dwarfs
Walk under his *huge legs*, and *peep* about,
To find ourſelves *diſhonourable graves*.
REGRET. Men *ſometimes* have been *maſters* of their *fates*:
The *fault*, dear Brutus, *is not* in our *ſtars*,
But in *ourſelves*, that we are *underlings*.
EXCITING. *Brutus* and *Cæſar! what* ſhould be in that *Cæſar!*
Why ſhould that *name* be ſounded *more* than *yours*?
Write them *together*; *yours* is as *fair* a *name*;
Sound them; it doth *become* the *mouth* as *well*;
Weigh them; it is as *heavy*; *conjure* with them;
Brutus will *ſtart* a *ghoſt* as *ſoon* as *Cæſar*.
WONDER. Now in the *names* of *all* the *gods* at *once*,
Upon what *meat* doth this our *Cæſar* feed,
* CONTEMPT. That he is grown ſo *great*? * *Age* thou art *ſham'd*;
Rome, thou haſt *loſt* the *breed* of *noble bloods*.
When went there by an age, ſince the *Sun ſhone*,
But it was fam'd with more than *one* man?
When could *they* ſay, 'till *now*, who talk'd of *Rome*,

That

That her *wide walls* incompaſs'd but *one man?*
Oh! you and *I* have heard our *fathers* ſay, EXCITING.
There *was* a *Brutus once*, that would have *brook'd*
A *whip-gall'd ſlave* to *lord* it over *Rome*
As *ſoon* as this dread *Cæſar.*

Bru. [g] That you do *love* me, I am *nothing jealous*; APPROBATION.
What you would *work* me to, I have *ſome aim*; SERIOUS CONSIDERATION.
How I have *thought* of this, and of *theſe times*,
I ſhall *recount hereafter.* For this *preſent*,
I *would* not (ſo with *love* I might intreat you)
Be any *farther mov'd.* What you have *ſaid*, PLOTTING.
I will *conſider*; what you *have* to *ſay*,
I will with *patience hear*, and find a *time*
Both *meet* to *hear*, and *anſwer* ſuch *high things.*
Till then, my *noble friend*, *chew* upon *this*;
Brutus——had rather be a *Lybian*, DISCONTENT.
Than to repute himſelf a *ſon* of *Rome*,
Under ſuch *hard conditions*, as *this time*
Is like to *lay upon us.* [Exeunt.]

[g] The character of Brutus being *cool courage*, his ſpeech is to be expreſſed *accordingly.*

XLVIII.

JOY. TROUBLE. FLATTERY. DARING. FEAR. ROMANTIC IMAGINATION.

Eve's account of her troubleſome Dream. [PARAD. LOST. B. V. v. 28.]

JOY and LOVE. O *Sole* in whom my thoughts find *all repoſe*,
My *glory*, *my perfection!* *Glad* I ſee
DISAGREEABLE REMEMB. Thy *face*, and morn return'd. For I this night
(*Such* night till *this* I *never paſs'd*) have *dream'd*—
[h] *If dream'd*—*not* as I *oft* am *wont*, of *thee*;
Works of day *paſt*; or *morrow*'s next *deſign*;
But of *offence*, and *trouble*, which my mind
Knew *never* till this *irkſome night*. Methought,
Cloſe at mine *ear* one call'd me *forth* to *walk*,
With *gentle voice*. I thought it *thine*. It ſaid,
WHEED. "*Why* ſleep'ſt thou, *Eve?* Now is the *pleaſant*
" time,
PLEASING DESCRIPTION. " The *cool*, the *ſilent*, ſave where ſilence yields
" To the night *warbling bird*, that now awake,
" Tunes *ſweeteſt* his *love-laboured ſong*; now *reigns*
" *Full-orb'd* the *moon*, and with more *pleaſing light*
" *Shadowy* ſets *off* the face of *things*. [i] In *vain*,
" If

[h] " *If dream'd.*" The impreſſion being ſo ſtrong, that ſhe was in doubt, whether it was a dream, or a reality.

[i] " In *vain*," &c. The pupil muſt be told, that this means, " No matter whether any *earthly* creature is awake " to admire your beauty."

" If *none regards.* *Heav'n wakes* with *all* his *eyes,* FLATTERY.
" *Whom* to behold but *thee, nature's deſire?*
" In whoſe *ſight all things joy* with *raviſhment,*
" *Attracted* by thy *beauty—ſtill to gaze.*"
I *roſe,* as at *thy call*; but *found* thee *not.* NARRATION.
To *find* thee I *directed* then my *walk*;
And on, methought, *alone* I paſs'd through *ways,*
That brought me on a *ſudden* to the *tree* APPREHENSION.
Of *interdicted knowledge.* Fair it ſeem'd,
Much fairer to my *fancy,* than by *day:* WONDER.
And as I *wond'ring look'd, beſide it* ſtood
One *ſhap'd* and *wing'd* like *one* of *thoſe* from *Heav'n*
By us *oft ſeen*; his dewy *locks diſtill'd*
Ambroſia. On that tree *he alſo* gaz'd;
And, " O *fair plant,*" ſaid he, " with *fruit ſur-* PLEASURE and
" *charg'd,* DESIRE.
" Deigns *none* to *eaſe* thy *load,* and *taſte* thy *ſweet,*
" Nor *god,* nor *man?* Is *knowledge ſo deſpis'd?* ENQU.
" Or *envy,* or *what reſerve forbids* to *taſte?*
" *Forbid* who *will, none* ſhall from *me* withhold RESOLUTION.
" Longer thy *offer'd good, why elſe ſet here?*"
This ſaid, he *paus'd not,* but with *vent'rous arm* FEAR.
He *pluck'd,* he *taſted.* Me *damp horror* chill'd
At ſuch *bold words,* vouch'd with a *deed ſo bold.*
But he thus *overjoyed,* " *O fruit divine,* JOY.
" *Sweet* of *thyſelf,* but much *more ſweet* thus *cropt*;
" *Forbidden* here, it ſeems as only *fit*
" For *gods*; yet able to make *gods* of *men:*
" And why not *gods* of *men,* ſince *good,* the *more*
" *Communicated, more abundant* grows,

" The

" The Author *not impair'd*, but *honour'd more?*
INVITING. " *Here, happy creature! fair, angelic Eve!*
" *Partake thou alſo*; *happy* though thou *art*,
FLATT. " *Happier* thou *may'ſt be*; *worthier canſt not* be:
TEMPTING. " *Taſte this*, and be henceforth among the *gods*,
" *Thyſelf* a *goddeſs*, not to *earth* confin'd,
" But ſometimes in the *air*, as *we*; ſometimes
" *Aſcend* to *Heav'n*, by merit *thine*, and ſee
" What *life* the *gods* live *there*, and *ſuch live thou.*"
FEAR. So ſaying, he drew *nigh*, and to me *held*,
Ev'n to my *mouth* of that *ſame fruit* held *part*,
RISING DESIRE. Which he had *pluck'd*. The *pleaſant*, *ſav'ry ſmell*
So *quicken'd appetite*, that I, methought,
Could not but *taſte*. Forthwith up to the clouds
ROMANTIC IMAGINAT. With him I *flew*, and underneath *beheld*
The *earth* outſtretch'd *immenſe*, a proſpect *wide*
And *various*. *Wond'ring* at my *flight* and *change*
To this *high exaltation*; *ſuddenly*
My *guide* was *gone*, and I, methought, *ſunk down*,
JOY. And *fell aſleep*. But *O how glad* I *wak'd*
To find this but a *dream*.

XLIX.

ANGUISH followed by TRANSPORT.

The ſcene of Indiana's being found to be Mr. Sealand's daughter. [CONSC. LOV.]

Ind. I AM told, Sir, you come about *buſineſs*, which requires your ſpeaking with *me*. CIVILITY.

Seal. *Yes*, Madam. There came to my hands a bill drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is payable *to-morrow*; and as I have *caſh* of his, I have made bold to bring you the money *myſelf*.—A—a—a— CONFUSION and, to be *free*, Madam, the *fame* of your *beauty*, and the *regard* which Mr. Bevil is but *too well known* to have for you, excited my *curioſity*.

Ind. *Too well known* to have for *me!* Your ſober *appearance*, Sir, made me expect no *rudeneſs*, or *abſurdity* from you—*Who waits?*—Sir, if you pay the money to a *ſervant*, it will be as *well*. [Going.] OFFEN

Seal. *Pray*, Madam, be not *offended*. I came hither with an *innocent*, nay, a *virtuous* deſign. And, if you will have patience to *hear* me, it may be of *ſervice* to *you*, as well as to my *only daughter*, on *whoſe account* I *come*, and whom I was *this day* to *diſpoſe* of. APOLOGY.

Ind. [Aſide.] In *marriage* with Mr. *Bevil*, I fear. What I *dreaded* is *come*. But I muſt APPREHENS

RECOLLECT *compoſe* myſelf, if *poſſible*. [To him.] Sir, you may *ſuppoſe* I ſhall *deſire* to *know any thing*, which may be intereſting to Mr. *Bevil*, or to *myſelf*. As

CONFU. *appearances* are *againſt* me with regard to his *behaviour*, I ought to *forgive* your *ſuſpicion*, Sir. Be

APOL. *free* then; I am *compoſed* again. *Go on*, Sir.

WOND. with DISAP. Seal. I *feared*, indeed, an *unwarranted paſſion* here. But I could not have thought *any man* capable of *abuſing ſo much lovelineſs* and *worth*, as your *appearance*, and *behaviour*, *beſpeak*. But the youth of *our age* care not *what excellence* they *deſtroy*, ſo they can but *gratify* ——

VINDIC. Ind. [Interrupting.] Sir, you are going into very *great errors*. But pleaſe to *keep* your *ſuſpicions*, and acquaint me, *why* the *care* of your *daughter* obliges a perſon, of your *ſeeming rank*, to be thus *inquiſitive* about a *wretched*, *helpleſs*, *friendleſs*—[Weeps.] I *beg* your *pardon*, good Sir,

ENQU. with APPREHENS

DISTR.

APOL. —I am an *orphan*, who can call *nothing* in this *world* my *own*, but my *virtue*—*Pray*, *good Sir*, *go on*.

PITY with DISAP. Seal. *How* could Mr. Bevil *think* of injuring ſuch *ſweetneſs!*

VINDIC. Ind. You *wrong* him, Sir. *He never* thought

PRAISE. of *injuring* me. His *bounty* he beſtows for my ſupport, *merely* for the *pleaſure* of doing *good*. *You* are the *gentleman*, I ſuppoſe, for whoſe *happy daughter* he is *deſigned* by his *worthy father*; and

ENQU. with APPREHENS he has *conſented*, perhaps, to the *propoſal*.

Seal.

Seal. I own, ſuch a *match* was *propoſed*; but it *ſhall not proceed*, unleſs I am *ſatisfied*, that *your connexion* with him may be *conſiſtent* with it. CAUT. RESOL.

Ind. It is *only*, Sir, from his *actions* and his *looks*, that I have had *any reaſon* to flatter myſelf into the notion of his having *any particular affection* for *me*. From *them*, I own, I was led into the *hope* of what I *earneſtly wiſhed*, that he had *thoughts* of making me the *partner* of his *heart*. But *now* I find my *fatal miſtake*. The *goodneſs* and *gentleneſs* of his *demeanour*, with the *richneſs* of his *benevolence*, made me *miſinterpret all*——'Twas my *own hope*, my *own paſſion*, that *deluded* me—*He never* made *one amorous advance* to me—His *generous heart* and *liberal hand* meant *only* to help the *miſerable*. And I—O *fool* that I was! —I *fondly* ſuffered myſelf to be drawn into *imaginations too high*, and *too ambitious* for my *lowly wretchedneſs*—Oh—oh—oh! DISTRESS. SELF-COND.

[Weeping.]

Seal. Make yourſelf *eaſy*, Madam, upon the ſcore of *my daughter*, at *leaſt*. The *connection* between Mr. *Bevil* and *her* is not gone *ſo far* as to render it *neceſſary* that *your peace* ſhould be *deſtroyed* by ſuch a *marriage*. *Depend* upon it, Madam, *my daughter* ſhall *never* be the cauſe of your *diſappointment*. COMFORT.

Ind. Sir, your ſpeaking ſo, makes me ſtill *more wretched*. Shall *I be the cauſe* of *injury* to my *noble benefactor*? Shall I, who have *no pre-* DISTRESS HEIGHTENED.

tenſions to him, be the *hindrance* of *his happineſs?*

PERSU. *Heaven forbid! No*, Sir; *give* your *daughter* to the *worthieſt* of *men*. *Give* her to my *generous Bevil*—

DISTR. with GRAT. *They* may be *happy*, though *I ſhould* run *diſtracted*. And, whilſt I *preſerve* my *ſenſes*, I will *weary Heaven* with my *prayers* for their *felicity*.

DISTR. As for my *own fate*, it is likely to *hold on* as it

LAMEN. *begun*, a *ſeries* of *wretchedneſs*—'Twas *Heaven's high will* that I *ſhould* be *wretched*—Taken *captive* in my *cradle*——*toſſed* on the *ſeas*——there *deprived* of my *mother*—that I ſhould only *hear* of my *father*; but *never ſee* him——that I ſhould then be *adopted* by a *ſtranger*——then *loſe* my *adopter*——that I ſhould then be delivered from the very *jaws* of *poverty* by the moſt *amiable* of *mankind*—that I ſhould give my *fond unthinking heart* to this moſt *charming* of his *ſex*—and that he ſhould *diſappoint all* my *romantic hopes*, without leaving me the *right*, or the *pretence* of blaming *any one*, but *myſelf*. For, oh, I *cannot reproach* him, though his friendly hand, that *raiſed* me to this *height*, now throws me *down* the *precipice*. Oh! [Weeping.]

COMF. Seal. *Dear lady! Compoſe* yourſelf to *patience*, if *poſſible*. My heart *bleeds* for your *diſtreſs*——

PITY. And there is ſomething in your very *ſtrange ſtory*,

ENQU. that *reſembles*—Does Mr. *Bevil know* your *hiſtory particularly?*

LAMEN. Ind. *All* is *known* to him *perfectly*. And it is my *knowledge* of what I was by *birth*, and what I

ſhould

ſhould be now, that *embitters all* my *miſery*. I'll *tear* away *all traces* of my *former ſelf*; all that can put me in mind of what I was *born to*, and am *miſerably fallen* from. [In her diſorder ſhe throws away her bracelet, which Mr. Sealand takes up, and looks earneſtly on it.] FRENZ.

Seal. *Ha!* what *means this? Where am I?* It is the *ſame!* the very *bracelet* which my *wife wore* at our laſt *mournful parting*. AMAZE.

Ind. *What ſaid* you, Sir? *Your wife! What* may this *mean?* That *bracelet* was my *mother's*. But *your* name is *Sealand*. *My* loſt *father's name* was—— RECOLLECT TREPIDATION.

Seal. [Interrupting.] *Danvers*, was it not?

Ind. What *new amazement! That was* his *name*. AMAZE.

Seal. *I am* the *true* Mr. *Danvers*, though I have *changed* my *name* to *Sealand*——*O my child, my child!* [Catching Indiana in his arms.] JOY.

Ind. *All-gracious Heaven!* Is it *poſſible?* Do I embrace my *father?*

Seal. O my *child*, my *child!* My *ſweet girl!* My *loſt Indiana! Reſtor'd* to me as from the *dead!* I now ſee every *feature* of thy *lamented mother* in thy *lovely countenance!* O *Heaven!* how are our *ſorrows paſt o'erpaid* by ſuch a *meeting!* To find thee *thus*, to have it in my power to *beſtow thee* on thy *noble lover*, with a *fortune* not beneath his *acceptance*. RAPTURE.

Ind. O it is *more like* a *dream* than *reality!* Have I then a *father's ſanction* to my *love!* *His bounteous hand* to *give*, and make my *heart* a *preſent worthy* of my *generous Bevil?*

Seal. Let us ſend *immediately* to him, and inform him of this *wondrous turn*; which ſhews, that

What'er the gen'rous mind *itſelf denies*,
The ſecret care of *Providence ſupplies.*

L.

REPROOF.

Calliſthenes's honeſt ſpeech in reproof of Cleon's flattery to Alexander, on whom Cleon wanted divinity to be conferred by vote. [Q. CURT. VIII.]

DISPLEAS. IF the *king* were *preſent*, Cleon, there would be *no need* of *my anſwering* to what you have *juſt*

REPROOF. *propoſed.* He would *himſelf reprove you* for endeavouring to draw him into an *imitation* of *foreign abſurdities*, and for bringing *envy* upon him by ſuch *unmanly flattery.* As he is *abſent*, I take upon me to *tell you* in his *name*, that no praiſe is *laſting*, but what is *rational*; and that you do what you can to *leſſen* his glory, inſtead of *adding* to it. *Heroes* have never, *among us*, been *deified*, till after their *death.* And, whatever may

may be *your* way of thinking, Cleon, for *my part*, I wiſh the king may not, for *many years* to come, *obtain* that *honour*. You have mentioned, as *precedents* of what you *propoſe*, *Hercules* and *Bacchus*. Do you *imagine*, Cleon, that they were *deified* over a cup of *wine?* And are *you* and *I* qualified to make *gods?* Is the king, our *ſovereign*, to receive his *divinity* from *you* and *me*, who are his *ſubjects?* Firſt *try* your *power*, whether you can make a *king*. It is, ſurely, *eaſier* to make a *king* than a *god*; to give an *earthly dominion* than a *throne* in *Heaven*. † I only wiſh that the gods may have heard, without *offence*, the *arrogant* propoſal you have made, of *adding one* to their number; and that they may ſtill be ſo *propitious* to us, as to grant the *continuance* of that *ſucceſs* to our *affairs*, with which they have hitherto *favoured* us. * For *my part*, I am *not aſhamed* of my *country*; nor do I approve of our *adopting* the *rites* of *foreign nations*, or learning from *them* how we ought to *reverence* our *kings*. To receive *laws*, or rules of conduct, from *them*, what is it, but to confeſs *ourſelves inferior* to *them?*

REMON.

CHALLENGE.

† APPREHENS.

* HONEST PRIDE.

LI.

INCULCATING. COMMANDING. INTREATING. WARNING.

The dying charge of Micipſa, king of Numidia, to Jugurtha, whom he had adopted, and made joint-heir to his kingdom, with his two ſons Adherbal and Hiempſal.

EXCITING TO GRATITUDE.

YOU *know*, Jugurtha, that I *received* you under my *protection* in your *early youth*, when left a *helpleſs*, and *hopeleſs orphan*. I advanced you to *high honours* in my *kingdom*; in the full *aſſurance* that you would prove *grateful* for my *kindneſs* to you; and that, if I came to have *children* of my own, you would ſtudy to *repay* to *them* what you *owed* to *me*. Hitherto I have had *no reaſon* to *repent* of my *favours* to you. For, to *omit* all *former* inſtances of your *extraordinary merit*, your *late behaviour* in the *Numantian war* has reflected upon *me*, and *my kingdom*, a *new* and *diſtinguiſhed* glory. You have, by your *valour*, rendered the *Roman commonwealth*, which *before* was *well affected* to our intereſt, much *more friendly*. In *Spain*, you have *raiſed* the *honour* of my *name* and *crown*. And you have *ſurmounted* what is juſtly reckoned one of the *greateſt difficulties*;

COMMENDATION.

ties; having, by your *merit*, *ſilenced envy*. My *diſſolution* ſeems now to be *faſt approaching*. I therefore *beſeech* and *conjure* you, my *dear Jugurtha*, by *this right hand*; by the *remembrance* of my *paſt kindneſs* to you; by the *honour* of my *kingdom*, and by the *majeſty* of the *gods*; be *kind* to my two *ſons*, whom *my favour* to *you* has made your *brothers*; and *do not think* of forming a *connexion* with *any ſtranger* to the *prejudice* of your *relations*. It is not by *arms*, nor by *treaſures*, that a *kingdom* is *ſecured*, but by *well affected ſubjects* and *allies*. And it is by *faithful* and *important ſervices* that *friendſhip* (which neither *gold* will *purchaſe*, nor *arms extort*) is *ſecured*. But *what friendſhip* is more *perfect* than that which ought to obtain between *brothers*? *What fidelity* can be expected among *ſtrangers*, if it is *wanting* among *relations*? The *kingdom*, I *leave* you, is in *good condition*, if you *govern* it *properly*; if *otherwiſe*, it is *weak*. For by *agreement*, a *ſmall* ſtate *increaſes*: by *diviſion*, a *great* one goes to *ruin*. It will lie upon *you*, Jugurtha, who are come to *riper years*, than your *brothers*, to provide, that no *miſconduct* produce any *bad effect*. And if any *difference* ſhould ariſe between *you* and your *brothers*, (which may the *gods avert!*) the *public* will *charge you*, however *innocent* you may be, as the *aggreſſor*, becauſe your *years* and *abilities* give you the *ſuperiority*. But I *firmly perſuade* myſelf, that

INTREAT.

WARNING.

TEACHING.

REMON.

WARNING.

INCULCAT.

DEVOT.

HOPE.

you

you will treat *them* with *kindneſs*, and that *they* will honour and eſteem *you*, as your *diſtinguiſhed virtue* deſerves.

LII.

DRUNKENNESS[k].

[*Shakeſpear's* OTHELLO.]

Caſſio. I'LL be ha—[hiccoughs] I'll be ha—hang'd, if theſe fellows han't given me a fil — a fil— a fillip on the brain-pan———a little one.

Montano. Why, good maſter lieutenant, we are not beyond pints a-piece as I'm a ſo— as I'm a ſo— as I'm a ſoldier. And that is a ſhallow brain-pan, which will not hold a poor pint of good liquor.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Sings.]

And let me the cannakin clink, clink,
And let me the cannakin clink.

A ſoldier's

[k] It may, perhaps, ſeem ſtrange to ſome, that ſuch a leſſon as this ſhould have a place. But, beſides the diverſion of ſeeing drunkenneſs well imitated, the moral is good. For this very frolick coſt Caſſio his place.

It is needleſs to mark the emphatical words in this paſſage. For drunkenneſs deſtroys all emphaſis and propriety.

A ſoldier's a man, and man's life's but a ſpan,
Why then let a ſoldier have drink, drink,
Why then let a ſoldier have drink.
Some wine, boy!

Caſſio. I'll be ſhot for a cow— for a cow— for a coward, if that ben't an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learnt it in England, where indeed they are moſt potent at the pot. Your Dane, your German, and your ſwag-belly'd Hollander, are nothing to your freeborn Engliſhman. Did you ever hear an Engliſhman reckon up the privileges he has by birth-right?

Caſſio. No, good Iago. What are they, pray?

Iago. Why, to ſay what he pleaſes of the government; to eat more roaſt beef, and drink more port, than any three ſubjects of any other country; and to do whatever he pleaſes, whereever he is. Therefore he raves at the beſt king, while your Frenchman worſhips the worſt; he breaks this week, the law he voted for laſt week; and in all countries, he is winked at, when he does what would ſend a native to a mad-houſe; he eats you up the whole ox in leſs time than your Frenchman ſwills the ſoup he makes of the ſhins; and as to drinking, he lays you France, Auſtria, and Ruſſia, among the table's feet, with nomore conſcience at the tavern, than in the field of battle.

Caſſio. Here is our noble ge— our noble ge— our noble general's health for ever.

Montano. Ay, ay, good maſter lieutenant, and as much longer as you pleaſe.

Iago. O ſweet England!

King Stephen was an a worthy peer,
His breeches coſt him a whole crown;
He held them ſixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd his taylor lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride, that pulls the country down.
So take thy old cloke about thee.

LIII.

VEXATION. SPITEFUL JOY.

The ſcene between Shylock and Tubal. [*Shakeſp.* MERCH. OF VEN[1].]

QUEST. with ANXIETY.

Shyl. *HOW now, Tubal,* what *news* from *Genoa?* Have you heard any thing of my *backſliding daughter?*

Tub.

[1] The pupil muſt, if he does not know it, be told a little of the plot, viz. That Shylock had ſent Tubal in ſearch of his daughter, whom his ill uſage, and the importunity of her lover, had occaſioned to elope from his houſe. And that Antonio

Tub. I often *came* where I *heard* of her; but *could not find* her. DISAPP.

Shyl. Why, *there*, *there*, *there*! *A diamond gone*, that coſt me *two thouſand ducats* at Frankfort! The *curſe* never fell upon our *nation* till now. I *never felt* it *before*. *Two thouſand ducats* in that, and other *precious precious jewels*! I wiſh ſhe lay *dead* at my *foot*, with the *jewels* in her *ear*. I would ſhe were *hears'd* with the *ducats* in her *coffin*. *No news* of them! And I *know not what ſpent* in the *ſearch*. *Loſs* upon *loſs*. The *thief* gone with *ſo much*; and *ſo much* to *find* the *thief*; and *no ſatisfaction*, *no revenge*, *no ill luck* ſtirring, but what lights on *my ſhoulders*; *no ſighs*, but o' *my breathing*; *no tears*, but o' *my ſhedding*. VEXATION. EXECRAT. VEXATION.

Tub. *Yes*, *other* men have *ill luck too*. *Antonio*, as I heard in Genoa——— NARRATION

Shyl. *What!* Has *he* had *ill luck?* [Earneſtly.] SPITEF. JOY.

Tub. Has had a *ſhip caſt away* coming from *Tripoli*. NARRATION

Shyl. *Thank God*; *thank God*. † Is it *true?* Is it *true?* SPITEF. JOY. † QUES.

Tub. I *ſpoke* with ſome of the *ſailors*, that *'ſcaped* from the *wreck*. NARRATION

Shyl.

Antonio was a merchant, mortally hated by Shylock, who had borrowed a ſum of money of Shylock on the terms of his forfeiting a pound of his fleſh, wherever Shylock pleaſed to cut it, in caſe of his failing to diſcharge the debt on the day it was due.

SPITEF. JOY. *QUEST. Shyl. I *thank* thee, *good Tubal, good news, good news.* * *What* in *Genoa*, you ſpoke with them?

NARRATION Tub. Your daughter *ſpent*, in Genoa, as I heard, in *one night, twenty ducats.*

ANGU. Shyl. Thou ſtick'ſt a *dagger* in me. I ſhall *never* ſee my *gold again. Twenty ducats* at a *ſitting*; *Twenty ducats!*——*O father Abraham!*

NARRATION Tub. There came divers of Antonio's *creditors* in my company to Venice, that ſay, he *cannot but break.*

SPITEF. JOY. Shyl. I'm *glad* of it. I'll *plague* him. I'll *torture* him. I'm *glad* of it.

NARRATION Tub. One of them ſhewed me a *ring* he had of your daughter for a *Monkey.*

ANGU. Shyl. *Out upon her!* Thou *tortureſt* me, Tubal. It was my *ruby.* I had it of *Leah.* I would not have given it for as *many monkeys* as could ſtand together upon the *Rialto.*

NARRAT. Tub. Antonio is *certainly undone.*

SPITEF. JOY. || DIREC. *CRUEL RESOL. Shyl. *Ay, ay*, there is *ſome comfort* in that. || *Go*, Tubal, *fee* me an *officer*; *beſpeak* him to be *ready.* * I will be *revenged* on Antonio. I will *waſh* my *hands*, to the *elbows*, in his *heart's blood.*

[Exit.]

LIV.

SELF-VINDICATION. REPROOF.

The ſpeech of C. Marius to the Romans, ſhewing the abſurdity of their heſitating to confer on him the rank of general in the expedition againſt Jugurtha, merely on account of his extraction. [*Saluſt.* BELL. JUGURTHIN.]

[m]IT is but *too common*, my countrymen, to obſerve a *material difference*, between the behaviour of thoſe, who ſtand *candidates* for places of power and truſt, *before*, and *after* their obtaining them. They *ſolicit* them in *one* manner, and *execute* them in *another*. * They ſet out with a great appearance of *activity*, *humility*, and *moderation*; † and they quickly fall into *ſloth*, *pride*, and *avarice*. It is, undoubtedly, *no eaſy matter* to diſcharge, to the *general* ſatisfaction, the duty of a ſupreme commander in *troubleſome times*. I am, I hope, *duly ſenſible* of the *importance* of the *office* I propoſe to take upon me, for the ſervice of *my country*. [n]To carry on, with

EXPLAINING.

* SNEER.

† REPR.

HUMILITY.

ANXIETY.

[m] This ſpeech *begins calm* and *cool*. See *Tranquillity*, p. 14. *Teaching*, p. 19, &c.

[n] "To carry on," &c. The *antitheſes*, in this ſentence, muſt be carefully *marked* in pronouncing it.

with *effect*, an *expenſive* war, and yet be *frugal* of the public money; to *oblige* thoſe to *ſerve*, whom it may be *delicate* to *offend*; to conduct, at the ſame time, a *complicated variety* of operations; to concert meaſures at *home* anſwerable to the ſtate of things *abroad*; and to gain every valuable end, in ſpite of *oppoſition* from the *envious*, the *factious*, and the *diſaffected*; to do all this, my countrymen, is *more difficult* than is *generally* thought. And, beſides the diſadvantages, which are common to *me* with all *others* in eminent ſtations, *my*

CONTEMPT. *caſe* is, in *this reſpect*, *peculiarly hard*; that, whereas a commander of *patrician* rank, if he is guilty of a neglect, or breach of duty, has his great *connections*, the *antiquity* of his *family*, the important *ſervices* of his *anceſtors*, and the *multitudes* he has by *power* engaged in his *intereſt*, to *ſcreen* him

SELF-DEFEN. from condign *puniſhment*: *my whole ſafety* de-

ANXIETY. pends upon *myſelf*; which renders it the more *indiſpenſably neceſſary* for me to take care, that my conduct be *clear* and *unexceptionable*. Beſides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the *public* is upon me; and that, though the *impartial*, who prefer the *real advantage* of the commonwealth *to all other* conſiderations, favour

PROMISING. *my pretenſions*, the patricians want *nothing ſo much* as an *occaſion* againſt me. It is, therefore, my *fixed reſolution*, to uſe my *beſt* endeavours, that *you* be not *diſappointed* in me, and that *their*

indirect

indirect *deſigns* againſt me may be *defeated*. I have, from my *youth*, been *familiar* with *toils*, and with *dangers*. I was *faithful* to your intereſt, my countrymen, when I ſerved you for *no reward* but that of *honour*. It is not my deſign to *betray* you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of *profit*. You have committed to *my conduct* the *war* againſt *Jugurtha*. The patricians are *offended* at this. But where would be the wiſdom of giving ſuch a command to one of *their* honourable body, a perſon of *illuſtrious birth*, of *ancient family*, of *innumerable ſtatues*, but—of *no experience*. What *ſervice* would his long line of *dead anceſtors*, or his multitude of *motionleſs ſtatues*, do his country in the day of *battle?* What could *ſuch* a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourſe to ſome *inferior* commander, for *direction* in *difficulties*, to which he was not *himſelf equal?* Thus, your *patrician general* would, in fact, have a *general over him*; ſo that, the *acting* commander would *ſtill* be a *plebeian*. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have *myſelf* known thoſe, who have been choſen conſuls, *begin then* to read the *hiſtory* of their *own country*, of which till *that time*, they were *totally ignorant*; that is, they *firſt obtained* the employment, and *then* bethought themſelves of the *qualifications neceſſary* for the proper *diſcharge* of it. I ſubmit to *your* judgment, Ro-

SELF-DEFENCE.

GRATITUDE.

CONTEMPT.

RESP.

O mans,

mans, on *which ſide* the advantage lies, when a compariſon is made between *patrician haughtineſs*
CONTEMPT. and *plebeian experience*. The very *actions*, which *they* have only *read*, *I* have partly *ſeen*, and partly *myſelf atchieved*. What *they* know by *reading*, *I* know by *action*. *They* are pleaſed to *ſlight my* mean *birth*: *I deſpiſe their* mean *characters*. Want of *birth* and *fortune* is the objection againſt *me*:
QUEST. Want of *perſonal worth* againſt *them*. But are not *all* men of the *ſame* ſpecies? What can make a *difference* between one man and another, but the *endowments* of the *mind*? For my part, I ſhall always look upon the *braveſt* man as the *nobleſt*
CONTEMPT. man. Suppoſe it were enquired of the fathers of ſuch patricians, as *Albinus* and *Beſtia*, whether, if they had their choice, they would deſire *ſons* of *their* character or of *mine*; what would they anſwer; but that they ſhould wiſh the *worthieſt*
ARGU. with REPR. ANTITH. to be their ſons? If the patricians have *reaſon* to deſpiſe *me*, let them likewiſe *deſpiſe* their *anceſtors*, whoſe *nobility* was the *fruit* of their *virtue*. Do they *envy* the *honours* beſtowed upon me? Let them *envy* likewiſe my *labours*, my *abſtinence*, and the *dangers* I have undergone for my country;
CONTEMPT. by *which* I have *acquired* them. But thoſe *worthleſs men* lead ſuch a life of *inactivity*, as if they *deſpiſed* any *honours* you can beſtow; whilſt they *aſpire* to *honours*, as if they had *deſerved* them by the moſt *induſtrious virtue*. They arrogate the

rewards

rewards of *activity* for their having enjoyed the *pleaſures* of *luxury*. Yet none can be more *laviſh* than they are in *praiſe* of their *anceſtors*. And they imagine they honour *themſelves* by *celebraing* their *forefathers*. Whereas they do the *very contrary*. For, by how much their *anceſtors* were *diſtinguiſhed* for their *virtues*, by ſo much are *they diſgraced* by their *vices*. The glory of *anceſtors* caſts a *light*, indeed, upon their *poſterity*: but it only ſerves to ſhew *what* the *deſcendants are*. It *alike* exhibits to public *view* their *degeneracy* and their *worth*. I own, I cannot boaſt of the deeds of my *forefathers*: but I hope I may anſwer the cavils of the patricians by ſtanding up in defence of what I have *myſelf* done. Obſerve now, my countrymen, the *injuſtice* of the patricians. They arrogate to *themſelves* honours on account of the exploits done by their *forefathers*, whilſt they will not allow *me* the due praiſe for performing the very ſame ſort of actions in my *own perſon*. "He has no *ſtatues*," they cry, "of "his *family*. He can trace no venerable *line* of "*anceſtors*."—*What* then! Is it matter of more praiſe to *diſgrace* one's illuſtrious *anceſtors* than to *become illuſtrious* by his *own* good behaviour? *What* if I can ſhew no *ſtatues* of my *family*? I can ſhew the *ſtandards*, the *armour*, and the *trappings*, which I have *myſelf taken* from the *van-*

LAUD. PRIDE°.

ARGU. with CONT.

AFFECTATION.

COUR.

CONT.

SELF-VINDICATION.

° LAUD. PRIDE. See *Courage*, p. 18.

quiſhed: I can ſhew the ſcars of thoſe *wounds*, which I received by *facing* the enemies of my

CONT. *country*. *Theſe* are *my ſtatues*. *Theſe* are the *honours I boaſt* of; not left me by *inheritance*, as *theirs*; but earned by *toil*, by *abſtinence*, by *valour*, amidſts *clouds* of *duſt*, and *ſeas* of *blood*; ſcenes of action, where thoſe *effeminate patricians*, who endeavour, by indirect means, to *depreciate me* in your *eſteem*, have never *dared* to *ſhew* their *faces*.

LV.

PLOTTING. CRUELTY. HORROR.

Macbeth, full of his bloody deſign againſt good king Duncan, fancies he ſees a dagger in the air.

START. IS this a *dagger*, which I ſee before me,
COURAGE. The *handle* tow'rd my *hand?*—[p] *Come*, let me *clutch* thee—
WOND. I *have* thee *not*, and yet I *ſee* thee *ſtill*.
HORROR. Art thou not, *fatal viſion!* ſenſible
To *feeling*, as to *ſight?* or art thou but
A *dagger* of the *mind*, a *falſe creation*
Proceeding from the *heat-oppreſſed brain?*
I ſee

[p] Reaching out his hand, as to ſnatch it. The firſt eight lines to be ſpoken with the eyes ſtaring, and fixed on one point in the air, where he is ſuppoſed to ſee the dagger. See *Deſpair*, page 17. *Malice*, 24. *Obſtinacy*, 18. *Fear*, 17. *Plotting*, 16.

I ſee thee *yet*, in form as *palpable*, STARTING.
[q] As *this* which now I *draw*.—
Thou *marſhal'ſt* me the *way* that I was *going*, HORROR.
And *ſuch* an *inſtrument* I was to *uſe*. ——
Mine eyes are made the *fools* o' th' *other* ſenſes,
Or elſe *worth all* the *reſt*.—I *ſee* thee *ſtill*, START.
And on thy blade and dudgeon, *drops* of *blood*, HORROR.
Which *was not* ſo *before*.—[r] There's *no ſuch thing*.— DOUBT.
It is the *bloody buſineſs*, which informs HORROR.
This to mine *eyes* [s] Now o'er one half the world PLOTTING.
Nature ſeems *dead*, and *wicked dreams* abuſe
The curtain'd *ſleep*; now *witchcraft* celebrates
Pale Hecate's *offerings*: and *midnight murder*, HORROR.
(Alarmed by his centinel, the *wolf*,
Whoſe *howl*'s his *watch*) thus with his *ſtealthy pace*,
Like Tarquin's raviſhing *ſtrides*, tow'rd his deſign
Moves like a *ghoſt*—Thou *ſound* and *firm-ſet earth*, GUILT.
Hear not my ſteps, which way they *walk*, for fear
The very *ſtones* ſhould *prate* of *royal blood*
Soon to be *ſpilt*. [*Shakeſp.* MACBETH.]

[p] Drawing his dagger, and looking on it, and then on that in the air, as comparing them.

[r] A long pauſe. He recollects and compoſes himſelf a little, and gives over fixing his eyes upon the air-drawn dagger.

[s] Plotting is always to be expreſſed with a low voice; eſpecially ſuch a paſſage as this, to the end.

LVI.

AFFECTION. JOY. FEAR of OFFENDING. GRATITUDE.

A ſpeech of Adam to Eve. [*Milt.* PARAD. LOST. B. IV. l. 411.]

TENDERN. AWE. PIETY. GRATITUDE. SERIOUSNESS. APPREHENSION. GRAT.

SOLE partner, and *ſole part* of *all* theſe *joys*,
Dearer thyſelf than *all*. *Needs* muſt the *Pow'r*,
That *made* us, and for us this *ample world*,
Be *infinitely good*, and of his good
As *liberal* and *free*, as *infinite*;
That *rais'd* us from the *duſt*, and *plac'd* us *here*
In *all* this *happineſs*, who at *his* hand
Have *nothing merited*, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath *need*; he who *requires*
From us *no other ſervice*, than to keep
This *one*, this *eaſy charge*, of *all* the *trees*
In *paradiſe*, that bear *delicious* fruit
So *various*, not to taſte that *only* tree
Of *knowledge* planted by the tree of *life*,
So *near* grows *death* to *life*; *whate'er death* is;
Some *dreadful* thing no doubt; for well thou know'ſt
God hath pronounc'd it *death* to *taſte* that *tree*,
The *only ſign* of our *obedience* left,
Among ſo *many ſigns* of *pow'r* and *rule*

Conferr'd

Conferr'd upon us, and *dominion* given
Over *all* other *creatures*, that poſſeſs
Earth, *air*, and *ſea*. Then *let us not* think *hard*
One eaſy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave ſo large to *all things elſe*, and *choice*
Unlimited, of *manifold delights*.
But let us ever *praiſe* him, and *extol*
His *bounty*, following our *delightful taſk* PIETY.
To *prune* theſe *growing plants*, and *'tend* theſe JOY.
flow'rs,
Which *were* it *toilſome*, yet with *thee* —were TENDERN.
ſweet.

LVII.

INTERCESSION. OBSTINACY. CRUELTY.
FORCED SUBMISSION.

Duke. MAKE *room*, and let him ſtand before AUTH.
our *face*.—
Shylock, the *world thinks*, and *I think* ſo too, PLEADING.
That thou but *lead'ſt* this *faſhion* of thy *malice*
To the *laſt* hour of *act*; and then, 'tis thought
Thoul't ſhew thy *mercy* and *remorſe more ſtrange*
Than is thy ſtrange apparent *cruelty*.
And, where thou now *exact'ſt* the penalty,
Which is a *pound* of this *poor* merchant's *fleſh*[t], PITY.

[t] See the note, p. 188, 189.

Thou wilt not only *loſe* the *forfeiture*,
PLEADING. But, touch'd with *human gentleneſs*, and *love*,
Forgive a *moiety* of the *principal*,
PITY. Glancing an *eye* of *pity* on his *loſſes*,
That have of late brought down ſuch *ruin* on him,
Enough to make a *royal merchant bankrupt*.
We all expect a *gentle anſwer*, Jew.
OBSTIN. Shyl. I have *poſſeſs'd* your Grace of what I *purpoſe*,
HYPO. [u] And by our *holy ſabbath* have I *ſworn*
CRUEL. To have the *due* and *forfeit* of my *bond*.
THREATENING. If you *deny it*, let the *danger* light
Upon your *charter*, and your *city*'s *freedom* —
MALICE. You'll *aſk* me, why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of *carrion fleſh*, than to receive
OBSTIN. *Three thouſand ducats?* I'll *not anſwer* that;
MALICE. But, ſay it is my *humour*; Is it *anſwer'd?*
OBSTIN. What if my *houſe* be *troubled* with a *rat*,
And I be pleas'd to give *ten thouſand ducats*,
To have it *baned?* What, are you *anſwer'd* yet?
REPROOF. Baſſanio. This is *no anſwer*, thou *unfeeling* man,
T'excuſe the current of thy *cruelty*.
MALICE. Shyl. I am not bound to *pleaſe thee* with my anſwer.
DEJECT. Antonio. I pray you, think, you *queſtion* with a *Jew*.
You may as well go ſtand upon the *beach*,
And bid the *main flood 'bate* his *uſual height*;
You

[u] See *affectation*, hypocritical, p. 22.

You may as well plead *pity* with the *wolf*,
When you behold the ewe *bleat* for the *lamb*,
As try to *melt* his *jewiſh heart* to *kindneſs*.

Baſſ. For thy *three* thouſand ducats, here are *ſix*. INTREAT.

Shyl. If *ev'ry ducat* in *ſix thouſand* ducats OBSTIN.
Were in *ſix parts*, and *ev'ry* part a *ducat*,
I *would not* draw *them*; I would have my *bond*.

Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for *mercy*, *rend'ring* none? GRAVE REB.

Shyl. What *judgment* ſhall I *dread*, doing no *wrong*? OBST.

The pound of *fleſh*, which I *demand* of him, CRUEL.
Is *dearly bought*: 'tis *mine*; and I *will* have it.

Enter Portia diſguiſed like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. *Give* me your *hand*. You come from *learn'd Bellario*? WELC.

Portia. *I do*, my Lord.

Duke. You're *welcome:* take your *place*.

Are you *acquainted* with the cauſe in *queſtion*? QUEST.

Port. I am *informed thoroughly* of the *caſe*. ANSW.

Which is the *merchant* here? and which the *Jew*? QUEST.

Duke. *Antonio* and *Shylock*, both ſtand *forth*. AUTH.

Port. [To Shylock.] Is your name *Shylock*? QUEST.

Shyl. *Shylock* is my *name*. OBST.

Port. [To Antonio.] You are *obnoxious* to *him*, *are you not*? QUEST.

Ant. Ay, ſo *he ſays*. DEJECT.

Port. Do you *confeſs* the *bond*? QUEST.

Ant. I *do*. DEJECT.

Port.

INTR. Port. Then muſt the Jew be *merciful.*

OBST. Shyl. On what *compulſion* muſt I? *Tell* me that?

ADVIS. Port. The quality of *mercy* is not *ſtrained.*

PLEAS. It *droppeth* as the *gentle rain* from *Heav'n*
Upon the *happy ſoil.* It is *twice bleſt,*
In him, who *gives* it, and in him, who *takes.*

REVER. 'Tis *mightieſt* in the *Mightieſt.* It becomes
The *throned monarch better* than his *crown.*
Itſelf enthroned in the *hearts* of kings.
It is the *lovelieſt attribute* of *Deity*;
And *earthly pow'r* ſhews *likeſt* to *divine,*

ADVIS. When *mercy* ſeaſons *juſtice.* Therefore, Jew,
Tho' *juſtice* be thy *plea, conſider* this,

SERIOUS REFLEC. That in the courſe of *juſtice* none of us
Should ſee *ſalvation.* We do *pray* for *mercy,*
And that ſame *pray'r* doth teach us all to *render*
The *deeds* of *mercy.*

OBST. Shyl. My *deeds* upon my *head.*
I crave the *legal forfeit* of my *bond.*

INTREAT. Baſſ. For *once* I beg the court to *bend* the *law*
To *equity.* 'Tis *worth* a *little* wrong
To *curb* this cruel *devil* of his *will.*

FORB. Port. It *muſt not* be. There is *no pow'r* in Venice,
Can *alter* a *decree eſtabliſh'd.*
'Twill be recorded for a *precedent,*
And many an error by the *ſame example*
Will *ruſh* into the *ſtate.* It *cannot be.*

Shyl. A *Daniel* come to judgment! Yea a *Daniel*. — APPLAUSE.

O *wiſe young judge! How* do I *honour* thee!

Port. I pray you, let me *look* upon the *bond*. — CURIOS.

Shyl. *Here 'tis*, moſt *reverend doctor! Here it is*. — APPL.

Port. *Shylock!* —— there's *thrice* thy money *offer'd* thee. — ADVIS.

Shyl. An *oath! An oath!* I have an *oath* in *Heav'n!* — HYPOC.

Shall I lay *perjury* upon my *ſoul?*
No, not for *Venice*.

Port. [x] Why, this *bond* is *forfeit*, — DECL.
And *lawfully* by this the Jew may *claim*
A *pound* of *fleſh*, to be by him *cut off*
Neareſt the merchant's *heart.—Be merciful.* — ADVIS.
Take *thrice* thy *money*. Bid me *tear* the *bond*.

Shyl. When it is *paid* according to the *tenor*. — OBST.
There is no *power* in the *tongue* of *man*
To *alter* me. I *ſtay* upon my *bond*.

Anton. Moſt heartily I do *beſeech* the *court* — DEJECT.
To give the *judgment*.

Port. Why then, *thus* it is; — PASS.
You muſt *prepare* your *boſom* for his *knife*. — SENT.

Shyl. Ay, his *breaſt*; — THIRST of BLOOD.
So ſaith the *bond*; *doth* it not; *noble judge?*
Neareſt his *heart*. *Theſe* are the very *words*.

Port.

[x] Portia ſpeaks all, to "*Stop* him, guards," without looking off the bond.

QUEST. Port. It *is ſo.* Are there *ſcales* to *weigh* the *fleſh?*

ANSW. Shyl. I have them *ready.*

INTERC. Port. Have here a *ſurgeon,* Shylock, at your charge,
To *ſtop* his *wounds,* leſt he ſhould *bleed* to *death.*

CRUEL. Shyl. Is it ſo *nominated* in the *bond?*

INTERC. Port. It is not ſo *expreſſed:* but what of *that?*
'Twere good you do ſo much for *charity.*

CRUEL. Shyl. I cannot *find* it. 'Tis not in the *bond.*

SENT. Port. A *pound* of that ſame *merchant*'s fleſh is *thine.*
The court *awards* it, and the *law* doth *give* it.

APPL. Shyl. Moſt *rightful judge!*

SENT. Port. And you muſt cut this *fleſh* from off his *breaſt.*
The law *allows* it, and the court *awards* it.

APPL. Shyl. Moſt *learned judge!* A *ſentence!* * *Come, prepare.*

* THIR. Port. Tarry a *little.* There is *ſomething elſe—*

BLOOD. This bond — doth give thee here — no *jot* of *blood.*

DOUBT. The *words expreſsly* are a *pound* of *fleſh.*

DIREC. Then *take* thy *bond.* Take thou thy *pound* of *fleſh;*

THREAT-ENING. But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt *ſhed*
One drop of chriſtian *blood,* thy *lands* and *goods*
Are, by the laws of *Venice, forfeited.*

Grat. *O upright judge! Mark, Jew! O learned judge!* APPL.

Shyl. Is that the *law?* CONFUS.

Port. *Thyſelf* ſhall ſee the *act.* POSIT.

For, as thou urgeſt *juſtice*, be *aſſur'd*, REPR.

Thou ſhalt have *juſtice*, *more* than thou *deſir'ſt.*

Grat. *O learned judge! Mark, Jew!* A *learned judge!* APPL.

Shyl. I take his *offer* then. Pay the ſum *thrice*, CONFUS.

And let the *Chriſtian go.* YIELD.

Baſſan. *Here* is the *money.* GIV.

Port. *Softly.* No *haſte.* The Jew ſhall have *ſtrict juſtice.* FORB.

His *claim* is *barely* for the *penalty.*

Grat. A ſecond *Daniel!* Jew. APPL.

Now, infidel, I have *full hold* of thee. TRIUM.

Port. *Why* doth the Jew *pauſe? Take* thou thy *forfeiture.* QUEST.

Shyl. Give me my *principal*, and let me *go.* CONFU.

Baſſan. I have it *ready* for thee. *Here* it *is.* GIV.

Port. He hath *refus'd* it in the *open court.* FORB.

He ſhall have merely *juſtice* and his *bond.* REPR.

Grat. A *Daniel ſtill*, ſay I; a ſecond *Daniel!* APPL.

I *thank* thee, *Jew*, for *teaching* me that *word.* REPR.

Shyl. Shall I not *barely* have my *principal?* SNEAK.

Port. Thou ſhalt have *nothing* but the *forfeiture*, REFUS.

To be ſo *taken* at thy *peril*, *Jew.*

Shyl.

DISAP. Shyl. Why then the *Devil* give him *good* of it.

SPITE. I'll ſtay no *longer queſtion.*

FORB. Port. *Stop* him, guards.

COND. The law hath yet *another hold* on you.

TEACH. It is *enacted* in the *laws* of *Venice,*
If it be prov'd againſt an *alien,*
That by *direct,* or *indirect attempt,*
He *ſeek* the *life* of any *citizen,*
The *party* 'gainſt the which he doth *contrive,*
Shall *ſeize* on *half* his *goods.* The *other half*
Goes to the privy *coffer* of the *ſtate;*
And the *offender*'s *life* lies in the *mercy*
Of the *Duke only,* 'gainſt *all other voice.*

CONDEMN. In which *predicament,* I ſay, *thou ſtand'ſt.*
For it appears by *manifeſt proceeding,*
That *indirectly,* and *directly too,*
Thou haſt *contriv'd* againſt the very *life*
Of the *defendant;* ſo that thou *incurr'ſt*
The *danger* formally by me *rehears'd.*

ADVIS. *Down,* therefore, and beg *mercy* of the *Duke.*

GRANT. Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the *difference* of *our ſpirit,*
I *pardon* thee thy *life, before* thou *aſk* it.

DESP. Shyl. Nay, *take* my *life* and *all. Pardon* not *that.*
You *take* my *life, taking whereon I live.*

QUEST. Port. What *mercy* can you *render* him, Antonio?

Grat.

Grat. A *halter's price*, and *leave* to *hang him-ſelf.* TRIUM.

Anton. So pleaſe my Lord the *Duke*, and all the *court*, GRANT.

To quit *their right* in *one half* of his *goods*,
I ſhall be well contented, if I have
The *other* half in *uſe*, until his *death*,
Then to *reſtore* it to the *gentleman*,
Who lately *ſtole* his *daughter*.

Duke. He ſhall *do* this, or elſe I do *recant* THREAT.
The *pardon*, I had *promis'd* to *beſtow*.

Port. Art thou *contented*, Jew? *What* doſt thou *ſay?* QUEST.

Shyl. I *pray* you give me *leave* to go from *hence*. DESP.

I am *not well*. *Send* the *deed after* me,
And I will *ſign* it.

Duke. *Get* thee *gone*. But *do* it. THREAT.

[Exeunt omnes.]

[*Shakeſp.* MERCH. of VENICE.]

LVIII.

Conjugal Affection with Distress.

The ſcene between Hector and his wife Andromache. [*Pope's* Hom. Il. VI. v. 488.]

Narration. HECTOR, this heard, return'd without delay;
Haste. *Swift* through the town he took his former way,
Thro' ſtreets of palaces and walks of ſtate;
And met the *mourner* at the Scæan gate.
With *haſte* to meet him *ſprung* the joyful fair
His blameleſs *wife*, Aëtion's wealthy heir.
Tender Descript. The nurſe ſtood near, in whoſe embraces preſt
His *only hope* hung *ſmiling* at her breaſt;
Whom each *ſoft charm* and *early grace* adorn,
Fair as the new-born *ſtar* that *gilds the morn.*
Silent the warrior *ſmil'd*, and pleas'd, reſign'd
* Soft. To * *tender paſſions* all his † *mighty mind.*
† Cour. Descr. of Beaut: in Distr. His beauteous princeſs caſt a *mournful look*;
Hung on his *hand*, and then, *dejected* ſpoke.
Her boſom *labour'd* with a *boding ſigh*,
And the big *tear* ſtood *trembling* in her *eye.*
Comp. with Affect. "*Too daring* prince! *Ah whither* doſt thou run?
"*Ah too forgetful* of thy *wife* and *ſon!*
"And *think'ſt* thou not how *wretched* we ſhall be,
Fear. "A *widow* I, an *helpleſs orphan* he!

"For

" For ſure ſuch *courage length* of *life denies*,
" And thou *muſt fall*, thy *virtue's ſacrifice*.
" Greece in her *ſingle* heroes *ſtrove* in *vain*:
" Now *hoſts* oppoſe thee; and thou *muſt* be *ſlain*.
" O *grant* me, *gods!* ere Hector meets his *doom*, DEPRECAT.
" *All* I can aſk of *heav'n*, an *early tomb!*
" So ſhall my days in *one ſad tenor* run,
" And *end* with *ſorrows*, as they firſt *begun*.
" *No parent now remains*, my *griefs* to *ſhare*, LAMEN.
" No *father's aid*, no *mother's* tender *care*.
" The fierce *Achilles* wrapt our *walls* in *fire*,
" Laid *Thebè waſte*, and *ſlew* my *warlike ſire*.
" His *fate*, *compaſſion* in the victor bred;
" *Stern* as he was, he yet *rever'd* the *dead*;
" His radiant *arms preſerv'd* from hoſtile *ſpoil*,
" And laid him decent on the *fun'ral pile*.
" By the *ſame arm* my *ſev'n brave brothers fell*,
" In *one ſad day* they view'd the *gate* of *hell*.
" While the fat herds and ſnowy flocks they fed,
" Amid their fields the *hapleſs heroes bled*.
" My *mother* liv'd to bear the *victor's bands*,
" The queen of Hippoplacia's ſylvan lands.
" Redeem'd *too late*, ſhe ſcarce beheld again
" Her *pleaſing empire*, and her *native plain*,
" When *ah! oppreſt* by life-conſuming *woe*,
" She *fell*, a victim to Diana's bow.
" Yet while my *Hector* ſtill *ſurvives*, I ſee COMFORT.
" My *father*, *mother*, *brethren*, *all* in *thee*.
" *Alas!* my *parents*, *brothers*, *kindred*, *all*, APPRE-
" Once *more* will *periſh*, if my *Hector fall*. HEN.

" Thy *wife*, thy *infant*, in the *danger* ſhare;
INTREAT. " *O prove* a *huſband's*, and a *parent's care.*
APPRE- " *That quarter moſt* the ſkilful Greeks annoy,
HENS. " Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy.
" Thou from *this tow'r* defend th' *important poſt*,
" *There Agamemnon* points his *dreadful hoſt*,
" *That paſs Tydides, Ajax, ſtrives* to *gain*,
" And *there* the *vengeful Spartan fires* his *train.*
" *Thrice* our bold foes the *fierce attack* have giv'n,
" Or led by *hopes*, or *dictated* from *heav'n.*
INTREAT. " Let *others* in the field their arms employ;
" But *ſtay* my *Hector here*, and guard his Troy."
COURAGE. The chief reply'd, " *That* poſt ſhall be my
" care;
" Nor *that alone*; but *all* the works of war.
" *How* would the *ſons* of *Troy*, in arms *renown'd*,
" And Troy's proud *dames*, whoſe garments
" ſweep the ground,
" *Attaint* the *luſtre* of my *former name*,
AVERSION. " Should Hector *baſely quit* the *field of fame?*
COURAGE. " My *early youth* was *bred* to *warlike pains*;
" My *ſoul impels* me to the *martial plains.*
" Still *foremoſt* let me *ſtand* to *guard* the *throne*,
" To ſave my *father's honours*, and my *own.*
APPRE- " Yet *come* it *will!* the *day* decreed by *fates!*
HENS. " (How my *heart trembles*, while my *tongue re-*
" *lates!*)
PATH. " The day, when *thou, imperial Troy!* muſt *bend*;
GRIEF. " Muſt ſee thy *warriors fall*; thy *glories end.*
" And

" And yet *no dire preſage* ſo *wounds* my *mind*, GRIEF with AFFECT.
" My *mother's death*, the *ruin* of my *kind*,
" Not *Priam's hoary hairs defil'd* with *gore*,
" Not *all* my *brothers gaſping* on the *ſhore*,
" As *thine*, *Andromache!—Thy griefs* I *dread!*
" I ſee thee *trembling*, *weeping*, *captive led*,
" In *Argive looms* our *battles* to *deſign*,
" And *woes*, of which ſo *large* a *part* was *thine*.
" There while you *groan* beneath the *load* of *life*,
" They cry,"——" *Behold* the *mighty Hector's* INSULT.
" *wife!*"
" Some *haughty Greek*, who lives thy tears to ſee,
" *Embitters all* thy *woes* by *naming me*.
" The thoughts of *glory paſt*, and *preſent ſhame*, PITY:
" A *thouſand griefs* ſhall *waken* at the *name!*
" May I *lie cold* before that *dreadful day*,
" Preſs'd with a load of *monumental clay!*
" Thy Hector, wrapt in *everlaſting ſleep*,
" Shall neither *hear* thee *ſigh*, nor *ſee* thee *weep*."

Thus having ſpoke, th' *illuſtrious chief* of Troy NARRATION.
Stretch'd his *fond arms*, to *claſp* the *lovely boy*.
The *babe* clung, *crying*, to his nurſe's breaſt, TENDERNESS.
Scar'd with the *dazzling helm*, and *nodding creſt*.
With ſecret *pleaſure* each *fond parent ſmil'd*,
And Hector *haſted* to *relieve* his *child*;
The *glitt'ring terrors* from his *brows unbound*,
And plac'd the *beaming helmet* on the *ground*.
Then *kiſs'd* the *child*, and *lifting high* in *air*,
Thus to the *gods prefer'd* a *parent's pray'r*.

INTERCESS. " O *Thou*, whoſe *glory* fills th' *ætherial throne*,
" And all ye *deathleſs Pow'rs!—Protect* my *ſon!*
" *Grant him*, like *me*, to *purchaſe juſt renown*,
" To *guard* the *Trojans*, to *defend* the *crown*,
" Againſt his *country's foes* the *war* to *wage*,
" And *riſe* the *Hector* of the *future age!*
" So, when *triumphant* from *ſucceſsful toils*,
" Of *heroes ſlain*, he bears the *reeking ſpoils*,
" Whole *hoſts* may *hail* him with *deſerv'd acclaim*,
" And ſay,"—" This chief tranſcends his *father's*
" fame." [" Troy,
" While *pleas'd* amidſt the gen'ral ſhouts of
" His *mother's conſcious heart o'erflows* with *joy*."

TENDERNESS. He ſpoke, and fondly *gazing* on her *charms*,
Reſtor'd the *pleaſing burden* to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant *breaſt* the *babe* ſhe *laid*,
Huſh'd to *repoſe*, and with a *ſmile ſurvey'd*.
APPREHENSION. The *troubled pleaſure* ſoon *chaſtis'd* with *fear*,
She mingled with the *ſmile* a *falling tear*.

LIX.

LIX.

REMORSE. Attempt toward REPENTANCE. OBDURACY. DESPAIR.

The wicked king's ſoliloquy, expreſſing his remorſe for the murder of his brother Hamlet king of Denmark. [*Shakeſp.* HAMLET.]

King. *OH* my *offence* is *rank!* It ſmells to heav'n! COMPUNCTION.
It hath the *eldeſt curſe* of heav'n upon it.—
A *brother's murder!*—*Pray*, alas! I *cannot:*
Though *ſore* my *need* of what the *guilty pray for*; HARDNESS of HEART.
My *ſtronger guilt defeats* my *ſtrong intent*,
And, like a man to *double buſ'neſs* bound,
I ſtand in *pauſe* where I ſhall firſt *begin*,
And *both neglect.*—* What if this *curſed hand* * GLIM. of HOPE.
Were *thicker* than *itſelf* with *brother's blood?*
Is there not *rain* enough in the *ſweet heav'ns*
To *waſh* it *white* as *ſnow?* Whereto ſerves *mercy*,
But to *confront* the *viſage* of *offence?*
And what's in *pray'r*, but this *two-fold force*,
To be *foreſtall'd*, ere yet we *come* to *fall*,
Or *pardon'd*, being *down?*—Then I'll *look up.*
My *fault* is *paſt.*—‖ But *oh!* what *form* of *pray'r* ‖ GUILT.
Can ſerve my *turn?*—† "*Forgive* me my *foul* † DOOM.
"*murder!*"
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill *poſſeſt*

Of thoſe *effects*, for which I *did* the *murder*;
My *crown*, mine own *ambition*, and my *queen*.
May one be *pardon'd* and *retain* th' *offence*?
In the *corrupted currents* of *this world*,
Offence's *gilded hand* may *ſhove by* juſtice;
Nay, oft 'tis ſeen, the *wicked prize itſelf*
* TERROR. *Buys out* the *law*. * But 'tis not ſo *above*:
There is *no ſhuffling*: there the *action* lies
In his *true nature*; we ourſelves *compell'd*,
Ev'n to the *teeth* and *forehead* of our *faults*,
† ANX. To give in *evidence*—† *What* then?—*What reſts?*—
HOPE. Try what *repentance* can.—*What* can it *not?*—
OBDUR. Yet *what can it*, when one *cannot repent?*
DESPAIR. Oh *wretched ſtate!* oh *boſom*, *black* as *death!*
Oh *limed ſoul!* that *ſtruggling* to be *free*,
§ ANGUISH. Art *more engag'd!* § *Help*, *Angels!* Make *eſſay*,
Bow, *ſtubborn knees*; and *heart* with *ſtrings* of *ſteel*,
Be *ſoft* as *ſinews* of the *new-born babe!*
HOPE. *All* may be *well*.

[The king kneels, and, by his looks and geſtures, expreſſes great agony and horror; but no penitential melting of heart: after continuing a ſhort time in that poſture, he riſes in deſpair, and ſpeaks the following.]

DESPAIR. My *words* fly *up*—My *thoughts* remain *below*—
Words without *thoughts never* to *Heav'n go*.

LX.

REPROACHING. EXCITING to Self-defence.

The ſpeech of T. Q. Capitolinus to the Roman people, when the Æqui and Volſci, taking the advantage of the animoſities then prevailing between the patricians and plebeians, joined their forces, and, after plundering the Roman territories, advanced, in a hoſtile manner, to the very walls of the city. [T. LIV. *Hiſt. Rom.*]

THOUGH I am not *conſcious* to myſelf, Romans, of *any offence* I have committed againſt my country; it is with *confuſion* that I addreſs you thus publicly on ſuch an occaſion. For what can be imagined more *ſhameful*, than that it ſhould be known to the *world*—that it ſhould be known to *ourſelves!*—and muſt be handed down to *poſterity*——that in the *fourth conſulſhip* of *Titus Quintius Capitolinus*, the *Æqui* and *Volſci*, ſo lately found ſcarce a *match* for the *Hernici*, advanced, in arms—*uninterrupted*, and *unpuniſhed*—to the very *walls* of *Rome!* Had I imagined, that ſuch a *diſgrace* as *this* would have come upon my country in the year of *my* fourth conſulſhip (though our affairs have of late gone in ſuch a way, that *every thing* was to be VEXATION.

feared) I would have *avoided* the conſular honour—* the *ſhame* rather——by *baniſhment*, or even by *death*. *How* much *more deſirable* to have *died* in my *third* conſulſhip, than to live to ſee the *diſhonours*, which the times are like to bring upon us. But *whom* does the inſolence of ſo contemptible an enemy *diſgrace?* Is it *us*, the *conſuls?* Or is it *you*, *Romans?* If the *fault* be in *us*; *take* from us that *authority*, we are ſo *unworthy* to *enjoy*. And if that be not *enough*, inflict on us the *puniſhment* we have *deſerv'd*. ‖ If it is owing to *you*, my countrymen, that the enemy have thus dared to inſult us, § *all* I beg of the gods is, that they will *forgive* you; ‡ and I wiſh *no other* puniſhment to come upon you, than *repentance* for your miſconduct. † Our enemies have not preſumed upon any *want* of *bravery* in *you*, Romans; nor upon any imagined *ſuperiority* in *themſelves*. They know both *you* and *themſelves* too *well*. They have not forgot how often they have been *routed* in *battle*, how often put to *ſhameful flight*, deprived of their *lands*, and even made to paſs under the *yoke*, by the *Romans*. It is the fatal *diſſenſion* between the *patricians* and *plebeians*, that gives *courage* to the enemies of the Roman name. Our *quarrels* amongſt *ourſelves* are the *poiſon* of our *ſtate*. While *you* are *diſſatisfied* with the *powers* enjoyed by the *patricians*, and we are *jealous* of the *plebeians*; the *enemy*, ſeeing their *time*, have *ſurpriſed* us.

* AGONY.

REMON. with VEXATION.

‖ KINDNESS.

§ INTERCES.

‡ KIND.

† COUR.

CONTEMPT.

VEXATION.

But

But *what* (in the name of *all* the *gods!*) *will ſatisfy* you. You demanded *plebeian* tribunes. For the ſake of peace, *we*, patricians, *conſented*. You then called for *decemviri*. *We agreed*, that the *decemviral power* ſhould be *eſtabliſhed*. You were quickly *tired* of *this* form of government. We obliged the *decemviri* to *abdicate*. Your *reſentment purſuing* them even to their *retirement*, we gave our *conſent* to the *exile* and *death* of ſome of the *firſt* men of *Rome* for *birth* and *merit*. Then you inſiſted, that the *tribunitial authority* ſhould be *re-eſtabliſhed*. You did accordingly *re-eſtabliſh* it. We *bore* with the innovation of conferring the *conſular power* upon men of *plebeian rank*, tho' we ſaw how *injurious* it was to *our own*. We *bore patiently*, and do *ſtill bear*, with the *tribunitial power*; with the right of *appeal* to the *people*; with the *obligation* upon the *patricians* to *ſubmit* to the *popular decrees*; and with the *alienation* of our *peculiar rights* and *privileges*, under pretence of *equalling* the different ranks, and reducing things to *order* in the commonwealth. But, my countrymen, *when* will you put an *end* to theſe *wranglings?* When ſhall this *unhappy ſtate* be *united?* When ſhall we look upon *Rome* as our *common country?* We, of the *patrician* rank, though *loſers*, are more diſpoſed to *peace*, than *you*, who have *gained* all your *ends*. Is it not *enough*, that you have made yourſelves *formidable* to your *ſuperiors?* *Now* you aſſemble, in a ſedi-

REMON.

GRIEF.

REMON.

tious

tious manner, on the *Mount Aventine*; *then* on the *Mons ſacer*; and againſt *us* your *vengeance* is *always* directed. You were in *no haſte* to prevent the enemy from ſeizing on the *Eſquiliæ*, or from mounting our *works*. It is only againſt the *patricians*, that you *dare* to *ſhew* your *valour*. Go on, then, if you are ſo determined; and when you have *ſurrounded* the *ſenate houſe*, made the *forum dangerous* for any of *patrician* rank to be ſeen in, and got the *priſons* filled with perſons of the *firſt eminence*; keep up the ſame *heroic ſpirit* you ſhew againſt your own *countrymen*; ſally out at the Eſquiline-gate, and repulſe the *enemy*. Or if your *valour* is not ſufficient to enable you to do *this*, at leaſt ſhew, that you have the *heart* to *view* from the *walls*, your *lands* waſted by *fire* and *ſword*, and *plundered* by the *irreſiſtible army* of the *Æqui* and *Volſci*.

ROUSING. SHAME. REPROACHING. SNEER.

Will any one pretend to anſwer to this, that it is only the *public* that ſuffers by the inroads of the enemy, and that the main of the *loſs* will be only that of a little national *honour*? Were *that* the caſe, *what Roman* could think of it with *patience*? But, *beſides* the loſs of our *honour*, what effect, do you think, theſe ravages will have upon private *property*? Do you expect any thing elſe, than that every individual of you ſhould quickly have accounts of what he *himſelf* has *loſt*? And how are thoſe *loſſes* to be *made up*? Will your darling *tribunes* make good the *damages*? They will be ac-

REMON. ROUSING. HON. ALARM. REMON. REPR.

tive enough in *inflaming* you with their *ſpeeches*; they will commence ſuits againſt the *principal* men in the *ſtate*; they will gather *ſeditious aſſemblies*, and multiply *laws* on *laws*, and *decrees* on *decrees*. But which of you, my countrymen, REMON. has *gained* any thing by ſuch proceedings? Has any Roman *carried home* to his family, from thoſe tumultuous meetings, any thing, but *hatred*, *quarrels*, and *miſchiefs*, *public* and *private*? The REGRET. caſe was, in *former happier times*, *very different*, when you *ſubmitted* to the rightful *authority* of the *conſuls*, and were not, as now, the *dupes* of your *tribunes*; when you exerted yourſelves in the *field* of *battle*, not in the *forum*; when your ſhouts of *courage* ſtruck terror into your *enemies*; not your *ſeditious* clamours into your *countrymen*. Then you uſed to return home *enriched* with *ſpoils*, and *adorned* with *trophies*: inſtead of which you *now ingloriouſly* ſuffer the enemy——and that REPROACH. enemy a *contemptible* one—to go off *unmoleſted*, and *loaded* with your *ſubſtance*. But go on with REMON. your *ſeditious aſſemblies*, as long as you *can*. The ALARM. time is approaching, when you will find yourſelves *obliged* to *quit* them, though *ſo agreeable* to you, and to *betake* yourſelves to what you have the greateſt *reluctance*, I mean your REPROACH. *arms*. You thought it a mighty *hardſhip* to be obliged to *march* againſt the Æqui and Volſci. They have *ſpared* you that *trouble*. They are ALARM. now at your *gates*. And if you don't *drive* them

them from *thence*, they will ſoon be in the *city*,
REGRET. in the *capitol*, and in your *houſes*. Two years ago, an order was given by authority of the *ſenate*, that *levies* ſhould be *made*, and that the *army*
REPR. ſhould *march*. Inſtead of executing this ſalutary order, we have been *loitering* at home, *unemployed*, except in *wrangling*; *forgetful*, while our *peace* was *undiſturbed* from abroad, that this long *indolence* would probably be the very *cauſe* of *troubles* coming upon us from *various* quarters at *once*.

PROP. I know full well, my countrymen, that there
SINC. are many ſubjects more *agreeable* to you than *thoſe*
ALARM. I have now *ſpoken* to you upon. But the *neceſſity* of the *times* obliges me (if I were *leſs inclinable* of *myſelf*) to lay *truth* before you, rather than to
PROP. *tickle* your *ears*. I wiſh I could *humour* your *in-*
SINC. *clinations*: but I had rather ſecure your *ſafety*,
ALARM. than gain your *good-will*. It is commonly ob-
APOL. ſerved, that thoſe who addreſs the public from *ſelfiſh views* are *more acceptable*, than thoſe whoſe *ſole diſintereſted aim* is the *general advantage*. And
REMON. I think you can *hardly imagine*, that thoſe *flat-*
REPR. *terers* of the *plebeians*, who neither *ſuffer* you to *reſt* in *peace*, nor in *war*, mean *your* good by continually *exciting* you to *tumult* and *ſedition*. When they work you up to *diſcontent* and *rage*, they are *ſure* to gain their *avaritious* or their *ambitious ends*. And, as in times of *peace* they find themſelves to be of *no conſequence*, rather than

than be *undiſtinguiſhed*, they ſet themſelves to promote *miſchief*.

If you are at laſt, (as I am ſure you have *reaſon* to be) *ſick* of ſuch *abſurd* and *ruinous proceedings*, and have a mind to reſume your *own characters*, and to act agreeably to that of your *anceſtors*; I am myſelf *ready now* to *head* you, and am willing to undergo *any penalty*, if I do not, in a few days, *force* theſe *plunderers* of our lands to *abandon* their *camp*, and if I do not carry the *terror* of *war*, which now *alarms* you, from *our* gates, to thoſe of the *enemy*. EXCITING. SELF-DEFENCE. COURAGE.

LXI.

DOUBTING. VEXATION. SERIOUS REFLECTION.

Hamlet's ſoliloquy upon his finding, that the king his father was murdered by his uncle; in which he conſiders of the conſequence of putting an end to a burthenſome life. [*Shakeſp.* HAMLET.]

Ham. TO *be*,—or *not* to *be*[y]——*that* is the *queſtion*—— ANXIETY.

Whether 'tis *nobler* in the mind to *ſuffer*

The

[y] "To *be*—or *not* to *be*—" The thought, at length, would run thus, "Is *death* the total *deſtruction* of *conſciouſneſs*?

"Or

The *ſlings* and *arrows* of *outrageous fortune*;
COURAGE. Or to take *arms* againſt a *hoſt* of *troubles*,
* DEEP THOUGHTFULNESS. And by *oppoſing*, *end them*.—* But to *die*—
To *ſleep*—*No more*—[z] And by a *ſleep* to *end*
VEXATION. The *heart-ach*, and the *thouſand* natural *ſhocks*,
That *fleſh* is *heir* to—'Tis a *conſummation*
§ THOUGHT. [a] *Devoutly* to be *wiſh'd*.—To § *die*—To *ſleep*—
† APPREHENSION. To *ſleep*—† Perchance to *dream*—A *ſtartling thought*—
For in that *ſleep* of *death* what *dreams* may come,
When we have *ſhuffled off* this *mortal coil*,
Muſt give us *pauſe*. There's the *reſpect*
That makes *calamity* of ſo *long life*.
VEXATION. For *who* would *bear* the *whips* and *ſcorns* of *time*,
Th' *oppreſſor*'s *wrong*, the *proud* man's *contumely*,
ANGUISH. The *pangs* of *love deſpis'd*, the *law's delay*,
The *inſolence* of *office*, and the *ſpurns*,
§ MEEK. That *patient* § *merit* of the *unworthy* ‖ takes;
‖ AVERS. When he *himſelf* might his *quietus* make
‡ COURAGE. With a *bare bodkin*? ‡ Who would *bend* to *earth*,
COMPLAIN. And *groan* and *ſweat* under a *weary life*?

But

" Or do the *dead* ſtill continue to *think* and *act*, though in a " different manner from that of the preſent ſtate?" The thought in the ſecond line is different, viz. " Whether is it " truly *heroic* to put an *end* to *life*, when it becomes *irkſome*?"

[z] " —But to *die*—To *ſleep*—*No more*." The pauſes muſt be equal. The ſenſe, at length, being, " Is dying only " falling aſleep, and nothing elſe?"

[a] " *Devoutly* to be *wiſh'd*." To be ſpoken with the eyes raiſed earneſtly to heaven. See *Veneration*, p. 20.

But that the *dread* of *ſomething after death*, FEAR.
(That *undiſcover'd country*, from whoſe *bourne*[b]
No traveller returns) *puzzles* the *will*,
And makes us rather *bear* thoſe *ills* we *have*,
Than *fly* to *others*, which we *know* not *yet*?
Thus *conſcience* makes *cowards* of us all:
And thus the *native hue* of *reſolution*
Is *ſicklied o'er* with a *pale* caſt of *thought*,
And *enterpriſes* of great *ſtrength* and *moment*,
With *this regard* their *currents* turn *away*,
And *loſe* the *name* of *action*.

LXII.

EAGERNESS. CHIDING. INTREATING.

Ghoſts of various characters preſs to be admitted into Charon's boat. Are repulſed by him and Mercury, on account of their coming loaded with their vices, follies, and wrong attachments. [*Lucian.* DIAL. MORT. CHAR. MERC. &c.]

Charon. *LOOK* you, gentlemen and ladies, CHIDING.
this will *never* do. My *boat* is but *ſmall*; and *old*, and *leaky* into the *bargain*; ſo that, if it be either in the *leaſt over-loaded*, or not *exactly trimmed*,

[b] —"whoſe *bourne*." That is, *border*, or *coaſt*.

trimmed, you will be among the Stygian *frogs* preſently, *every ſingle ghoſt* of you. You come *puſhing* and *crowding* in ſuch *ſhoals*, and I know not how much *luggage* along with you, that you are like to *repent* of your being in ſuch a *hurry*, at leaſt thoſe of you, who *cannot ſwim*.

THREATENING.

INTREAT. 1ſt Ghoſt. But you don't *conſider*, Mr. Ferryman, how much we are *tired* of *dodging* about here, where we have neither *houſe* nor *home*, where there is nothing but *mud*, in which we ſink over *ſhoes*, over *boots*, nor ſo much as a *tree* to hang a dog upon. *Pray*, *good Charon*, *puſh* us *over* as *faſt* as you *can*.

COMPLAINING.

INTREAT.

CHIDING. Char. What a *plague ails* the *brainleſs* ghoſt? Would you have me do *impoſſibilities?* Do, *Mercury*, *bear a hand* a little. *Puſh* them *back*. Don't let above *one* come into the boat at a *time*; that you may examine them *ghoſt* by *ghoſt*, and make them *ſtrip*, and leave their *luggage*, before they ſet a *foot* in the *boat*.

EXCITING.

REFUS.

PROM. Merc. *Ay*, *ay*, I'll take care of *that*, Charon.

REFUS. —*Hold*. *Who* are *you?*

SUBMIS. 2d Ghoſt. My name is *Menippus*, by trade a *cynic philoſopher*. And to ſhew you how willing I am to be *conformable*, *look* you *there*, away go my *wallet* and my *ſtaff* into the *Styx*. And as for my *cloke*, I did not *bring* it *with* me.

APPR. Merc. *That*'s my *honeſt cynic*. Come into the *boat*, Menippus. Here is a ghoſt of *ſenſe* for you.

you. *Go, go forward* by the *helm*, where you may have *good ſitting*, and may *ſee* all the *paſſengers*.—Your *ſervant*, Madam. *Who* may *you* be, if a man, I mean, if a *god* may be ſo *bold?*

3d Ghoſt. Sir, I am the celebrated *beauty*, who rated my favours ſo *high*, as to receive a *talent* for a *kiſs*. It is true, a certain *philoſopher* did *grudge* my *price*, ſaying, he had no notion of paying an *exorbitant ſum* for ſo *unpleaſant* a *bargain* as *repentance*. But my *comfort* is, that it was a *poor*, *old fellow*, and a *philoſopher*, that made this *clowniſh ſpeech*, ſo *different* from what I was *uſed* to.

AFFECT. BEAUTY. REFUS. CONTEMPT.

Merc. Look you, Madam, *this country* is not famous for *gallantry*. And, as you will make *nothing* of your *beauty* where you are *going*, I muſt deſire you to leave it *all behind*, or you don't ſet a *foot* in the Stygian *ferry-boat*.

REFUS.

3d Ghoſt. *Pray*, Sir *excuſe* me. *Why* muſt one be *ugly*, becauſe one is *dead?*

INTR.

Merc. *Come*, *come*, Madam, *off* with your *whole* apparatus of *temptation*, if you mean to croſs the Stygian *pool*. You muſt not only lay aſide the *paint* on your cheeks, but the *cheeks themſelves*. You muſt throw off not only the gorgeous *attire* of your *head*, but the *hair*, and the very *ſkin*, to the *bare ſkull*. So far from granting you a paſſage with all your *finery* about you; we ſhall expect you to ſtrip off both *ſkin* and *fleſh* to the very *bones*. So, Mrs. *Beauty*, if

INSIST. with BLAME and SNEER.

you pleaſe to ſtep aſide, and *diſpoſe* of your *tackle*, and preſent yourſelf by and by, in the *plain dreſs* of a *ſkeleton*, we ſhall perhaps carry you over the water.

VEXAT. 3d Ghoſt. It is *deadly hard*; and——

INSIST. Merc. *This* is *our way*, Madam — || *Stop* —
|| REFUS. *who* are *you?* You ſeem to bruſh *forward*, as who ſhould ſay, "I am no *ſmall* fool."

PRIDE. 4th Ghoſt. Why, Sir, I am *no leſs perſon* than *Lampichus* the *tyrant*.

SNEER. Merc. *Pray*, *good* Mr. *Lampichus* the *tyrant*,
REFUS. *where* do you intend to ſtow *all that luggage?*

INTR. 4th Ghoſt. *Conſider*, Mercury, it is not *proper* that a *king* ſhould travel without his *conveniencies* about him.

REFUS. Merc. Whatever may be proper for you in quality of a *king*, you muſt allow *me* to determine of the neceſſaries of life requiſite for you in
INSIST. quality of a *ghoſt*. I ſhall therefore deſire, that
BLAME. your tyrantſhip will be pleaſed to *leave* your *bags* of *gold*, your *pride*, and your *cruelty*, behind. For,
APPREHENS if you were to go into our *poor crazy wherry* with them, you would *ſink* it, if there were *no paſſenger* but *yourſelf*.

INTR. 4th Ghoſt. *Pray*, *good Mercury*, let me carry my *diadem*[c]. It is not much *heavier* than an old-faſhioned *wedding-ring*. How will the ghoſts *know*,

[c] Diadems are thought to have been only a ſort of ring to go round the head, like a wreath.

know, that I am a *king*, without ſomething of a *royal enſign* about me?

Merc. There is no *difference*, where you are going, between a *king* and a *cobler*, unleſs the *cobler* has been the *better man*, which happens *commonly enough*. — But *who* are *you*, with your *roſy gills*, and your *round paunch?* REFUS. QUEST.

5th Ghoſt. I am only a *harmleſs good-natured fellow*, known by the name of *Damaſias*, the *paraſite*. You ſee I am *naked*. I hope, therefore, you will let me into the *boat*. INTR.

Merc. I like ſuch *naked* paſſengers as you. Pray, do you think, you can croſs the Styx with ſuch a load of *fleſh* about you? One of your *legs* would *ſink* the *boat*. REFUS. APPREHENS

5th Ghoſt. *What*, muſt I *put off* my very *fleſh?* VEXAT.

Merc. *Yes*, *ſurely*. INSIST.

5th Ghoſt. If I *muſt*, I *muſt*. * *Now then*, let me *come*. VEXAT. * INTR.

Merc. *Hold*. *What* have you got under your *arm?* REFUS.

5th Ghoſt. It is only a little *book* of *compliments* and *poems*, in praiſe of *great folks*, which I have *written out*, and keep *ready* by me, to put *any name* at the head of them, as *occaſion offers*, you know. INTR.

Merc. You *ſilly fellow!* Do you think you will have occaſion for *panegyrics* on the *other ſide* of the *Styx?* CONT. QUEST.

DISAP. 5th Ghoſt. *What*, are there *no great folks* there?

CONT. Merc. Why, you ſimpleton, don't you know, that thoſe, who were *greateſt* in t'*other* world, are *meaneſt* in *that* you are *going* to? Beſides, there are neither *places* nor *penſions* to *give* there.—*Who* are *you*, pray?

QUEST. 6th Ghoſt. A *conqueror*. I am the famous ——

CHID. BOAST.

RESOL. Merc. You ſhan't conquer *me*, I can tell you, Mr. *Famous*; and, therefore, if you don't throw your *ſword* and your *ſpear*, and all theſe *trophies*, into the *Styx*, you ſhan't ſet a *foot* in the *boat*.

REFUS.

VEXAT. 6th Ghoſt. What, muſt not my *immortal honours accompany* me? If I had not thought of *enjoying* them in the other *world*, I had not taken the *pains* I did *about* them.

THREATENING. Merc. You will ſee preſently what *honours* judge *Minos* will *confer* on you for *ravaging mankind*, and *deluging* the *world* with *blood*.—*Stop*, *Who* are *you?*

QUEST. 7th Ghoſt. Sir, I am an *univerſal genius*.

AFFEC. Merc. † That is to ſay, in plain Engliſh, a *Jack of all trades*, and *good* at *none*.

LEARN. † CONT.

BOAST. 7th Ghoſt. Why, Sir, I have *written* upon *all manner* of *ſubjects*. I have publiſhed *ten* volumes in *folio*, *ſixteen quartos*, *thirty-five octavos*, *nineteen* volumes in *twelves*, and *twenty-two pamphlets*. *I* am a *ſtandard-author* in *aſtronomy*, in *natural hiſtory*,

hiſtory, in *phyſic*, in *criticiſm*, in *hiſtory*, in *epic*, *tragic*, and *comic poetry*, in *metaphyſics*, in *grammar*, in——

Merc. *Plague* on thy *everlaſting tongue*; is it *never* to lie *ſtill* any *more*. What *mountain* of a *folio* is that, thou haſt under thine *arm?* CONT. QUEST.

7th Ghoſt. Sir, it is only my *common-place-book*. INTR.

Merc. Well, if you will go and diſpoſe of *it*, and of your *learned pride*, and your *ſcurrility* to all your *cotemporary authors*, and of your *arrogance* in *pretending* to be *maſter* of ſo *many different ſubjects*, and of your *oſtentation* in giving yourſelf ſo many ſilly *airs* of *learning* needleſsly; and come back in the dreſs and diſpoſition of a *modeſt*, *well-behaved ſkeleton*, we ſhall think of giving you your *paſſage*.—Now, *who* are *you?* CONT. QUEST.

8th Ghoſt. Sir, I am worth a *plumb*, as I can ſhew you by my *Ledger*. *Look* you *here*. BOAST.

"BALANCE *Dr.* *Per* *Con.* *Cr.*"

Merc. *What*, in the name of *Plutus*[d]; has the ſilly *ghoſt* gotten in his *pericranium?* Doſt *think*, friend, that there is *cheating*, and *uſury*, and *ſtock-jobbing*, in the *lower regions?* Stand *out* of the *way*.—*Who* are *you?* CHID. CONT. REFUS. QUEST.

9th Ghoſt. Sir, I am a *gentleman*, *rat me*. FOPP.

Merc. Ay, there's little doubt of your *rotting*, now you are *dead*. You was *half-rotten before* you *died*. CONT.

[d] The God of riches.

FOPPERY. BOAST. 9th Ghoſt. Sir, I have been the *happieſt* of all *mortals* in the favour of the *ladies*, *ſplit me*. The *tender creatures* could *refuſe* me *nothing*. *I conquered* wherever I *tried*, *ſtap* my *vitals*.

CHIDING. COMMAND. with CONT. Merc. I cannot but *admire* your *impudence* to tell *me* a *lie*. Don't you *know*, ſirrah, that *Mercury* is a *god*? *No lady*, whoſe *favours* were *worth having*, ever *cared* a *farthing* for *you*, or any *pig-tail'd puppy* of your *ſort*. Therefore let *me have none* of your *nonſenſe*; but *go* and *throw* your *ſnuff-box*, your *monkey airs*, your *rat me's*, and your *ſplit me's*, your *pretenſions* to *favours* you never *received*, your fooliſh *brains*, and your chattering *tongue*; throw them all into the *Styx*, and then we ſhall perhaps *talk* to you.

BOAST. with INTR. 10th Ghoſt. I am an *emperor*, and could bring *three hundred thouſand men* into the *field*, and—

AFFEC. with INTR. 11th Ghoſt. I am a *female conqueror*, and have had *princes* at my feet. My *beauty* has been always thought *irreſiſtible*, nor has——

AFFEC. of PIETY. SELF-VINDICATION. 12th Ghoſt. I am a venerable *prieſt* of the *temple* of *Apollo*, and *you know*, Mercury, whether the *report* of the Delphic *oracle*'s being only a *contrivance* among us, be not a *malicious fiction*; and whether the *prieſts*, in *all ages*, and in *all places*, *have* not *been*, and *will* not *always be*, *eminent* for their *artleſs*, *undeſigning ſimplicity*, their *contempt* of *riches*, their *honeſt oppoſition* to the *vices* of the *great*, and their *zeal* in promoting *truth* and *liberty* of *conſcience*, and—

13th Ghoſt.

13th Ghoſt. I have the *honour* to *tell you*, Sir, I am the *darling* of the *greateſt prince* on *earth*. I have kept in *favour five* and *twenty years* in *ſpite* of the *hatred* of a *whole nation*, and the *arts* of *hundreds* of *rivals*. There is not, I will *take upon me* to *ſay*, Sir, a *fetch* in *politics*, nor a *contrivance* for *worming in*, and *ſcrewing out*, that I am not *maſter* of. I had, I *aſſure* you, Sir, (a *word* in your *ear*) I had my *king* as much at my *command* as a *ſhepherd* has his *dog*. Sir, I ſhould be *proud* to *ſerve* you, Sir, if you—— FAWN. WHISP.

14th Ghoſt. I *preſume*, *illuſtrious Sir*, you *won't hinder me* of my *paſſage*, when I inform you, I only want to *carry* with me a few *noſtrums*, a little *phyſical Latin*, and a ſmall collection of *learned phraſes* for expreſſing *common* things more *magnificently*, which if they were put into a *vernacular tongue*, would be too *eaſily underſtood*. *Beſides*, I have, I believe—— STIFF AFFEC. LEARN.

15th Ghoſt. *Great god* of *eloquence*, you will not, I am perſuaded, *ſtop* a *famous lawyer* and *orator*. I am *maſter* of *every trope* and *figure* that *ever* was *heard* of. I can make any *cauſe good*. By the time I have *talked half an hour*, there is not a *judge* on the *bench*, that *knows which ſide* the *right* is on, or whether there be *any right* on *either ſide*. And then, for *brow-beating*, and finding uſeful and ſeaſonable *demurs*, *quirks*, and the like, I dare *challenge*—— AFFEC. with WHEED. BOAST.

HYPOC. and FAWN. 16th Ghoſt. Mercury, I do *intreat* you to let *me* come into the *boat*. I am ſure, *judge Minos* will paſs a very *favourable ſentence* on me. For it is *well known*, that *no body ever was* a more *exact obſerver* of the religious *ceremonies* appointed by *authority*, and eſtabliſhed by *cuſtom*, than *myſelf*. And what was alleged againſt me, of my being given to *cenſoriouſneſs*, *pride*, and *private ſins*, is all *falſe*—almoſt—and—

CONFID. 17th Ghoſt. I am ſure, Mercury, I ſhall be very well received by judge *Minos*, judge *Rhadamanthus*, and judge *Æacus*. For I never did *harm* to *any body*; but was always ready to do *any kindneſs* in my *power*. And there is *nothing* can be alleged *againſt me*, worth *naming*. For it is not *true*, that I *believed* neither *god* nor *future ſtate*. I was *no atheiſt*, as has been alleged. but only a *free-thinker*.

SELF-VINDICATION.

INTR. PITY. 18th Ghoſt. *Pray*, Mercury, let a *brave ſoldier* come into the *boat*. See what a *ſtab* in my *back* I *died* of.

19th Ghoſt. *Pray*, Mercury, *don't* keep out an *induſtrious citizen*, who died of living *too frugally*.

20th Ghoſt. *Pray*, Mercury, let an *honeſt farmer paſs*, who was knocked on the *head* for *not ſelling corn* to the *poor* for a *ſong*.

IMPATIENCE. Merc. *Hoity, toity! What* have we *got! Why* don't you *all* bawl *together?* Now, in the name of the three *Furies*, *Alecto*, *Tyſiphone*, and *Megara*, of

of the *Vejoves*, the *Numina læva*, and all the *Robigus's* and *Averruncus's* that ſtand on *Aulus Gellius's* liſt of *miſchievous deities*, *what* muſt we *do*, Charon?

Char. *Puſh* them *away*. *Puſh* them into the *Styx*. There is not *one* of them *fit* to be *carried over*. One comes loaded with *pride* of *beauty* and *luſt*, another with *arrogance* and *cruelty*, another with *falſehood* and *flattery*, another with *love* of *fame*, and *deſire* of *boundleſs dominion*, another with *falſe learning*, another with *learned pride*, another with *ſpiritual pride* and *hypocriſy*, another with *avarice* and *churliſhneſs*, another with *foppery* and *falſe pretenſions* to *ladies favours*, another with *political craft*, *bribery*, and *corruption*, another with *law quirks*, another with *quackiſh noſtrums*, and another with *prieſtcraft*; and they expect, that my *poor little old half-rotten wherry* ſhould carry *them* and all their *naſty luggage* over at *one lift*. Why Mercury, it would require ſuch a *veſſel*, as thoſe they will build at the iſland of *Albion* two *thouſand years hence*, which will be called *firſt rate men of war*, to carry ſuch a *cargo*. Therefore we muſt e'en *put off*, with this *half dozen* of *paſſengers*, and, perhaps, by the time we come *back*, ſome of them will be ſtripped to the *buff*, I mean to the *bones*, and *diſencumbered* of their reſpective *appurtenances*, ſo as to be *fit* for the *voyage*.

ANGER.

CHID.

DETERM.

Merc. We have *nothing elſe* for it, Charon. Therefore, *gentlemen* and *ladies*, if you don't clear the

AGREE.

THREA. COMM. the *way*, I muſt be *rude* to you. *Fall back*, *fall back*. I have not *room* to puſh the *boat off*— [Standing a tiptoe, and looking as at a diſtant

DOUBT. object] O — Methinks I ſee a couple of *modeſt-looking ghoſts* whom I ſhould *know*, ſtanding at a

INVIT. *diſtance*. *Ay*, *ay*, it is the *ſame*. *Hark* ye, you

APPROBATION. *good people*, come *this way*. You ſeem to have *ſhaken off* all your *uſeleſs lumber*. I *remember* you. You lived in a *little cottage* on the ſide of a *hill* in the *Cherſoneſus Cimbrica*. You were always *good*, *honeſt*, *contented creatures*.

KINDN. Char. *Take* them *in*, Mercury. They are worth an *hundred* of your *cumbrous emperors*, *conquerors*, *beauties*, and *literati*. *Come*, let us *puſh off*.

LXIII.

ACCUSATION.

From *Cicero*'s ORATION againſt *Verres*, entitled DIVINATIO.

APOLOGY. HAVING formerly had the honour of being *quæſtor* in *Sicily*, and leaving that people with ſuch *grateful* impreſſions of me on account of my *behaviour*, while I was among them, as, I hope, will not *ſoon* be effaced, it appeared, that, as they had great dependence upon their *former patrons* for the ſecurity of their properties,

they likewiſe repoſed *ſome* degree of confidence in *me*. Thoſe *unhappy people* being *plundered* and *oppreſſed*, have made *frequent* and *public applications* to me, intreating, that I would undertake the defence of them, and their *fortunes*; which, they told me, they were encouraged to *requeſt* of me, by *promiſes* I had given them (of the *ſincerity* of which they had had ſeveral *ſubſtantial proofs*) that if *ever* they ſhould have *occaſion* for my *friendſhip*, I would not be wanting in any *reſpect* in which I could be *uſeful* to them. The time was now come, they told me, when they had but *too much occaſion* to claim my *promiſe*; for that they were now in want of *protection*, not for their *property* only, but even for t2eir *lives*, and for ſecuring the very *being* of the *province*. That for *three years* they had ſuffered by the injuſtice of *Caius Verres*, *every hardſhip*, with which *daring impiety*, *rapacious inſolence*, and wanton *cruelty* could *diſtreſs* a *miſerable* and *helpleſs people*. It gave me *no ſmall concern*, to find myſelf obliged either to *falſify* my *promiſe* to thoſe, who had repoſed a *confidence* in me, or to undertake the *ungrateful part* of an *accuſer*, inſtead of that which I have *always choſen*, I mean of a *defender*. I referred them to the patronage of *Quintus Cæcilius*, who *ſucceeded* me in the *quæſtorſhip* of the *province*. I was in hopes I ſhould thus get *free* of the *diſagreeable* office they had ſolicited me to *engage* in. But to my *great diſappointment*, they told me, ſo far

PITY. PROM. INTR. PITY. ACCUS. VEXAT. DECLIN. VEXAT.

ACCUS. far from their having any *hopes* from *Cæcilius*, their diſtreſſes had been *heightened* by him; and that he had, by his *conduct*, during his *quæſtorſhip*, made their application to me *more neceſſary*, than

APOL. *otherwiſe*, it *would* have been. You ſee, therefore, Fathers, that I am *drawn* to engage in this cauſe by *duty*, *fidelity*, and *commiſeration*, for the *diſtreſſed*; and that, though I may *ſeem* to take the *accuſing* ſide, it is, in *fact*, the *defence* of the *oppreſſed*, that I undertake, the defence of many *thouſands*, of many *great cities*, of a *whole province*. And indeed, though the cauſe were of *leſs conſequence* than it *is*; though the Sicilians had *not requeſted* my aſſiſtance; and though I had not been by my *promiſe*, and my *connexions* with that unfortunate people, *obliged* to undertake their defence, though I had profeſſedly *commenced* this proſecution with a view to the *ſervice* of my *country*

ACCUS. *merely*; that a man *infamous* for his *avarice*, *impudence*, and *villainy*, whoſe *rapaciouſneſs*, and other crimes of *various* kinds, are *notorious*, not in *Sicily* only, but in *Achaia*, *Aſia Minor*, *Cilicia*, *Pamphylia*, and even here at *home*; that *ſuch* a *man* might, at *my inſtance*, be brought upon his *trial*, and receive the *puniſhment* he *deſerves*; though I had had *no* other view in *this proſecution* than that *juſtice* ſhould be done upon a *cruel oppreſſor*, and the *diſtreſſed* be *delivered*; what *Roman* could

SELF-VINDICATION. have *blamed* my *proceeding*? *How* could I do a more *valuable* ſervice to the *commonwealth*? What ought

ought to be more *acceptable* to the *Roman people*, to our *allies*, or to *foreign nations? What* more *deſirable* towards ſecuring the *properties*, *privileges*, and *lives* of mankind, than *exemplary juſtice*, inflicted on *notorious abuſers* of *power? Deplorable* is the *ſituation* of the tributary *ſtates* and *provinces* of the *commonwealth*. *Oppreſſed*, *plundered*, *ruined*, by thoſe who are ſet *over* them, they do not now preſume to hope for *deliverance*. All they deſire, is a little *alleviation* of their diſtreſſes. They are willing to *ſubmit* their *cauſe* to the *juſtice* of a *Roman ſenate*. But they, who ought to *undertake* their *vindication*, are their *enemies*. They, who ought to *commence* the *proſecution* againſt their *oppreſſors*, deſerve *themſelves*, to be brought upon their *trial* for their *own* mal-adminiſtration.

PITY.

ACCUS.

It is ſufficiently *known* to you, Fathers, that the *law* for recovery of *tributes unjuſtly ſeized*, was intended expreſsly for the *advantage* of the *allied*, and *tributary ſtates*. For in caſes of *injuſtice* done by *one* citizen to *another*, redreſs is to be had by *action* at *common law*. The preſent cauſe is, therefore, to be tried by the *law* of *recovery*. And, under the *umbrage* of that *law*, and in hopes of *redreſs* by it, the *province* of *Sicily*, with *one voice*, accuſes *Verres* of *plundering* her of her *gold* and *ſilver*, of the *riches* of her *towns*, her *cities*, and *temples*, and of *all* ſhe enjoyed under the *protection* of the *Roman commonwealth*, to the value of *many millions*, &c.

TEACH. or EXPL.

ACCUS.

From

From his other Orations againſt Verres.

TEACH. or EXPL. The time is come, Fathers, when that which has *long* been *wiſhed for*, towards allaying the *envy*, *your order* has been *ſubject to*, and *removing* the *imputations* againſt *trials*, is (*not* by *human* AWE. *contrivance*, but *ſuperior direction*) *effectually* put INFOR. in our *power*. An *opinion* has *long prevailed*, not only here at *home*, but likewiſe in *foreign countries*, both *dangerous* to *you*, and *pernicious* to the *ſtate*, viz. That, in *proſecutions*, men of *wealth* are always *ſafe*, however *clearly convicted*. There is now to be brought upon his *trial* before you, to the *confuſion*, I hope of the *propagators* of this ACCUS. *ſlanderous imputation*, one, whoſe *life* and *actions* condemn him in the opinion of all *impartial* perſons; but who, according to his *own* reckoning, and declared dependance upon his *riches*, is already *acquitted*; I mean *Caius Verres*. I have APOL. undertaken this proſecution, Fathers, at the *general deſire*, and with the *great expectation* of the *Roman people*, not that I might draw *envy* upon that *illuſtrious order*, of which the *accuſed* happens to *be*; but with the *direct deſign* of *clearing* your EXCIT. *juſtice* and *impartiality* before the *world*. For I have brought upon his trial, one, whoſe *conduct* has been *ſuch*, that, in paſſing a *juſt* ſentence upon him, you will have an opportunity of *re-eſtabliſh-*

ing

ing the *credit* of ſuch trials; of *recovering* whatever may be *loſt* of the *favour* of the *Roman people*; and of *ſatisfying* foreign *ſtates* and *kingdoms* in *alliance* with us, or *tributary* to us. I demand *juſtice* of you, Fathers, upon the *robber* of the public *treaſury*, the *oppreſſor* of *Aſia Minor* and *Pamphylia*, the *invader* of the *rights* and *privileges* of *Romans*, the *ſcourge* and *curſe* of *Sicily*. If that *ſentence* is *paſſed* upon him which his *crimes deſerve*, your *authority*, Fathers, will be *venerable* and *ſacred* in the *eyes* of the *public*. But if his great *riches* ſhould *bias* you in his *favour*, I ſhall ſtill gain *one* point, viz. To make it *apparent* to all the *world*, that what was *wanting* in this caſe was not a *criminal*, nor a *proſecutor*; but *juſtice*, and *adequate puniſhment*. And, to confeſs the very *truth*, Fathers, though various *ſnares* have been laid for me, on *ſea* and *land*, by *Verres*, which I have partly avoided by my *own vigilance*, partly *baffled* with the *help* of my *friends*; I have never been *ſo apprehenſive* of *danger* from him, as *now*. Nor does my *anxiety* about my own *inſufficiency* for conducting ſuch a *trial*, nor the *awe*, with which ſo great a *concourſe* of people *ſtrikes* me, *alarm* my *apprehenſions* ſo much, as the *wicked arts* and *deſigns*, which I *know* he has framed againſt *Marcus Glabrio* the *prætor*, againſt the *allied* and *tributary ſtates*, againſt the *whole ſenatorial rank*, and againſt *myſelf*. For he makes no *ſcruple* publicly to *declare*, "That in his opinion,

INSIST.

ACCUS.

EXCIT.

APPREHENS

ACCUS.

"*they*

" *they alone* have reaſon to *fear* being called to
" *account*, who have only amaſſed what is ſuf-
" ficient for *themſelves*. That, for *his part*, he
" has *prudently* taken care to ſecure what will
" be *ſufficient* for *himſelf* and many *others* beſides.
" That he knows there is *nothing ſo ſacred*, but
" it may be made *free with*, nothing ſo *well*
" *ſecured*, but it may be *come at* by a *proper ap-*
CONT. " *plication* of *money*." It is true, we are *ſo far*
obliged to him, that he joins with his *daring wickedneſs*, ſuch *bare-faced folly*, that it muſt be
our *own egregious* and *inexcuſable fault*, if we are
ACCUS. *deceived* by him. For, as thoſe acts of *violence*, by which he has gotten his *exorbitant riches*, were done *openly*, ſo have his attempts to *pervert judgment*, and *eſcape* due *puniſhment*, been *public*, and in open *defiance* of *decency*. He has accordingly ſaid, that the *only time* he *ever* was afraid, was, when he found the proſecution *commenced* againſt him by *me*; leſt he ſhould not have *time enough* to diſpoſe of a ſufficient number of *preſents* in *proper* hands. Nor has he attempted to *ſecure* himſelf by the *legal* way of *defence* upon his *trial*. And, indeed, where is the *learning*, the *eloquence*, or the *art*, which would be *ſufficient* to qualify any one for the *defence* of *him* whoſe *whole life* has been a continued *ſeries* of the moſt *atrocious crimes?* To paſs over the *ſhameful irregularities* of his *youth*, what does his *quæſtorſhip*, the *firſt* public *employment* he held, *what* does it *exhibit*, but one

continued

continued *ſcene* of *villanies*; *Cneius Carbo plundered* of the public money by his *own treaſurer*; a *conſul ſtripped* and *betrayed*; an *army deſerted* and *reduced* to *want*; a *province robbed*; the *civil* and *religious rights* of a *people violated*. The *employment* he held in *Aſia Minor* and *Pamphylia*, what did it produce, but the *ruin* of thoſe *countries*; in which *houſes*, *cities*, and *temples* were *robbed* by him. There he acted over again the *ſcene* of his *quæſtorſhip*, bringing, by his bad practices, *Cneius Dolabella*, whoſe *ſubſtitute* he was, into diſgrace with the *people*, and then *deſerting* him; not only *deſerting*, but even *accuſing* and *betraying* him. *What* was his *conduct* in his *prætorſhip* here at *home?* Let the *plundered temples*, and *public works neglected*, that he might *embezzle* the *money* intended for *carrying* them *on*, bear *witneſs*. How did he diſcharge the *office* of a *judge?* Let *thoſe*, who *ſuffered* by his *injuſtice*, *anſwer*. But his *prætorſhip* in *Sicily*, *crowns all* his *works* of *wickedneſs*, and finiſhes a *laſting monument* to his *infamy*. The *miſchiefs* done by him in that *unhappy country*, during the *three years* of his *iniquitous adminiſtration*, are ſuch, that *many years* under the *wiſeſt* and *beſt* of *prætors*, will not be ſufficient to *reſtore* things to the *condition* in which he *found* them. For it is *notorious*, that, during the time of his *tyranny*, the *Sicilians* neither enjoyed the *protection* of their own original *laws*, of the *regulations* made for their *benefit* by the PITY.

Roman ſenate, upon their coming under the protection of the *commonwealth*, nor of the *natural* and *unalienable* rights of *men*. No *inhabitant* of that *ruined country* has been *able* to *keep poſſeſſion* of *any thing*, but what has either *eſcaped* the *rapaciouſneſs*, or been *neglected* by the *ſatiety* of that *univerſal plunderer*. His *nod* has *decided all cauſes* in Sicily for theſe *three years*. And his *deciſions* have broken *all law*, *all precedent*, *all right*. The ſums he has, by *arbitrary taxes*, and *unheard-of impoſitions*, *extorted* from the *induſtrious poor*, are *not* to be *computed*. The moſt *faithful allies* of the commonwealth have been treated as *enemies*. *Roman citizens* have, like *ſlaves*, been put to *death* with *tortures*. The moſt *atrocious criminals*, for *money*, have been *exempted* from the *deſerved puniſhments*; and men of the moſt *unexceptionable characters condemned*, and *baniſhed*, *unheard*. The *harbours*, though ſufficiently *fortified*, and the gates of ſtrong *towns*, opened to *pirates* and *ravagers*. The *ſoldiery* and *ſailors*, belonging to a province under the *protection* of the *commonwealth*, ſtarved to *death*. Whole *fleets*, to the great *detriment* of the *province*, ſuffered to *periſh*. The antient *monuments* of either *Sicilian* or *Roman greatneſs*, the *ſtatues* of *heroes* and *princes*, *carried off*; and the *temples ſtripped* of the *images*. The infamy of his *lewdneſs* has been ſuch, as *decency forbids* to *deſcribe*. Nor will I, by mentioning *particulars*, put thoſe *unfortunate* perſons to *freſh*

Accus.

pain,

pain, who have not been able to ſave their *wives* and *daughters* from his *impurity*. And theſe his *atrocious crimes* have been committed in ſo *public* a manner, that there is *no one*, who has *heard* of his *name*, but could *reckon up* his *actions*.

Having, by his *iniquitous ſentences*, filled the *priſons* with the moſt *induſtrious* and *deſerving* of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of *Roman citizens* to be *ſtrangled* in the *gaols*; ſo that the exclamation, "I am a *citizen* of *Rome*;" which has often, in the moſt *diſtant regions*, and among the moſt *barbarous people*, been a *protection*, was of *no ſervice* to them; but, on the contrary, brought a *ſpeedier*, and more *ſevere puniſhment* upon them. DEPRECATION. ACCUS.

I *aſk*, now, *Verres*, *what* you have to *advance* againſt this *charge?* Will you pretend to *deny* it? Will you pretend, that any thing *falſe*, that even any thing *aggravated*, is alleged againſt you? Had any *prince*, or any ſtate, committed the *ſame outrage* againſt the privilege of *Roman citizens*, ſhould we not think we had ſufficient ground for declaring immediate *war* againſt them? *What puniſhment* ought, then, to be inflicted upon a *tyrannical* and *wicked prætor*, who *dared*, at no greater *diſtance* than *Sicily*, within *ſight* of the Italian *coaſt*, to put to the infamous death of *crucifixion* that *unfortunate* and *innocent* citizen, *Publius Gavius Coſanus*, only for his having *aſſerted* his privilege of *citizenſhip*, and declared CHALL. REMON. ACCUS. PITY.

his intention of *appealing* to the *juſtice* of his *country* againſt a *cruel oppreſſor*, who had *unjuſtly confined* him in *priſon* at Syracuſe, from whence he had juſt made his *eſcape?* The *unhappy man arreſted*, as he was going to *embark* for his *native country*, is brought before the *wicked prætor*. With *eyes* darting *fury*, and a *countenance* diſtorted with *cruelty*, he orders the *helpleſs victim* of his *rage* to be *ſtripped*, and *rods* to be *brought*; *accuſing* him, but without the leaſt *ſhadow* of *evidence*, or even of *ſuſpicion*, of having come to Sicily as a *ſpy*. It was in vain, that the *unhappy man cried out*, "I am a *Roman citizen*, I have "*ſerved* under *Lucius Pretius*, who is *now* at *Pa*- "*normus*, and will *atteſt* my *innocence*." The *blood-thirſty prætor*, *deaf* to all he could urge in his own *defence*, ordered the *infamous puniſhment* to be *inflicted*. Thus, Fathers, was an *innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled* with *ſcourging*; whilſt the *only words* he uttered amidſt his *cruel ſufferings* were, * "I am a *Roman citizen*." With *theſe* he *hoped* to *defend* himſelf from *violence* and *infamy*. But of ſo *little ſervice* was this *privilege* to him, that while he was thus *aſſerting* his *citizenſhip*, the order was given for his *execution*—for his execution upon the *croſs!*—

ACCUS.

PITY.

ACCUS.

PITY. DEPRECATION.

ACCUS.

PITY.

* DEPR.

ACCUS.

HORROR.

O *liberty!*—O *ſound once delightful* to every *Roman ear!*—O *ſacred privilege* of *Roman citizenſhip!*—*once ſacred!*—*now trampled* upon!—But *what* then! Is it *come* to *this?* Shall an *inferior magiſtrate*,

LAMEN.

EXCITING TO VINDIC.

magiſtrate, a governor, who holds his *whole power* of the *Roman people*, in a *Roman province*, within *ſight* of *Italy*, *bind*, *ſcourge*, *torture* with *fire* and *red hot plates* of *iron*, and at the laſt put to the *infamous death* of the *croſs*, a *Roman citizen?* Shall neither the *cries* of *innocence expiring* in *agony*, nor the *tears* of *pitying ſpectators*, nor the *majeſty* of the *Roman commonwealth*, nor the *fear* of the *juſtice* of his *country*, *reſtrain* the *licentious* and *wanton cruelty* of a *monſter*, who, in confidence of his *riches*, ſtrikes at the *root* of *liberty*, and ſets *mankind* at *defiance?*

I *conclude* with expreſſing my *hopes*, that your *wiſdom* and *juſtice*, Fathers, will not, by ſuffering the *atrocious* and *unexampled inſolence* of Caius Verres to eſcape the due *puniſhment*, leave room to apprehend the *danger* of a total *ſubverſion* of *authority*, and *introduction* of general *anarchy* and *confuſion*.

LXIV.

TERROR. DISCOVERY of ſecret Wickedneſs.

The ghoſt of Hamlet king of Denmark, murdered by his brother, in concert with his queen, appears to Hamlet his ſon. [*Shakeſp.* HAMLET.]

ALARM. Horatio. LOOK, my lord, it *comes!*

START. Hamlet. *Angels* and *Miniſters* of *grace defend* us![e]—

TREMB. Be thou a ſpirit of *health*, or goblin *damn'd*;
Bring with thee *airs* from *Heav'n*, or *blaſts* from *hell*,
Be thy intents *wicked* or *charitable*,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a *queſtionable*[f] *ſhape*,
That I *will ſpeak* to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*, *King*,

[e] Hamlet, ſtanding in converſation with Horatio and Marcellus, is ſuppoſed to be turned from the place where the ghoſt appears, and is ſeen by Horatio. When Horatio gives the word, that the ghoſt appears, Hamlet turns haſtily round toward it in great conſternation, and expreſſes his fear in the firſt line, "*Angels* and *miniſters*, &c." Then, after a *long pauſe*, looking earneſtly at the ſpectre, he goes on, "Be thou "a ſpirit," &c. See *Fear*, p. 17.

[f] *Queſtionable*, means *inviting queſtion*. The ghoſt appeared in a ſhape ſo intereſting to the young prince, viz. That of his father, that he could not help venturing to ſpeak to it, though with great reluctance from fear.

King, *Father*, *Royal Dane! O anſwer me*, EARNEST.
Why thy *bones*, *hears'd* in *canonized earth*,
Have *burſt* their *cearments*[g]? why the *ſepulchre*,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly *inurn'd*,
Hath *op'd* his *ponderous* and marble *jaws*,
To *caſt* thee *forth* again? *What* may this *mean*,
That thy *dead corſe* again in *warlike ſteel*
Reviſits thus the *glimpſes* of the *moon*,
Making night *hideous*?
Say, *why* is *this*? What *would'ſt thou* have *done for* QUEST.
thee?
Ghoſt. [h] I am thy *father's ſpirit*, to earth HORROR.
return'd
Foul murder to *diſcloſe*—*Liſt* then, O *Hamlet!*—
'Tis *given out*, that *ſleeping* in my *garden*,
A *ſerpent ſtung me*. So the *ear* of *Denmark*
Is, by a *forged proceſs* of my *death*,
Groſsly abus'd. But *know*, thou princely youth,
The *ſerpent*, that did *ſting* thy father *dead*,
Now *wears* his *crown*. *Sleeping* within an *alcove*, COMPL. of INJURY.
On my *ſecurity* thy *uncle ſtole*
With juice of *curſed hebenon* diſtill'd,
And in the porches of mine *ears* did *pour*
The *leprous poiſon*, whoſe *contagious nature*

[g] *Cearments* are the medicated ſwathings put about a dead body, to preſerve it longer from putrefaction; from *cera*, wax.

[h] The ſpeech of the ghoſt to be ſpoken without action, very ſlow and ſolemn, with little variation of voice, and in a hollow dreary tone.

Holds ſuch an *enmity* with the *life* of *man*,
That with a *ſudden vigour* it doth *curdle*
The *thin* and *wholeſome blood*. *So* did it *mine*,
And *inſtantly* a *tetter bark'd* about,
Moſt *lazar like*, with *vile* and *loathſome cruſt*,
All my *ſmooth body*.
Thus was I, *ſleeping*, by a *brother's* hand,
Of *life*, of *crown*, of *queen*, at once bereft,
Cut *off*, ev'n in the *bloſſom* of my *ſins*;
No reck'ning made, but ſent to my *account*,
With all my *imperfections* on my *head*.

EXCITING. If thou haſt *nature* in *thee*, *bear* it *not*.
Let not the *royal bed* of Denmark be

AVERSION. A couch for *filthineſs*, and *beaſtly inceſt*.
But howſoever thou purſu'ſt *redreſs*,

CAUTIONING. *Taint* not thy *mind*, nor let thy ſoul *contrive*
Againſt thy *mother aught*. *Leave* her to *heav'n*,

ANGUISH. And to thoſe *thorns*, that in her boſom *lodge*,
To *goad* and *ſting* her. *Fare thee well* at once.
The *glow-worm* ſhews the *morning* to be *near*;
His ineffectual *fire* begins to *pale*.
Farewel. *Remember me*.

LXV.

LXV.

EXHORTATION. REPROACHING.

The Athenians, being unſucceſsful in the war againſt Philip of Macedon, aſſembled, in great dejection, in order to conſult what meaſures were to be taken to retrieve their ſeemingly deſperate affairs. Demoſthenes endeavours to encourage them, by ſhewing them, that there was nothing to fear from Philip, if they proſecuted the war in a proper manner. [*Demoſt.* PHILIP. ORAT.]

ATHENIANS!

HAD this aſſembly been called together on an *unuſual* occaſion, I ſhould have *waited* to hear the opinions of *others*, before I had offered my *own*; and if what *they propoſed* had ſeemed to me *judicious*, I ſhould have been *ſilent*; if *otherwiſe*, I ſhould have given my *reaſons* for *differing* from thoſe, who had ſpoken *before* me. But as the ſubject of our preſent deliberations has been *often* treated by *others*, I hope I ſhall be excuſed, though I riſe up *firſt* to offer my opinion. Had the ſchemes, *formerly* propoſed, been *ſucceſsful*, there had been *no occaſion* for the *preſent* conſultation.

APOL. SUBMISS. APOL.

First,

ENCOU. First, then, my countrymen, let me *intreat* you not to look upon the ſtate of our affairs as *deſperate*, though it be *unpromiſing*. For, as on *one* hand, to compare the *preſent* with times *paſt*,
CONCERN. matters have indeed a very *gloomy aſpect*; ſo, on the *other*, if we extend our views to *future times*,
HOPE. I have good hopes, that the *diſtreſſes* we are *now* under will prove of *greater advantage* to us, than
DOUBT. if we had *never fallen* into them. If it be aſked, what *probability* there is of this; I anſwer, I hope it will appear, that it is our *egregious miſbehaviour*
REPR. *alone* that has brought us into theſe *diſadvanta-*
DIREC. *geous circumſtances*. From whence follows the
HOPE. neceſſity of *altering* our conduct, and the proſpect of *bettering* our *circumſtances* by doing ſo.
APPREHEN. If we had *nothing* to *accuſe* ourſelves of, and yet found our affairs in their *preſent diſorderly condition*; we ſhould not have *room* left even for the
EXCITING. *hope* of *recovering* ourſelves. But, my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from
COURAGE. others, how *glorioufly* the *Lacedæmonian war* was *ſuſtained*, in which we engaged in *defence* of our own *rights*, againſt an enemy *powerful* and *formidable*; in the *whole conduct* of which war *nothing*
APPRO- happened *unworthy* the *dignity* of the *Athenian*
BATION. *ſtate*; and this within theſe *few years* paſt. My *intention* in recalling to your memory this part
EXCITING. of our hiſtory is, To ſhew you, that you have no reaſon to *fear any enemy*, if your operations be

wiſely

wiſely planned, and *vigorouſly executed*; as, on the *contrary*, that if you *do not exert* your *natural ſtrength* in a *proper manner*, you have *nothing* to *look for* but *diſappointment* and *diſtreſs*; and to ſuggeſt to you, that you ought to *profit* by this *example* of what has *actually been done* by *good conduct* againſt the *great power* of the Lacedæmonians, ſo as in the *preſent* war to *aſſert* your *ſuperiority* over the *inſolence* of *Philip*; which it is *evident* from *experience* may be *effected*, if you reſolve to attend *diligently* to thoſe *important objects*, which you have of late *ſhamefully neglected*. The enemy has indeed gained *conſiderable advantages*, by *treaty*, as well as by *conqueſt*. For it is to be *expected*, that *princes* and *ſtates* will *court* the alliance of *thoſe*, who, by their *counſels* and *arms*, ſeem likely to procure for *themſelves* and their *confederates* diſtinguiſhed *honours* and *advantages*. But, my countrymen, though you have of late been *too* ſupinely *negligent* of what concerned you ſo nearly; if you will *even now* reſolve to *exert* yourſelves *unanimouſly*, each according to his reſpective *abilities* and *circumſtances*; the *rich*, by contributing *liberally* towards the *expence* of the war, and the *reſt* by *preſenting* themſelves to be *enrolled*, to make up the *deficiencies* of the *army* and *navy*; if, in ſhort, you will at laſt *reſume* your *own character*, and act like *yourſelves*, it is not *yet too late*, ‖ with the help of *Heaven*, to *recover* * what you have *loſt*, and † to *inflict* the juſt *vengeance*

APPREHENSION.
EXCITING.
COURAGE.
REPR.
ENCOU.
REGR.
ENCOU.
EARNESTNESS.
ENCOU.
‖ REVER.
* REPR.
† COUR.

vengeance on your *inſolent* enemy. *Philip* is but a *mortal*. He cannot, like a *god*, *ſecure* to himſelf, beyond the *poſſibility* of *diſappointment*, the
EXCITING. *acquiſitions* he has made. There are thoſe, who *hate* him; there are, who *fear*, and there are who *envy* him; and of theſe *ſome*, who ſeem moſt *inſe-*
REPR. *parably connected* with him. Theſe *your inactivity* obliges, at preſent, to *ſtifle* their *real ſenti-*
EXCITING. *ments*, which are in *your favour*. But *when* will you, my countrymen, *when* will you *rouſe* from your *indolence*, and *bethink* yourſelves of what is to
APPREHENS. be *done?* When you are *forced* to it by ſome fatal *diſaſter?* When *irreſiſtible neceſſity drives* you?
ROUSING. *What think* ye of the *diſgraces*, which are *already*
SHAME. come upon you? Is not the *paſt* ſufficient to *ſtimulate* your *activity?* Or do ye wait for ſome-
REPROV. with CONTEMPT. what *yet* to *come*, *more forcible* and *urgent?* How *long* will you *amuſe* yourſelves with enquiring of one another after *news*, as you *ramble idly* about
ROUSING. the *ſtreets?* What news ſo *ſtrange ever* came to
SHAME. *Athens*, as, That a *Macedonian* ſhould *ſubdue* this
CONTEMPT. *ſtate*, and *lord* it over *Greece?* Again, you aſk one another, "*What*, is Philip *dead?*" "No," it is
CHIDING. anſwered, "but he is very *ill.*" How *fooliſh* this *curioſity!* What is it to *you*, whether Philip is *ſick*, or *well?* Suppoſe he *were dead*. Your *inactivity* would ſoon raiſe up againſt yourſelves *another Philip* in his *ſtead*. For it is not *his ſtrength*, that has *made* him *what he is*; but *your indolence*; which has, of *late*, been *ſuch*, that you ſeem neither

ther in a condition to take any *advantage* of the *enemy*, nor to *keep* it, if it were *gained* by *others* for you.

But what I have *hitherto* obſerved to your *reproach*, will be of *no ſervice* toward *retrieving* the *paſt miſcarriages*, unleſs I proceed to offer a *plan* for raiſing the neceſſary *ſupplies* of *money*, *ſhipping*, and *men*. RECOL.

The orator then goes on to treat of ways and means. But that part of his ſpeech being leſs entertaining, and his demands of men, money, and ſhipping, being pitiful, compared with the immenſe funds, and ſtupendous armaments, we are accuſtomed to, I leave it out. Afterwards he ſhews Philip's inſolence, by producing his letters to the Eubœans; and then makes remarks on them.

The preſent *diſgraceful* ſtate of your affairs, my countrymen, as it appears from the *inſolent* ſtrain of the *letters* I have juſt read, may not, perhaps, be a very *pleaſing* ſubject for your *reflections*. And if, by *avoiding* the *mention* of *diſagreeable circumſtances*, their *exiſtence* could be *prevented* or *annihilated*, there would be *nothing to do*, but to *frame* our *ſpeeches* ſo as to give the moſt *pleaſure* to the *hearers*. But, if the unſeaſonable *ſmoothneſs* of a ſpeech tends to *lull* a people into a *fatal ſecurity*, how *ſhameful* is ſuch *ſelf-deceit!* REGRET. RELUC. APPREHENS.

REPR. *deceit!* How *contemptible* the *weakneſs* of putting *off* the *evil day*, and through *fear* of being *ſhocked* APPREHENSION. at the ſight of what is *diſordered* in our *affairs*, to ſuffer the diſorder to *increaſe* to ſuch a degree, as COURAGE. will ſoon be *irretrievable!* Wiſdom, on the contrary, directs, that the conductors of a war al- CONTEMPT. ways *anticipate* the operations of the *enemy*, inſtead of waiting to ſee what ſteps *he* ſhall take. COURAGE. *Superiority* of genius ſhews itſelf by taking the *ſtart* of others; as in marching to battle, it is the *general* who leads, and the *common ſoldiers* that REPR. with INDIGN. *follow*. Whereas *you*, Athenians, though you be maſters of all that is *neceſſary* for *war*, as *ſhipping*, *cavalry*, *infantry*, and *funds*, have not the *ſpirit* to make the proper *uſe* of your *advantages*; ROUSING. but ſuffer the *enemy* to *dictate* to you *every motion* SHAME. you are to *make*. If you hear, that Philip is in the *Cherſoneſus*; you order troops to be ſent *thither*. If at *Pylæ*; forces are to be detached to ſecure *that poſt*. Wherever *he* makes an *attack*, there *you* ſtand upon your *defence*. You *attend* him in *all* his *motions*, as *ſoldiers* do their *general*. CHIDING. But you *never* think of ſtriking out of *yourſelves* any bold and *effectual* ſcheme for bringing him CONTEMPT. to *reaſon*, by being *before-hand* with him. A *pitiful* manner of carrying on war at *any time*: but, APPREHENS. in the critical circumſtances you are *now* in, utterly *ruinous*. However you might *trifle*, ſo long as things were in a tolerable ſtate of *ſafety*, you will not, I hope, think of going on in the

ſame

ſame way, now that the very *being* of the *ſtate* is come to be *precarious*. I would willingly *flatter* myſelf with the hope, that things being come to a *criſis*, the haſty *ſtrides* made by Philip toward the conqueſt of this *commonwealth* will prove the means of *defeating* his *deſign*. Had he proceeded *deliberately* and *prudently*, you ſeem ſo diſpoſed to *peace*, that I do not imagine you would have *troubled* yourſelves about his taking a few *towns* and *provinces*, but would have given him leave, without *moleſtation*, to affront your *ſtandards* and *flags* at his *pleaſure*. But now, that you ſee him making *rapid advances* toward your *capital*, perhaps you may at *laſt* be *alarmed*, if you be not *loſt* to all ſenſe of *prudence*, *honour*, or *ſafety*.

HOPE. SARCASM.

O *ſhame* to the *Athenian name!* We undertook this war againſt Philip, in order to obtain *redreſs* of *grievances*, and to force him to *indemniſy* us for the *injuries* he had done us. And we have conducted it ſo *ſucceſsfully*, that we ſhall by and by think ourſelves *happy*, if we eſcape being *defeated* and *ruined*. For *who* can think that a prince, of his *reſtleſs* and *ambitious temper*, will not improve the *opportunities* and *advantages* which our *indolence* and *timidity preſent* him? Will he give *over* his deſigns againſt us, without being *obliged* to it? And *who* will *oblige* him? *Who* will *reſtrain* his *fury?* Shall we *wait* for *aſſiſtance* from ſome *unknown country?* In the *name* of all that is *ſacred*, and

ROUSING. SHAME. SARCASM. APPREHENS. REMON. ALARM. SOL. INTREAT.

and all that is *dear* to us, let us make an *attempt* with what forces we *can raiſe*, if we ſhould not be able to raiſe *as many* as we would *wiſh*. Let us do *ſomewhat* to *curb* this inſolent *tyrant* of his *purſuits*. Let us not *trifle* away the *time* in *hearing* the ineffectual *wranglings* of *orators*, while the *enemy* is *ſtrengthening himſelf*, and we are *declining*, and our *allies* growing more and more *cold* to our *intereſt*, and more *apprehenſive* of the *conſequences* of continuing on our *ſide*.

INDIGN. CHARGE with REPR. APPREHENS.

LXVI.

Villainous SURMISING. JEALOUSY.

Iago artfully endeavours to excite Othello to jealouſy againſt his innocent wife Deſdemona, to be revenged on Othello for a ſuppoſed injury. [*Shakeſp.* OTHEL.]

QUEST. Iago. DID *Michael Caſſio*, when you woo'd my lady,

CRAFT. *Know* of your *love?*

INDIF. Othello. He *did* from *firſt* to *laſt*. *Why* doſt thou *aſk?*

INSIN. Iago. But for a *ſatisfaction* of my *thought*; *No farther harm.*

DOUBT. Oth. *Why* of thy *thought*, Iago?

INSIN. Iago. I did not *think* he had been *acquainted* with it.

Oth.

Oth. *O yes*; and went between us very *often*. DECL.
Iag. *Indeed?* SURMIS.
Oth. *Ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt* thou aught from *that?* ANXIETY.
Is he not *honeſt?*
Iag. *Honeſt*, my Lord? SURMIS.
Oth. *Honeſt, ay, honeſt!* ANX.
Iag. My Lord—— for *aught*—for *aught*— I *know.* SURMIS.
Oth. *What* doſt thou *think* of? ANX.
Iag. *Think* of, my Lord! SURMIS.
Oth. *Think* of, my Lord! Why doſt thou *echo* me, ANX.
As if there were ſome *monſter* in thy *thought* SUSP.
Too *hideous* to be *ſhewn.* Thou doſt *mean* ſomething.
I heard thee ſay but *now*, thou *lik'd'ſt* not *that*;
When *Caſſio* left my *wife: What* didſt not *like?* QUEST.
And when I told thee, he was of my *counſel,* SUSP.
In my *whole courſe* of *wooing*, thou cryd'ſt, "*Indeed!*"
And didſt *contract* and *purſe* thy *brows together,*
As if thou then hadſt *ſhut up* in thy *brain*
Some *horrible conceit.* If thou doſt *love* me, EARN.
Shew me thy *thought.*
Iag. My Lord, you *know* I *love* you. FAWN.
Oth. I *think* thou *doſt.* SUSP.
And as I know thou'rt *full* of *honeſty,*
And *weigh'ſt* thy *words, before* thou giv'ſt them *breath,*

APPREHENS Therefore these *ſtops* of thine *fright* me the *more:*
For ſuch things in a *falſe diſloyal knave*
Are *tricks* of *cuſtom*; but in a man, that's *juſt*,
They're *diſtillations working* from the *heart*,
EARN. Which *paſſion* cannot *rule*. Therefore I tell thee
CHARG. Thou doſt *conſpire* againſt thy *friend*, Iago,
If thou but *think'ſt* him *wrong'd*, and mak'ſt his ear
A *ſtranger* to thy *thought*.
PRET. RELUCT. Iago. I do *beſeech* you,
From one, that ſo *imperfectly* conceits,
Your *wiſdom* would not *build* yourſelf a *trouble*
Out of my *ſcatt'ring* and *unſure obſervance*.
It were not for your *quiet*, nor your *good*,
Nor for *my manhood*, *honeſty*, and *wiſdom*,
To let you *know* my *thoughts*
QUEST. Oth. *What doſt thou mean?*
PRETEND. RELUC. Iag. *Good name* in *man*, or *woman*, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate *jewel* of their *ſouls*.
CONT. Who *ſteals* my *purſe*, *ſteals traſh*; 'tis *ſomething—nothing*—
'Twas *mine*—'tis *his*—it has been *ſlave* to *thouſands:*
CONC. But he who *filches* from me my *good name*,
Robs me of *that*, which makes not *him* the *richer*,
And makes *me poor indeed*.
CHARG. Oth. I'll *know* thy *thoughts*.

Iag.

Iag. You *cannot*, if my *heart* were in your *hand* [1]. REFUS.

Beware, my Lord, *beware*, of *jealouſy*, CAUT.
That *ghaſtly green-ey'd monſter*, which doth *make* HORROR.
The *meat* it *feeds* on [k]. *The injur'd huſband's happy*,
Who, *certain* of his *fate*, *loves not* his *traitreſs:*
But, oh, what *cruel minutes tells he o'er*,
Who *dotes*, yet *doubts*; *ſuſpects*, yet *ſtrongly loves*. ANGU.

Oth. O *miſery!* [Aſide.]

Iag. *Poor*, and *content*, is *rich*, and *rich enough:*
But *wealth unbounded* is as *poor* as *winter*,
To him, who *ever fears*, he ſhall be *poor*.— PRETEND. SYMP.
I *doubt*, this hath a little *daſh'd* your *ſpirits*.

Oth. *Not* a *jot*; *not* a *jot*. Farewell. PRETEND. INDIFF.
If thou doſt *more perceive*, let me *know more*.

[Exit Iago.]

Why did I *marry?* This *honeſt fellow*, doubtleſs, JEAL.
Sees, and *knows more*, *much more*, than he *unfolds*.
He *knows* all *qualities*, with a *learned* ſpirit
Of *human dealings* [l]—Should I prove her *faithleſs*, ANGU.

[1] Iago. You *cannot*, &c.] That is, "I hardly know, "myſelf, what to think; and yet I cannot help ſuſpecting "Caſſio."

[k] —doth *make* the *meat* it *feeds* on.] That is, "Jealouſy "creates to itſelf, out of nothing, grounds of ſuſpicion."

[l] He *knows* all *qualities*, &c.] That is, "He knows the "characters of men and women, and is learned in human "nature."

THREA. Tho' that her *charms* were *bodied* with my *heart*,
I'd *rend* it into *twain*, to *throw* her *from* me.

LXVII.

COMPLAINT. INTREATING.

The ſpeech of Adherbal, ſon of Micipſa, king of Numidia, complaining to the Roman ſenate, and imploring aſſiſtance againſt the violence of Jugurtha, adopted, and left co-heir of the kingdom, by Micipſa, with himſelf and Hiempſal, which laſt Jugurtha had procured to be murdered. [*Sal.* BELL. JUGURTHIN.]

FATHERS,

EXPLAINING. IT is known to you, that king *Micipſa*, my *father*, on his *death-bed*, left in *charge* to *Jugurtha*, his *adopted ſon*, conjunctly with my unfortunate *brother Hiempſal*, and *myſelf*, the children of his *own body*, the *adminiſtration* of the kingdom of
SUBMIS. Numidia; directing us to conſider the *ſenate* and *people* of *Rome*, as *proprietors* of it. He charged us to uſe our *beſt endeavours* to be ſerviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in *peace* and *war*; *aſſuring* us, that your protection would prove, to us, a *defence* againſt *all enemies*, and would be inſtead of *armies*, *fortifications*, and *treaſures*.

While

While my brother and I were thinking of *nothing*, but how to *regulate* ourſelves according to the *directions* of our *deceaſed father*; — *Jugurtha*, — the moſt *infamous* of *mankind!* — *breaking through all ties* of *gratitude*, and of *common humanity*, and *trampling* on the *authority* of the *Roman commonwealth*, procured the *murder* of my unfortunate *brother*, and has *driven me* from my *throne*, and *native country*, though he knows I *inherit*, from my grandfather *Maſſiniſſa*, and my father *Micipſa*, the *friendſhip* and *alliance* of the *Romans*. GRIEF. COMPL.

For a *prince* to be reduced, by *villainy*, to my *diſtreſsful* circumſtances, is *calamity enough*; but my misfortunes are *heightened* by the conſideration, That I find myſelf obliged to *ſolicit* your *aſſiſtance*, Fathers, for the *ſervices* done you by my *anceſtors*; not for any I have been able to render you in my *own perſon*. Jugurtha has put it out of my *power* to *deſerve any thing* at your hands, and has forced me to be *burthenſome*, before I could be *uſeful* to you. And yet, if I had *no plea*, but my *undeſerved miſery*, who, from a *powerful prince*, the *deſcendant* of a race of *illuſtrious monarchs*, find myſelf, without *any fault* of my *own*, *deſtitute* of *every ſupport*, and reduced to the *neceſſity* of begging *foreign aſſiſtance* againſt an *enemy*, who has *ſeized* my *throne* and *kingdom*; if my *unequalled diſtreſſes* were *all* I had to *plead*, it would become the *greatneſs* of the Roman *commonwealth*, the *arbitreſs* of the *world*, to *protect* GRIEF. COMPL. SUBMIS. INTR.

the *injured*, and to *check* the *triumph* of *daring wickedneſs* over *helpleſs innocence*. But, to *provoke* your *vengeance* to the *utmoſt*, Jugurtha has *driven* me from the very *dominions*, which the ſenate and people of *Rome* gave to my *anceſtors*, and from *whence* my *grandfather*, and my *father*, under *your umbrage*, expelled *Syphax*, and the *Carthaginians*. Thus, Fathers, your *kindneſs* to our family is *defeated*, and Jugurtha in *injuring me* throws *contempt* on *you*.

EXCIT. to VINDIC.

LAMEN. *O wretched Prince! O cruel reverſe* of *fortune! O father Micipſa!* Is *this* the *conſequence* of your *generoſity*; that *he*, whom *your goodneſs* raiſed to an *equality* with your *own children*, ſhould be the *murderer* of your *children! Muſt* then, the royal houſe of Numidia *always* be a ſcene of *havock* and *blood?* While *Carthage* remained, we ſuffered, as was to be *expected*, all ſorts of *hardſhips* from their *hoſtile attacks*; our *enemy near*; our only *powerful ally*, the *Roman commonwealth*, at a *diſtance*; while we were *ſo circumſtanced*, we were *always* in *arms*, and in *action*. When that *ſcourge* of Africa was *no more*, we *congratulated ourſelves* on the *proſpect* of *eſtabliſhed peace*. But inſtead of *peace*, behold the kingdom of Numidia *drenched* with *royal blood*, and the *only* ſurviving *ſon* of its late *king flying* from an *adopted murderer*, and ſeeking *that ſafety* in *foreign* parts, which he cannot command in his *own kingdom*.

HORROR.

LAMEN.

GLIM. HOPE.

HORROR.

Whither

Whither—*O whither* ſhall I *fly?* if I *return* to the royal *palace* of my *anceſtors*, my father's *throne* is *ſeized* by the *murderer* of my *brother*. *What* can I *there expect*, but that Jugurtha ſhould haſten to imbrue in *my* blood, thoſe *hands* which are now *reeking* with my *brother's?* If I were to fly for refuge, or for aſſiſtance, to any *other* court, from *what prince* can I *hope* for *protection*, if the *Roman commonwealth gives* me *up?* From my *own* family or friends, I have *no expectations*. My royal *father* is no *more*. *He* is *beyond* the reach of *violence*, and out of *hearing* of the *complaints* of his *unhappy ſon*. Were my *brother alive*, our mutual *ſympathy* would be *ſome alleviation*. But *he* is *hurried* out of *life* in his early *youth*, by the *very hand* which ſhould have been the *laſt* to *injure* any of the *royal family* of *Numidia*. The bloody Jugurtha has *butchered all*, whom he *ſuſpected* to be in my *intereſt*. Some have been deſtroyed by the *lingering torment* of the *croſs*; others have been given a prey to *wild beaſts*, and their anguiſh made the *ſport* of *men* more *cruel* than *wild beaſts*. If there be any yet *alive*, they are *ſhut up* in *dungeons*, there to *drag out* a *life* more *intolerable* than *death*.

ANGU. DISTR. DREAD. HORROR. DISTR. GRIEF. HORROR.

Look *down*, *illuſtrious ſenators* of *Rome*, from that *height* of *power*, to which you are *raiſed*, on the *unexampled diſtreſſes* of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked *intruder*, become an *outcaſt* from all *mankind*. Let not the *crafty inſinuations*

SUBM. INTR. SUBM. CAUT.

2

HORROR. of *him*, who returns *murder* for *adoption*, *prejudice* your *judgment*. *Do not liſten* to the *wretch* who has *butchered* the *ſon* and *relations* of a *king*, who gave him power to ſit on the *ſame throne*

ACCUS. with his *own ſons*. I have been informed that he *labours* by his *emiſſaries*, to *prevent* your *determining* any thing againſt him in his *abſence*, pretending that I *magnify* my *diſtreſs*, and might, for *him*, have ſtaid, in *peace* in my *own kingdom*.

COMP. But, if *ever* the *time comes*, when the due *vengeance*, from *above*, ſhall *overtake* him, he will then *diſſemble* in the very *ſame* manner as *I do*. Then he, who *now*, *hardened* in wickedneſs, *triumphs* over thoſe whom his *violence* has laid *low*, will, in his *turn*, *feel diſtreſs*, and *ſuffer* for his *impious ingratitude* to my *father*, and his *bloodthirſty cruelty* to my *brother*.

LAMEN. O *murdered*, *butchered brother!* O *deareſt* to my *heart—now gone* for *ever* from my *ſight*.—But *why* ſhould I *lament* his *death?* He is indeed *deprived* of the *bleſſed light* of *heaven*, of *life*, and *kingdom*, at *once*, by the *very perſon* who ought to have been the *firſt* to *hazard* his *own life* in *defence* of *any one* of *Micipſa's family:* but, as things are, my brother is not ſo much *deprived* of theſe *comforts*, as delivered from *terror*, from *flight*, from *exile*, and the *endleſs train* of *miſeries* which render

HORROR. *life* to *me* a *burden*. He lies full *low*, *gored* with wounds, and *feſtering* in his own *blood*. But he

ANGU. lies in *peace*. He *feels none* of the *miſeries* which

rend

rend my ſoul with *agony* and *diſtraction*; whilſt I am ſet up a *ſpectacle* to all mankind, of the *uncertainty* of *human affairs*. So far from having it in my *power* to *revenge* his *death*, I am not maſter of the means of *ſecuring* my *own life*. So far from being in a condition to *defend* my *kingdom* from the *violence* of the *uſurper*, I am obliged to apply for *foreign protection* for my *own perſon*.

Fathers! Senators of *Rome*, the *arbiters* of the *world!* To *you* I *fly* for *refuge* from the *murderous fury* of *Jugurtha*. By your *affection* for your *children*, by your *love* for your *country*, by your *own virtues*, by the *majeſty* of the *Roman commonwealth*, by all that is *ſacred*, and all that is *dear* to you; *deliver* a *wretched prince* from *undeſerved*, *unprovoked injury*; and *ſave* the *kingdom* of *Numidia*, which is your *own property*, from being the *prey* of *violence*, *uſurpation*, and *cruelty*.

VEHEM. SOLICIT.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

ACCUSATION. PITY.

Pleadings of Lyſias the orator in favour of certain orphans defrauded by an uncle, executor to the will of their father. [*Dion. Halicarn.*]

VENERABLE JUDGES!

SUBM. IF the *cauſe*, which now comes under your cog-
APOL. niſance were not of extraordinary *importance*,
I ſhould *never* have given *my conſent*, that it
AVERS. ſhould be *litigated* before you. For it ſeems to
me *ſhameful*, that near *relations* ſhould commence
proſecutions againſt one another; and I know,
that, in ſuch trials, not only the *aggreſſors*, but
SUBM. even thoſe, who *reſent* injuries too *impatiently*,
PITY. muſt appear to you in a *diſadvantageous* light.
But the *plaintiffs*, who have been *defrauded* of a
very *large* ſum of money, and *cruelly injured* by
AVERS. one, who ought to have been the *laſt* to *hurt*
PITY. them; have applied to *me* as a *relation*, to *plead*
APOL. their *cauſe*, and *procure* them *redreſs*. And I
thought I could not *decently excuſe* myſelf from
PITY. undertaking the patronage of perſons in ſuch
diſtreſsful circumſtances, with whom I had ſuch
cloſe *connections*. For the *ſiſter* of the *plaintiffs*,
the niece of Diogiton the defendant, is my *wife*.

When

When the plaintiffs *intreated* me, as they did *often*, to *undertake* the *management* of the *ſuit*, I adviſed them to *refer* the *difference* between them and their uncle the defendant, to *private arbitration*; thinking it the *intereſt* of *both* parties to *conceal*, as much as poſſible, from the knowledge of the *public*, that there was any *diſpute* between them. But as Diogiton *knew* that it was *eaſy* to *prove* him *guilty* of *detaining* the *property* of the *plaintiffs* his nephews, he *foreſaw* that it would by no means *anſwer* his *purpoſe*, to *ſubmit* his *cauſe* to the deciſion of *arbitrators*. He has, therefore determined to proceed to the utmoſt *extremity* of *injuſtice*, at the *hazard* of the *conſequences* of a *proſecution*.

APOL. AVERS. ACCUS.

I moſt humbly *implore* you, venerable judges, to grant the plaintiffs *redreſs*, if I *ſhew* you, as I hope I ſhall in the moſt *ſatisfactory manner*, that the defendant, though ſo *nearly related* to the unhappy *orphans*, the plaintiffs, has treated them in *ſuch a manner* as would be *ſhameful* among abſolute *ſtrangers*.

SUBM. INTR. PITY. BLAME.

I beg leave to lay before you, venerable judges, the *ſubject* of the preſent *proſecution*, as follows.

SUBM.

Diodotus and *Diogiton* were *brothers*, the children of the *ſame father* and the *ſame mother*. Upon their father's deceaſe, they *divided* between them his *moveables*; but his *real* eſtate they enjoyed *conjunctly*. Diodotus growing *rich*, Diogiton

NARRATION.

Diogiton offered him his *only daughter* in *marriage*[m]. By her Diodotus had *two ſons* and a *daughter*. Diodotus happening afterwards to be *enrolled*, in his turn, to go to the *war* under *Thraſyllus*, he called together his *wife*, his *brother's daughter*, and his *wife's brother*, and his *own brother*, who was likewiſe his *father-in-law*, and both *uncle* and *grandfather* to his *children*. He thought he could not truſt the care of his *children* in *properer* hands than thoſe of his *brother*. He leaves in his cuſtody, his *will*, with *five talents*[n] of *ſilver*. He gives him an account of *ſeven talents*, and *forty minæ* beſides, which were out at *intereſt*, and a *thouſand minæ*, which were *due* to him by a perſon in the *Cherſoneſus*. He had ordered in his will, that, in caſe of his death, *one talent*, and the *houſehold furniture*, ſhould be his *wife's*. He bequeathed, farther, to his *daughter*, *one talent*, and *twenty minæ*, and *thirty* Cyzicenian *ſtateres*, and the *reſt* of his *eſtate equally* between his *ſons*. *Settling*
CONC. his *affairs thus*, and *leaving* a *copy* of his *will*, he *ſets out* along with the *army*. He *dies* at
ACCUS. *Epheſus*. Diogiton *conceals* from his *daughter* the death of her *huſband*. He gets into his *hands* the

[m] Among the ancients, marriage was allowed between perſons very nearly related.

[n] See, for the value of talents, minæ, drachmæ, and ſtateres, *Gronov.* DE PECUN. VET.

the *will* of his deceaſed *brother*, by *pretending* that it was neceſſary for him to *ſhew* it as a *voucher*, in order to his *tranſacting* ſome *affairs* for his *brother* during his *abſence*. At length, when he thought the *deceaſe* of his brother could not much longer be *concealed*, he formally *declares* it. The family goes into *mourning*. They ſtay *one year* at Piræeum, where their *moveables* were. In this time the *produce* of *all* that could be *ſold* of the *effects* being *ſpent*, he ſends the children to *town*, and gives his *daughter*, the *widow* of his *brother Diodotus*, to a *ſecond huſband*, and with her *five thouſand drachmæ*, of which the *huſband returns* him *one thouſand* as a *preſent*. When the *eldeſt* ſon came to *man's eſtate*, about *eight* years after the *departure* of *Diodotus*, Diogiton calls the *children together*; tells them, that their father had left them *twenty minæ* of *ſilver*, and *thirty ſtateres*. " I have *laid out*, (ſays he) " of my *own money*, for your maintenance and " education, a *conſiderable ſum*. Nor did I *grudge* " it, while I was in *flouriſhing circumſtances*, and " could *afford* it. But, by *unforeſeen* and *irre-* " *mediable misfortunes*, I am reduced to an *inca-* " *pacity* of *continuing* my *kindneſs* to you. There- " fore as *you*" (ſpeaking to the eldeſt ſon) " are " now of an age to *ſhift* for *yourſelf*, I would ad- " viſe you to reſolve upon ſome *employment*, by " which you may gain a *ſubſiſtence*."

PITY. NARRATION. ACCUS. PRETEND. CONC. ADVIS.

The

SHOCK. The *poor fatherleſs children* were *thunderſtruck*
DISTR. upon hearing this *barbarous ſpeech*. They *fled* in *tears*, to their *mother*, and, with *her*, came to requeſt *my protection*. Finding themſelves *ſtripped* of the *eſtate* left them by their *father*, and reduced by their *hard-hearted uncle* and *grandfather*, to abſolute *beggary*, they *intreated* that I would not *deſert* them *too*; but, for the ſake of their *ſiſter*, my *wife*, would undertake their *defence*. The mother begged that I would bring about a *meeting* of the *relations*, to *reaſon* the *matter* with her *father*; and ſaid, that though ſhe had never before *ſpoke* in any *large company*, eſpecially of *men*, ſhe would endeavour to lay before them the *diſtreſſes* and *injuries* of her *family*.

ACCUS. Diogiton, being, with *difficulty*, brought to the
REMON. *meeting*, the mother of the plaintiffs aſked him, how he could have the *heart* to uſe her ſons in ſuch a *manner*. "Are you not, Sir," (ſays ſhe) "the *uncle* and the *grandfather* of the two *father-*"*leſs youths?* Are they not the *children* of your "own *brother*, and of your own *daughter?* How "could they be *more nearly* related to you, unleſs "they were your own *ſons?* And, though you "*deſpiſed* all *human authority*, you ought to *reve-*"*rence* the *gods*, who are *witneſſes* of the *truſt* re-"poſed in you by the deceaſed *father* of the un-"happy *youths*."

NARR. She then *enumerated* the ſeveral *ſums*, the *pro-*
ACCUS. *perty* of the *deceaſed*, which had been *received* by *Diogiton*,

Diogiton, and *charged* him with them, producing authentic *evidence* for every *particular*. "You "have *driven*" (ſays ſhe) "out of their *own* "*houſe*, the *children* of your own *daughter*, in "*rags*, unfurniſhed with the *common decencies* of "*life*. You have deprived them of the *effects*, "and of the *money* left them by their *father*. "But you want to *enrich* the *children* you have "had by my *ſtep-mother*; which, without doubt, "you might *lawfully* and *properly do*, if it were "not at the *expence*, and to the utter *ruin* of thoſe, "whoſe *fortunes* were *depoſited* in *your hands*, and "whom, from *affluence*, you want to reduce to "*beggary*; impiouſly *deſpiſing* the *authority* of the "*gods*, injuring your own *daughter*, and *violating* "the *ſacred will* of the *dead*." REMON. SEV. CHARG.

The diſtreſſed mother having vented her grief in ſuch bitter *complaints* as theſe, we were all, by ſympathy, ſo *touched* with her *afflictions*, and the *cruelty* of her injurious *father*, that, when we conſidered, in our own minds, the *hard uſage*, which the young *innocents* had met with, when we *remembered* the *deceaſed Diodotus*, and thought how *unworthy* a *guardian* he had choſen for his *children*, there was not *one* of us who could *refrain* from *tears*. And I perſuade myſelf, venerable judges, that *you* will not be *unaffected* with ſo *calamitous* a *caſe*, when you come to conſider attentively the various *aggravations* of the *defendant's proceedings*. Such *unfaithfulneſs*, in ſo *ſolemn* a *truſt*, were it to paſs NARR. PITY. BLAME. PITY. ACCUS.

paſs *unpuniſhed*, and, conſequently, to become *common*, would deſtroy all *confidence* among *mankind*, ſo that nobody would know *how*, or to *whom*, he could commit the management of his *affairs*, in his *abſence*, or after his *death*. The defendant, at firſt, would have *denied* his having had *any effects* of his *brother*'s left in his *hands*. And when he found he *could not get off that way*, he then produced an *account* of *ſums*, *laid out*, as he *pretended*, by him for the *children*, to ſuch a *value*, as is beyond all *belief*; no leſs than *ſeven talents* of *ſilver*, and *ſeven thouſand drachmæ*. *All this*, he ſaid, had been *expended* in *eight years*, in the *clothing* and *maintenance* of *two boys* and a *girl*. And when he was preſſed to ſhew *how* their expences could amount to ſuch a *ſum*, he had the *impudence* to charge *five oboli* a day for their *table*; and for *ſhoes*, and *dying* their *clothes*°, and for the *barber*, he gave in no *particular* account, neither by the *month* nor by the *year*, but charged in one *groſs ſum* a *talent* of *ſilver*. For their father's *monument*, he pretends to have been at the *expence* of *five thouſand drachmæ*, of which he charges *one half* to the account of the *children*. But it is manifeſt that it could not coſt *twenty minæ*. His *injuſtice* to the *children* appears *ſufficiently* in the following article

WONDER.

° In thoſe ſimpler ages, the cloth, or ſtuff, of which the clothes of perſons even of high rank, were made, was commonly manufactured, from the wool to the dying, at home.

article *alone*, if there were *no other* proof of it. He had occaſion to buy a *lamb* for the feaſt of *Bacchus*, which coſt, as he pretends, *ten drachmæ*; and of theſe he charges *eight* to the account of his *wards*.

Had the *defendant* been a man of any *principle*, he would have bethought himſelf of laying out to *advantage* the *fortune* left in his hands by the deceaſed, for the *benefit* of the fatherleſs children. Had he bought with it *lands* or *houſes*, the children might have been *maintained* out of the yearly *rents*, and the *principal* have been kept *entire*. But he does not ſeem to have *once thought* of *improving* their fortune; but, on the contrary, to have contrived *only* how to *ſtrip* them. ACCUS.

But the moſt *atrocious* (for a *ſingle* action) of *all* his proceedings, is what *follows*. When he was made *commander* of the *gallies*, along with *Alexis*, the ſon of *Ariſtodicus*, and, according to his *own* account, had been, on occaſion of fitting out the *fleet*, and *himſelf*, at the *expence* of *forty-eight minæ*, out of his *own* private *purſe*,—he *charges* his *infant-wards* with *half* this *ſum*. Whereas the ſtate not only exempts *minors* from public *offices*, but even grants them immunity, for *one* year, at leaſt, *after* they come of *age*. And when he had fitted out, for a voyage to the Adriatic, a ſhip of burden to the value of *two talents*, he told his *daughter*, the mother of his *wards*, that the adventure was at the *riſque*, and NARRATION. ACCUS. WONDER.

for the *benefit* of his *wards*. But, when the *returns* were made, and he had *doubled* the *ſum* by the *profits* of the *voyage*,——the *gains* were, he ſaid, *all* his *own*.—The *fortune* of his *wards* was
ACCUS. to anſwer for the damages;—but was not to be at all the *better* for the *advantages!* If, in this manner, one is to trade at the *peril* and *loſs* of others, and engroſs to *himſelf* the whole *profits*; it is not difficult to conceive how his *partners* may come to be *undone*, while he *enriches himſelf*.

AVERSION. To lay before you *all* the *particulars*, which have come to our knowledge, of this *complicated ſcene* of *wickedneſs*, would but *diſguſt* and *ſhock*
AFFIR. you. We have *witneſſes* here to *prove* what we
PITY. with BLAME. have *alleged* againſt this *cruel invader* of the property of *helpleſs innocents*, his *own near relations*, *entruſted* to his *charge* by his *deceaſed brother*.

[The witneſſes examined.]

SUBMIS. You have *heard*, venerable judges, the *evidence*
AFFIRM. given againſt the *defendant*. He himſelf *owns* the actual *receipt* of *ſeven talents* and *forty minæ* of the
ACCUS. *eſtate* of the *plaintiffs*. To ſay nothing of what he *may have*, or rather *certainly has*, gained by
GRANT. the *uſe* of this *money*; I will *allow*, what every reaſonable perſon will judge *more* than *ſufficient* for the *maintenance* of *three children*, with a *governor* and a *maid*; a *thouſand drachmæ* a *year*, which is ſomething *leſs* than *three drachmæ* a *day*. In

eight years, this amounts to *eight thouſand drachmæ*. So that, upon balancing the account, there remain *due* to the *plaintiffs*, of the ſeven talents and forty minæ, *ſix talents* and *twenty minæ*. For the defendant *cannot pretend*, that the *eſtate* of the plaintiffs has ſuffered by *fire*, by *water*, or by *any other injury*, than what *himſelf* has *done* it. . . . . [The reſt is wanting.] AFFIR.

LXIX.

CONSULTATION.

The ſpeech of Satan, in his infernal palace of Pandæmonium, in which he propoſes to the conſideration of his angels, in what manner it would be proper to proceed, in conſequence of their defeat, and fall. [*Milt.* PARAD. LOST. B. II.]

POW'RS and *Dominions! Deities* of *Heav'n!* MAJ. with DISTRESS.
For (ſince *no deep* within her gulph can *hold*
Celeſtial vigour, though *oppreſt* and *fall'n*)
I *give not heav'n* for *loſt*. From this *deſcent* COURAGE.
Celeſtial virtues riſing will *appear*
More *glorious*, and more *dread*, than from *no fall*,
And truſt *themſelves* to fear no *ſecond* fate.
Me though juſt *right* and the fix'd *laws* of *Heav'n*, AUTHO.
Did *firſt* create your *leader*, *next* free *choice*,

With what *beſides*, in *council* or in *fight*,
Hath been *atchiev'd* of *merit*; yet this *loſs*
Thus far, at leaſt, *recover'd*, hath much *more*
Eſtabliſh'd in a *ſafe*, *unenvied throne*,
Yielded with *full conſent*. The *happier ſtate*
In *Heav'n*, which follows *dignity*, might draw
APPREHENS. *Envy* from each *inferior*; but *who* here
Will *envy* whom the *higheſt place expoſes*
Foremoſt to *ſtand* againſt the *Thund'rer's aim*,
COMPL. Your *bulwark*, and condemns to *greateſt ſhare*
COURAGE. Of *endleſs pain?* With this *advantage* then
To *union*, and firm *faith*, and firm *accord*,
More than can be in *Heav'n*, we now *return*
To claim our juſt *inheritance* of *old*,
Surer to *proſper*, than *proſperity*
CONFID. Could have *aſſur'd* us, and by what *beſt way*,
Whether of *open war*, or *covert guile*,
We now *debate*. Who can *adviſe*, may *ſpeak*.

LXX.

FIERCENESS. DESPERATION.

The ſpeech of the fallen angel Moloch, exciting the infernal crew to renew the war againſt the Meſſiah[p]. [Ibid.]

MY ſentence is for *open war*. * Of *wiles* — COURAGE.
More *inexpert*, *I boaſt not*. Then let *thoſe* — * CONT.
Contrive, who *need*; *unworthy* of our *might*.
For while *they* ſit *contriving*, ſhall the *reſt*, — COURAGE.
Millions, *now* under *arms*, who *longing wait*
The *ſignal* to *aſcend*, ſit *ling'ring* here — CONTEMPT.
Heav'ns *fugitives*, and for their dwelling-place — RAGE.
Accept this *dark*, *opprobrious den* of *ſhame*,
The *priſon* of *his tyranny*, who *reigns*
By our *delay!*—[q] *No*—let us rather chooſe, — FIERCE.
Arm'd with *hell flames* and *fury*, all at *once* — COURAGE.
O'er Heav'n's high *tow'rs* to force *reſiſtleſs way*,
Turning our *tortures* into horrid *arms*

[p] The author repreſents Satan's hoſtility as directed againſt the Supreme Being. But this ſeems (with all deference) to be incredible. For no created being can, without loſing all uſe of reaſon, imagine itſelf a match for Omnipotence.

[q] "*No*, let us," &c. to, "But perhaps," can hardly be over-acted, if the dignity of the ſpeaker be kept up in pronouncing the paſſage. At the words, "But perhaps," &c. the angel compoſes himſelf again.

Againſt our *torturer*. When to meet the *noiſe*
Of his terrific *engine*, he ſhall hear
Infernal thunder, and for *lightning* ſee
Black fire, and *horror*, ſhot with *equal rage*
Amongſt his *angels*; and his *throne itſelf*
Mix'd with *Tartarean ſulphur* and *ſtrange fire*,
RECOL. His *own* invented *torments*.—But perhaps
The way ſeems *difficult*, and *ſteep*, to *ſcale*
With *adverſe wing* againſt a *higher foe*.—
Let ſuch *bethink* them, if the *ſleepy drench*
Of that *forgetful lake benumb* not *ſtill*,
That, in our *proper motion*, we *aſcend*
Up to our *native ſeat*. *Deſcent* and *fall*
To *us* is *adverſe*. *Who* but *felt* of late
When our *fierce foe* hung on our *broken rear*,
Inſulting, and *purſu'd* us through the *deep*;
SLOW. With what *compulſion*, and *laborious flight*
* ARG. We *ſunk* thus *low*?—* Th' *aſcent* is *eaſy* then.—
Th' *event* is *fear'd*—Should we *again provoke*
Our *enemy*, ſome *worſe* way he may find
To our *deſtruction*; if there be in hell
Fear to *be worſe deſtroy'd*.- What can be *worſe*
Than to dwell *here*, *driv'n out* from *bliſs*, *condemn'd*
COMPLAINING. In this *abhorred deep* to utter *woe*,
Where *pain* of *unextinguiſhable fire*
Muſt *exerciſe* us without *hope* of *end*,
The *vaſſals* of his *anger*, when the *ſcourge*
Inexorable, and the *tort'ring hour*

Calls

Calls us to *penance?—More* deſtroy'd than *thus*
We muſt be quite *aboliſh'd*, and *expire*.
What *fear* we then?—What *doubt* we to *in-* FIERCE.
cenſe
His *utmoſt* ire; which, to the *height enrag'd*,
Will either quite *conſume* us, and *reduce*
To *nothing* this *eſſential*; *happier* far
Than *miſerable* to have *eternal being*. COMPLAIN.
Or if our *ſubſtance* be indeed *divine*, COUR.
And *cannot ceaſe* to *be*, we are, at *worſt*,
On *this ſide nothing*. And by *proof* we *feel*
Our *pow'r ſufficient* to *diſturb* his *Heav'n*, MALICE.
And with perpetual *inroads* to *alarm*,
Though *inacceſſible*, his *fatal throne*;
Which, if not *victory*, is yet *revenge*[r]. FURY.

[r] The voice, inſtead of falling toward the end of this line, as uſual, is to riſe; and in ſpeaking the word *revenge*, the *fierceneſs* of the *whole ſpeech* ought as it were to be expreſſed in *one word*.

LXXI.

CONSIDERATION. DISSUASION. DIFFIDENCE.

The ſpeech of the fallen angel Belial, in anſwer to the foregoing. [Ibid.]

DELIB. *I* Should be *much* for *open war*, O peers!
As *not behind* in *hate*; if what was *urg'd*
Main reaſon to perſuade *immediate war*,
APPREHENS. Did not *diſſuade* me *moſt*, and ſeem to *caſt*
Ominous conjecture on the *whole ſucceſs*;
When *he*, who *moſt excels* in feats of *arms*,
In what he *counſels*, and in what *excels*
Miſtruſtful, grounds his *courage* on *deſpair*,
And *utter diſſolution*, as the *ſcope*
Of all his *aim*, after ſome dire *revenge*.
ARG. But *what revenge?*—The *tow'rs* of *Heav'n* are fill'd
APPREHENS. With *armed watch*, that render *all acceſs*
Impregnable. Oft on the *bord'ring deep*
Encamp their *legions*; or with *flight obſcure*,
Scout far and *wide* into the *realms* of *night*,
Scorning ſurprize.—Or could we break our way
By *force*, and at our heels *all hell* ſhould *riſe*
With *blackeſt inſurrection* to *confound*
AWE. *Heav'n's pureſt light*; yet our *great enemy*,

All

All *incorruptible*, would on his *throne*
Sit *unpolluted*, and th' *æthereal mold*,
Incapable of *ſtain*, would *ſoon expel*
Her *miſchief*, and *purge off* the *baſer fire*
Victorious. Thus *repuls'd*, our *final hope* HORROR.
Is *flat deſpair*. We muſt *exaſperate*
Our *conqueror* to let *looſe* his *boundleſs rage*,
And *that* muſt *end* us; *that* muſt be our *cure*,
To *be no more*.—*Sad cure!*—For *who* would *loſe*,
Tho' *full* of *pain*, this *intellectual being*,
Theſe *thoughts* that *wander* through *eternity*,—
To *periſh utterly*; for ever *loſt*
In the wide *womb* of *uncreated night*,
Devoid of *ſenſe* and *motion?*—But will *he*, ARG.
So *wiſe*, let *looſe* at *once* his utmoſt *ire*,
Belike through *impotence*, or *unawares*,
To give his *enemies* their *wiſh*, and *end*
Them in his *anger*, whom his *anger ſaves*
To *puniſh endleſs?*—"Wherefore *ceaſe* we then," COURAGE.
Say they, who counſel *war*; "we are *decreed*, ANGUISH.
"*Reſerv'd* and *deſtined* to *eternal woe*.
"*Whatever doing*, *what* can we *ſuffer more?*
"*What* can we *ſuffer worſe?*" *Is *this* then *worſt*, DESPAIR.
Thus *ſitting*, thus *conſulting*, *thus* in *arms?* * ARG.
What, when we *fled amain*, *purſu'd* and *ſtruck* TERROR.
By *Heav'n*'s afflicting *thunder*, and *beſought*
The *deep* to *ſhelter* us; *this place then* ſeem'd
A *refuge* from thoſe *wounds*: or when we *lay*
Chained on the *burning lake? That* ſure was *worſe*.
What if the *breath*, that *kindled* theſe *grim fires*, APPRE-
HENS.
Awak'd,

Awak'd, ſhould *blow* them into *ſevenfold rage*,
And *plunge* us in the *flames?* Or from above
Should *intermitted vengeance arm* again
HORROR. His *red right hand* to *plague* us? What, if *all*
Her *ſtores* were *opened*; and this *firmament*
Of *hell* ſhould *ſpout* her *cataracts* of *fire*,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning *hideous fall*
One day upon our *heads*, while *we*, perhaps,
Deſigning or *exhorting glorious war*,
Caught in a *fiery tempeſt* ſhall be *hurl'd*,
Each on his *rock tranſfix'd*, the *ſport* and *prey*
Of *wrecking whirlwinds*, or for ever *ſunk*
Under yon *boiling ocean*, *wrapt* in *chains*,
ANGUISH. There to converſe with *everlaſting groans*,
Unreſpited, *unpitied*, *unreliev'd*,
APPR. *Ages* of *hopeleſs end?*—*This would* be *worſe.*—
DISSUAS. *War*, therefore, *open* or *conceal'd*, alike
My voice diſſuades.—

REMON. with CONTEMPT. " Shall *we* then live thus *vile!* The *race* of
" *Heav'n*
" Thus *trampled*, thus *expell'd*, to *ſuffer* here
DISSUAS. " *Chains* and theſe *torments!*"—Better *theſe* than
worſe,
ARG. By *my advice*. To *ſuffer*, as to *do*,
Our *ſtrength* is *equal*; nor the *law unjuſt*,
That *ſo ordains*. *This* was at *firſt reſolv'd*,
If we were *wiſe*, againſt ſo *great* a *foe*
Contending, and ſo *doubtful* what might *fall*.
CONTEMPT. I *laugh*, when thoſe, who at the *ſpear* are *bold*,
And *vent'rous*, if *that fail* them, *ſhrink* and *fear*
What

What yet they *know* muſt *follow*; to *endure*
Exile, or *ignominy*, or *bonds*, or *pain*,
The *ſentence* of their *conqu'ror*. *This* is now
Our *doom*; which if with *courage* we can *bear*, ENCOU.
Our *foe ſupreme*, in *time*, may much *remit*
His *anger*, and, perhaps, thus *far remov'd*
Not mind us, *not offending*, *ſatisfy'd*
With what is *puniſh'd*; whence theſe *raging fires*
Will *ſlacken*, if his *breath ſtir* not their *flames*.
Our *purer eſſence* then will *overcome*
Their *noxious vapour*, or *enur'd*, not *feel*,
Or *chang'd*, at length, and to the place *conform'd*
In *temper*, and in *nature*, will *receive*,
Familiar, the *fierce heat*, and *void* of *pain*.
This *horror* will grow *mild*, this *darkneſs light*.
Beſides what *hope* the *never-ending flow*
Of *future days* may *bring*; what *chance*, what *change*,
Worth *waiting*. Since our *preſent* lot appears,
For *happy*, *diſmal*; yet, for *ill*, not *worſt*,
If we *procure* not to *ourſelves more woe*.

LXXII.

LXXII.

SUBMISSION. COMPLAINT. INTREATING.

The ſpeech of Seneca the philoſopher to Nero, complaining of the envy of his enemies, and requeſting the emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow circumſtances, that he might no longer be an object of their malignity. [The ſubſtance is taken from *Corn. Tacit.* ANNAL. XIV.]

SUBMIS. MAY it pleaſe the imperial *Majeſty* of *Cæſar* favourably to *accept* the humble *ſubmiſſions* and grateful *acknowledgments* of the *weak*, though *faithful guide* of his *youth*[a].

GRAT. It is now a great *many years* ſince I firſt had the honour of attending your imperial Majeſty as *preceptor*. And your *bounty* has *rewarded* my *labours* with ſuch *affluence*, as has *drawn upon me*,

COMPL. what I had reaſon to *expect*, the *envy* of many of thoſe

[a] Seneca was one of Nero's preceptors; and the emperor ſeemed, during the firſt part of his reign, to have profited much by his inſtructions. The egregious follies, and enormous, unprovoked cruelties he afterwards committed, of which his ordering Seneca to put himſelf to death, is among the moſt flagrant, ſeem hardly otherwiſe accountable, than by ſuppoſing that he loſt the uſe of his reaſon.

thoſe perſons, who are always ready to *preſcribe* to their *prince*, where to *beſtow*, and where to *withhold* his *favours*. It is well known, that your *illuſtrious anceſtor*, *Auguſtus*, beſtowed on his *deſerving favourites*, Agrippa and Mæcenas, *honours* and *emoluments* ſuitable to the *dignity* of the *benefactor*, and to the *ſervices* of the *receivers*: Nor has *his conduct* been *blamed*. *My employment* about your imperial Majeſty has, indeed, been purely *domeſtic*: I have neither *headed* your *armies*, nor *aſſiſted* at your *councils*. But *you know*, Sir, (though there are *ſome*, who do not ſeem to *attend* to it) that a prince may be ſerved in *different* ways, ſome *more*, others *leſs conſpicuous*, and that the *latter* may be to him as *valuable* as the *former*. APOL.

"But *what*," ſay my enemies, "ſhall a *private* "*perſon*, of *equeſtrian rank*, and a *provincial* by "*birth*, be *advanced* to an *equality* with the *patri*-"*cians*? Shall an *upſtart*, of no *name*, nor *family*, "rank with *thoſe*, who can by the *ſtatues*, which "make the *ornament* of their *palaces*, reckon "backward a *line* of *anceſtors*, long enough to "*tire out* the *faſti*[t]? Shall a *philoſopher* who has "written for *others* precepts of *moderation*, and "*contempt* of all that is *external*, *himſelf* live in *af*-"*fluence* and *luxury*? Shall he purchaſe *eſtates*, and "lay PRIDE. REMON.

[t] The Faſti, or Calendars, or, if you pleaſe, Almanacs, of the ancients, had, as our Almanacs, tables of kings, conſuls, &c.

" lay out money at *intereſt?* Shall he build *pa-*
" *laces*, plant *gardens*, and adorn a *country*, at his
" *own expence*, and for his own *pleaſure?*"

GRAT. *Cæſar* has given *royally*, as became *imperial mag-*
APOL. *niſicence*. *Seneca* has *received* what his *prince be-*
ſtowed: nor did he *ever aſk:* he is *only guilty* of
—not refuſing. *Cæſar's rank* places him *above*
COMPL. the reach of *invidious malignity*. *Seneca is not*,
FATIGUE. nor *can be*, *high enough* to *deſpiſe* the *envious*. As
the *overloaded ſoldier*, or *traveller*, would be *glad*
to be *relieved* of *his burden*, ſo I, in this *laſt ſtage* of
the journey of *life*, now that I find myſelf *unequal*
to the *lighteſt cares*, *beg*, that Cæſar would *kindly*
INTREAT. *eaſe* me of the *trouble* of my *unwieldy wealth*. I
beſeech him to *reſtore* to the *imperial treaſury*, from
whence it came, what is to me *ſuperfluous* and
cumbrous. The *time* and the *attention*, which I
am now obliged to beſtow upon my *villa* and
my *gardens*, I ſhall be glad to apply to the *regu-*
lation of my *mind*. *Cæſar* is in the *flower* of *life*.
GRAT. *Long* may he be *equal* to the *toils* of *government*.
INTREAT. His goodneſs will grant to his *worn-out* ſervant,
APOL. leave to *retire*. It will not be *derogatory* from
Cæſar's greatneſs to have it ſaid, that he *beſtowed*
favours on *ſome*, who, ſo far from being *intoxi-*
cated with them, ſhewed—that they could be
happy, when (at their *own requeſt*) *diveſted* of
them.

LXXIII.

JEALOUSY.

Iago goes on to inflame Othello's jealouſy (ſee page 256.) againſt his innocent wife. Othello is by him worked up to rage. [*Shakeſp.* OTHEL.]

Iago. [Alone.] I Will in *Caſſio's lodging* drop this *handkerchief*, PLOTTING.
That *he* may *find* it; then *perſuade* the *Moor*,
His *wife* did *give* it.——*Trifles light* as *air*,
Are to the *jealous confirmations ſtrong*,
As *proofs* from *holy writ*. *This* will work *miſchief*. MALICIOUS JOY.
Dangerous conceits are in their nature *poiſons*,
Which at the *firſt* are *ſcarce* found to *diſtaſte*;
But with a little *action* on the *blood*,
Burn, like the *mines* of *ſulphur*.
[Othello appears.]
'Tis as I *ſaid*.
Look where he *comes!* Not all the *drowſy potions*,
That e'er *calm'd* raging *anguiſh* to *repoſe*,
Shall medicine thee to that *bleſſed ſleep*,
Which thou *ow'd'ſt* the *paſt night*.

Enter Othello. Does not ſee Iago.

Oth. *Ha! Falſe* to *me!* PERTURBATION.

Iago.

SOOTHING. Iago. *How now*, noble general? *No more* of that.

RAGE. Oth. *Avaunt!* Be *gone!* Thou'ſt ſet me on the *rack.*
Better, *unknowing*, to be *much abus'd*,
Than but to *doubt* the *leaſt.*

PRET. SURPRISE. Iago. *How*, my Lord?

REGRET for loſt REPOSE. Oth. *What ſenſe* had I of her unfaithfulneſs?
I *thought not* of it; felt *no injury*;
I *ſlept untroubled*; I wak'd *free* and *cheerful.*

ANGUISH of GRIEF. *O now*, *farewell* for *ever*, *bleſſed peace*
Of *mind! Farewell* the *tranquil breaſt*,
The *plumed troops*, the *thunders* of the *war*,
The *fire* of *valour*, and the *pride* of *triumph.*
Othello is a *wicked woman's mock'ry.*

PRETEND. SURPRISE. Iago. Is't *poſſible*, my Lord, you ſhould be thus . . .

RAGE. Oth. *Villain!* Be *ſure* thou *prove* my love a *traitreſs*, [Catching him by the throat.]

THREATENING. Or, by the *worth* of mine *eternal ſoul*,
'Twere *better* for thee to have been born a *dog*,
Than *anſwer* my wak'd *wrath.*

PRETEND. SURPRISE. with VEXATION. Iago. Is it *come* to *this!* Good *Heav'n defend* me!
* Are you a *man?* Have you a *ſoul*, or *ſenſe?*
I've done. Take my *office*——† *Wretched fool*,
That liv'ſt to make thine *honeſty* a *vice!*
‖ O *monſtrous world!* What *times* are we *fall'n upon?*

* PRET. REPR. of INGRAT.

† PRET. SELF-ACCUSATION.

‖ ASTON.

To

To be *direct* and *honeſt*, is not *ſafe*. REPR. of INGRAT.
I *thank* you for this *profit*, and henceforth
I'll *love no friend*; ſince *love* breeds ſuch *offence*.
[Going.]
Oth. Nay *ſtay* — thou *ſhould'ſt* be *honeſt*. RECOL.
Iag. I *ſhould* be *wiſe*; for *honeſty*'s a *fool*, PRET. ſenſe of INJURY.
That *loſes* what it *works for*.
Oth. In my *anguiſh*
I think my *wife* is *honeſt*, and think ſhe *is not*. APOL.
I think that *thou* art *juſt*, and that thou *art not*. PERTURB.
I'll have ſome *proof*. * Her *name*, [u] that was as * REGR.
freſh,
As *Dian*'s *viſage*, is now *begrim'd*, and *black*, FURY.
As mine *own face*. If there be *cords* or *knives*,
Poiſon, or *fire*, or *ſuffocating ſteams*,
I'll *not endure* it. *Would* I were but *ſatisfy'd*.
Iag. I ſee, Sir, you are *eaten up* with *paſſion*. PRET. CONC.
I do *repent* me that I ever *ſtarted* it.
Oth. Give me a living *reaſon* ſhe's *diſloyal*. ANX.
Iag. I do not like the *office*: PRET.
But ſince I'm *enter'd* in this *cauſe* ſo *far*, RELUC.
Urg'd on by fooliſh *honeſty* of *friendſhip*, APOL.
I muſt *go on*, or bear the name of *ſlanderer*. NARRATION.
I *lay* in the *ſame room* with Caſſio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I *could* not *ſleep*. There is a kind of men, EXPL.

[u] "Her *name*," that is, her character, or reputation.

[x] "*Dian's viſage*." Diana is repreſented in the heathen mythology, as a goddeſs of extraordinary purity.

So *looſe* of *ſoul*, that, in their ſleep, will *mutter*
All their *affairs*. One of *this kind* is *Caſſio*.

LOVE. In ſleep I heard him ſay, " *Sweet Deſdemona!*

CAUT. " Let us be *wary*; let us *hide* our *loves*.

VEXAT. " O *curſed fate*, that *gave* thee to the *Moor*."

RAGE. Oth. O *monſtrous!* I will *tear* her *limb* from *limb*.

SOOTH. Iag. *Nay*; but be *calm*. This may be *nothing* yet.

QUEST. *She* may be *honeſt* ſtill. But *tell* me this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a *handkerchief*
Spotted with *ſtrawberries*, in your wife's hand?

ALARM. Oth. I *gave* her *ſuch* a *one*. 'Twas my *firſt gift*.

ACCUS. Iag. *That* I *knew* not. But *ſuch* a *handkerchief*
(I'm *ſure*, it was the *ſame*) did I to-day
See *Caſſio wipe* his *beard* with.

DESPERATION. Oth. O that the *ſlave* had *twenty-thouſand lives!*
One is too *poor*—too *weak* for my *revenge*.

Iag. Yet be *patient*, Sir.

BOUND. Oth. O *blood*, *blood*, *blood!*

FURY. *Hot*, *reeking blood* ſhall waſh the *pois'nous ſtain*,
Which *fouls* mine *honour*. From *this hour*, my *thoughts*
Shall *ne'er look back*, nor *ebb* to *humble love*,

HORROR. 'Till a *capacious*, and *wide revenge*,
Equal to their *groſs guilt*, *ſwallows* them up.
Come, go with me *apart*. I will *withdraw*,

PLOTTING. To furniſh me with ſome *ſwift* means of *death*

For

For the fair *ſorc'reſs*, and her ſmooth *adulterer*.— GRAT.
From hence thou'rt my *lieutenant*. PRET.
Iag. As you *will*, Sir. ACKNOWL.

LXXIV.

CRAFT. FOOLISH FEAR. VEXATION.

Maſcarille, a crafty ſervant in the intereſt of Leander, his maſter's ſon, contrives to ſend his old maſter into the country, and, in the mean time, perſuades his friend Anſelm, that he is dead, ſuddenly; and, on that pretext, borrows of him a ſum of money for Leander. [*See Moliere*, L'ETOURDI.]

Anſ. *WHAT*, my *good friend* Pandolph *dead!* SURPR.
Maſc. I *don't wonder* the news *ſur-* CONC.
priſes you.
Anſ. To die ſo very *ſuddenly!* SURPR.
Maſc. It is a very *hurrying* way of doing CONC.
things, to be *ſure*. But who can *make* people *live*, you know, if they *will die?*
Anſ. But how does your *young maſter* take it? QUEST.
Maſc. *Take it!* why *worſe* than he would WHIM.
a *kicking*. He *welters* on the *ground* like a GRIEF.
wounded adder, and ſays he will abſolutely go into the *ſame grave* with his dear *papa*. If it were not that they who take on ſo *violently* do not, for the moſt part, hold it *long*, I ſhould

expect him to go quite *compompous* about it.—

APOLOGY. But—a—you muſt know, Sir, that we are all in a *pucker* at our houſe. The old gentleman muſt be *buried*, you know, and that requires ſome of the *ready*. And my *young maſter*, if he were in his *beſt wits*, knows no more than a *broomſtick*, where to find a *penny* of *money*. For you know, the *old one*, reſt his ſoul, kept all that ſame as *ſnug* as if he had thought the *day-light* would *melt* it. Now, Sir, you would do us a *great kindneſs* if you will be ſo good as to help us with a *ſcore* or two of *pieces*, till we can *turn* ourſelves *round* a little.

ASK.

FAV.

ANX. Anſ. Hum—[Aſide.] He will have a *good*

AVAR. *eſtate*. And will not *grudge* to pay handſome

RESOL. *intereſt*. [To Maſc.] I will *come* to him *immediately*, and bring the *money* with me; and try to *comfort* him a little. [He goes. Gives the money. Is deceived by an artificial corpſe laid out on the

ANX. bed. Returns full of anxiety.] — *Lawkaday!*

ALARM. what a *ſad* thing *this is*. He was but *ſixty-eight*, or *ſixty-nine*; about the *ſame age* with *myſelf*. It *frightens* me to *think* of it. Suppoſe *I ſhould die ſuddenly* too. I believe I had better think of *repenting*, and making my *peace*. It is true,

COUR. he was a little *aſthmatic*, and, thank God, *no body* has *better lungs* hem—hem—hem—than

HASTE. *myſelf*.—Well, but I muſt go, and ſend neighbour *Cloak'um* the *undertaker*, as I promiſed. [Going. He meets the ſuppoſed dead man,

who

who had been ſtopped on his way to his country-houſe, by perſons, who informed him of the falſehood of the reports which had occaſioned his ſetting out.] *Ah! mercy* on my *ſoul!* SUD.
What is *that!* My old friend's *ghoſt!* They FEAR.
ſay, none but *wicked folks walk.* I wiſh I were at the *bottom* of a *coal-pit! Law!* How *pale*, and how *long* his *face* is grown ſince his *death.* He *never* was *handſome.* And *death* has *improved* him very *much* the *wrong way.*—*Pray*, do not INTR.
come *near* me. I *wiſhed* you very *well* when you was *alive.* But I could never *abide* a *dead man cheek* by *jowl* with me. *Reſt* your *ſoul!* *Reſt* your *ſoul*, I *pray! Vaniſh*, *vaniſh*, in the TREM.
name of ....

Pandolph. What the *plague* is the *matter*, old WONDER.
friend! Are you gone out of your *wits?* I came to aſk your *advice*; but ....

Anſ. *Tell* me, then, pray, without coming a INTR.
ſtep nearer, *what* you would have me do for the *repoſe* of your *ſoul. Ah*, *ah*, *eh*, *eh*, *mercy* on us! *no nearer*, *pray!* If it be only to take your *leave* TREM.
of *me* that you are come *back*, I could have *excuſed* you the *ceremony* with all my *heart.* [Pandolph comes nearer, to convince Anſelm, that he is not dead. He draws back as the other advances.] Or if you—*mercy* on us—no *nearer* pray,——or if you have *wronged* any body, as you always *loved money* a little, I give you the PROTEST.
word of a frighted *chriſtian*, I will *pray* as *long*

as you *pleaſe*, for the *deliverance* and *repoſe* of your

INTR. *departed ſoul.* My *good*, *worthy*, *noble friend*, *do*, *pray diſappear*, as *ever* you would *wiſh* your *old friend Anſelm* to come to his *ſenſes again.*

MIRTH. Pand. [laughing.] If I were not moſt *confoundedly* out of *humour*, I could be *diverted* to a

REMON. *pitch.* But *prithee* now, old friend, *what is* in the *wind*; that you will have me to be *dead?*

SUSP. This is ſome *contrivance* of that rogue *Maſcarille*; I *gueſs* by what I have juſt *found* out of his *tricks.*

FEAR. Anſ. Ah, you are *dead*, too *ſure.* Did not I ſee your *corpſe laid out* upon your *own bed*, and . . . . .

REMON. Pand. *What* the *duce!* I am *dead*, and *know nothing of it!* But don't you *ſee* that I am *not dead?*

FEAR. Anſ. You are *clothed* with a *body* of *air*, which *reſembles* your *own perſon*, when you was *alive*—only—you'll *excuſe* me———a good deal

INTR. *plainer.* But, *pray*, now, don't aſſume a *figure* more *frightful.* I am within a hair's *breadth* of *loſing* my *ſenſes already*; and if you ſhould turn yourſelf into a *giant*, with *ſawcer-eyes*, or a *black horſe* without a *head*, or any of the *ugly ſhapes*—I aſk pardon—you *apparitions* ſometimes put on, I am ſure I ſhould go *clean o' one ſide* at the

EARN. INTR. firſt *glimpſe* of you. *Pray*, then, in the *name* of the *bleſſed virgin*, and all the *ſaints*, *male* and *female*, be ſo good as to *vaniſh quietly*, and leave

your

your poor *frightened old friend* wit enough to keep him out of a *madhouſe*.

Pand. This is undoubtedly that *rogue Maſcarille's manufacture*. He has, for ſome *gracious purpoſe*, *contrived* to ſend me to the *country* on a *fool's errand*, and I ſuppoſe, in my *abſence*, he has, to anſwer ſome other *pious end*, *perſuaded you* that I am *dead*. Come, *give* me thy *hand* and thou wilt be *convinced* I am not *dead* more than *thyſelf*. VEXAT. ENCOU.

Anſ. [drawing back] *What* was it I ſaw *laid out* upon the *bed* then? RELUC.

Pand. How ſhould *I know?* It was not *I*, however. ENCOU.

Anſ. If I were *ſure* you *are not dead*, I ſhould not be *afraid* to *touch* you: but the *hand* of a *dead man* muſt be ſo *o—o—o—ld!* RELUC. SHUDD.

Pand. *Prithee* now, *give over*. I tell you, it is nothing but *Maſcarille's invention*. [He ſeizes Anſelm's hand, who ſcreams out.] ENCOU.

Anſ. *Ah! Saint Anthony preſerve* me!—*Ah—ah—eh—eh*—Why—why—— after *all*, your hand is not ſo *co—o—o—ld*, *neither*. Of the *two*, it is rather *warmer* than my *own*. Can it *be*, though, that you are *not dead?* TERR. Return. COUR.

Pand. *Not I.* ENCOU.

Anſ. I begin to *queſtion* it a little *myſelf*. But ſtill my mind *miſgives* me *plaguily* about the *corpſe* I ſaw *laid out* upon your *bed*. If I could but *find out* what *that* was——— RECOL.

ENCOU. Pand. *Pſhaw, prithee,* what *ſignifies* it *what* it was? as long as you ſee plainly I am *not dead.*

RECOL. Anſ. Why *yes,* as you ſay, *that* is the *point.* But yet the *corpſe* upon the *bed haunts* me. But —[pauſes] I'll be *hang'd* if it be not as you *ſay.*

VEXAT. Maſcarille is a *rogue.* But, if you be *not dead,* I am in *two ſweet ſcrapes.* One is, the *danger* of being *dubbed* Maſcarille's *fool.* The other of *loſing* fifty *pieces,* I furniſhed him for *your interment.*

DISCOV. Pand. O, you have lent him *money, have you?* Then the *ſecret* is *out.*

APOL. Anſ. *Yes*; but you know, it was upon the *credit* of your *eſtate,* and for your *own perſonal benefit.* For, if you had been *dead,* you muſt have been *buried,* you know. And Maſcarille told me, your ſon could come at *no ready caſh,* you know. So that I hope you will ſee me *paid,*

INSIN. you know.

REFUS. Pand. I'll be *hang'd* if I *do.* I have *enough* to *pay* on *that ſcore, otherwiſe.*

VEXAT. Anſ. I'll *pluck off* every *ſingle grey hair* that is upon my *old fooliſh head.* — *What!* to have *no more wit* at this time of life! — I expect nothing elſe than that they ſhould make a *farce* in praiſe of my *wiſdom,* and *act* me, till the *town* be *ſick* of me. [Exeunt different ways.]

LXXV.

EXHORTATION.

The ſpeech of Galgacus the general of the Caledonii[y], in which he exhorts the army he had aſſembled, in order to expel the Romans, to fight valiantly againſt their foes under Jul. Agricola. [*Corn. Tacit.* VIT. AGRIC.]

COUNTRYMEN, and FELLOW-SOLDIERS!

WHEN I conſider the *cauſe*, for which we have *drawn* our *ſwords*, and the *neceſſity* of ſtriking an *effectual blow* before we *ſheathe* them again, I feel joyful *hopes* ariſing in my *mind*, that *this day* an *opening* ſhall be made for the *reſtoration* of Britiſh *liberty*, and for *ſhaking off* the infamous *yoke* of Roman *ſlavery*. *Caledonia* is yet *free*. The *all-graſping power* of *Rome* has not yet been able to ſeize *our liberty*. But it is only to be *preſerved* by *valour*. By *flight* it *cannot*: for the *ſea confines* us; and *that* the more *effectually*, as being *poſſeſſed* by the *fleets* of the *enemy*. As it is by *arms* that the *brave* acquire immortal *fame*, ſo it is by *arms* that the *ſordid*

COUR.

VEXAT.

COUR.

WARN.

[y] The Caledonii were, according to Ptolemy, the inhabitants of the interior parts of what before the union was called Scotland, now North-Britain.

ſordid muſt *defend* their *lives* and *properties*, or *loſe*
ENCOU. them. You are the very *men*, my friends, who have hitherto ſet *bounds* to the unmeaſurable *ambition* of the *Romans*. In conſequence of your inhabiting the more *inacceſſible* parts of the iſland, to which the ſhores of thoſe countries on the continent, which are *enſlaved* by the Romans, are *inviſible*, you have hitherto been *free* from the common *diſgrace*, and the common *ſufferings*. You lie almoſt out of the reach of *fame itſelf*. But
WARN. you *muſt not expect* to enjoy this untroubled *ſecurity* any *longer*, unleſs you *beſtir* yourſelves ſo *effectually*, as to put it out of the *power* of the *enemy* to *ſearch* out your *retreats*, and *diſturb* your *repoſe*. If you *do not*, *curioſity alone* will ſet them a *prying*, and they will conclude that there is ſomewhat *worth* the *labour* of *conquering* in the *interior parts* of the *iſland*, merely becauſe they have *never ſeen them*. What is *little known* is often *coveted*, *becauſe* ſo *little known*. And you are not to *expect* that you ſhould *eſcape* the *ravage* of the general *plunderers* of *mankind*, by any ſentiment of *moderation* in *them*. When the *countries*, which are more *acceſſible*, come to be *ſubdued*, they will then *force* their *way* into *thoſe* which are *harder* to come
ACCUS. at. And if they ſhould conquer the *dry land* over the *whole world*, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the *ocean*, to ſee whether there be not certain *unknown regions*, which they may *attack*, and *reduce* under *ſubjection*

jection to the *Roman empire*. For we ſee, that if a country is thought to be *powerful* in *arms*, the Romans attack it, becauſe the conqueſt will be *glorious*; if *inconſiderable* in the *military art*, becauſe the victory will be *eaſy*; if *rich*, they are drawn thither by the hope of *plunder*; if *poor*, by the deſire of *fame*. The *eaſt* and the *weſt*, the *ſouth* and the *north*, the face of the *whole earth*, is the *ſcene* of their *military achievements*; the *world* is too *little* for their *ambition*, and their *avarice*. They are the *only nation* ever known to be *equally* deſirous of conquering a *poor* kingdom as a *rich* one. Their *ſupreme joy* ſeems to be *ravaging*, *fighting*, and *ſhedding* of *blood*; and when they have *unpeopled* a *region*, ſo that there are *none left alive* able to bear *arms*, they ſay, they have given *peace* to that country. HORROR.

Nature itſelf has peculiarly *endeared* to *all men*, their *wives*, and their *children*. But it is known to you, my countrymen, that the conquered *youth* are daily *draughted off* to *ſupply* the deficiencies in the *Roman army*. The *wives*, the *ſiſters*, and the *daughters* of the *conquered* are either expoſed to the *violence*, or at leaſt corrupted by the *arts* of theſe *cruel ſpoilers*. The *fruits* of our *induſtry* are *plundered*, to make up the *tributes* impoſed on us by *oppreſſive avarice*. *Britons ſow* their fields; and the greedy *Romans reap* them. Our very *bodies* are *worn out* in carrying on their military *works*; and our *toils* are *rewarded* by TEND. HORROR. ACCUS. COMPL.

them with *abuſe* and *ſtripes*. Thoſe, who are *born* to *ſlavery*, are *bought* and *maintained* by their
INDIGN. *maſter*. But *this* unhappy *country pays* for being *enſlaved*, and *feeds* thoſe who *enſlave* it. And *our portion* of *diſgrace* is the *bittereſt*, as the inhabitants of *this iſland* are the *laſt*, who have fallen
ACCUS. under the *galling yoke*. Our native *bent* againſt *tyranny*, is the *offence*, which moſt *ſenſibly irritates* thoſe *lordly uſurpers*. Our *diſtance* from the *ſeat* of *government*, and our *natural defence* by the ſurrounding *ocean*, render us *obnoxious* to their *ſuſpicions*: for they know that *Britons* are *born* with an inſtinctive *love* of *liberty*; and they conclude that we muſt be *naturally* led to think of taking the *advantage* of our *detached ſituation*, to *diſengage* ourſelves, *one time or other*, from their *oppreſſion*.

WARN. Thus, my countrymen, and fellow-ſoldiers, *ſuſpected* and *hated*, as we ever *muſt be* by the Romans, there is no *proſpect* of our enjoying even
COUR. a tolerable ſtate of *bondage* under them. Let us then, in the name of all that is *ſacred*, and in defence of all that is *dear* to us, reſolve to *exert* ourſelves, if not for *glory*, at leaſt for *ſafety*; if not in *vindication* of Britiſh *honour*, at leaſt in
COMMEND. *defence* of our *lives*. How near were the *Brigantines*[z] to *ſhaking off* the *yoke*—led on too by a *woman*?

[z] The Brigantines, according to Ptolemy, inhabited what is now called Yorkſhire, the biſhopric of Durham, &c.

woman? They *burnt a Roman ſettlement:* they *attacked* the *dreaded* Roman *legions* in their *camp.* Had not their *partial ſucceſs* drawn them into a *fatal ſecurity*, the *buſineſs* was *done.* And ſhall not *we*, of the *Caledonian region*, whoſe *territories* are *yet free*, and whoſe *ſtrength entire*, ſhall we not, my fellow-ſoldiers, *attempt ſomewhat*, which may ſhew theſe *foreign ravagers*, that they have *more to do* than they *think* of, before they be *maſters* of the *whole iſland?* REGR. COUR.

But, after all, *who are* theſe *mighty Romans?* Are they *gods*, or *mortal men*, like *ourſelves?* Do we not ſee, that *they* fall into the ſame *errors*, and *weakneſſes*, as *others?* Does not *peace effeminate* them? Does not *abundance debauch* them? Does not *wantonneſs enervate* them? Do they not even go to *exceſs* in the moſt *unmanly vices?* And can you imagine that they, who are *remarkable* for their *vices*, are likewiſe *remarkable* for their *valour? What*, then, do we *dread?* — Shall I *tell* you the very *truth*, my fellow-ſoldiers? It is by means of our *inteſtine diviſions*, that the Romans have gained ſo great *advantages* over us. They turn the *miſmanagements* of their *enemies* to their *own praiſe*, They *boaſt* of what *they have done*, and ſay *nothing* of what *we might have done*, had we been ſo *wiſe* as to *unite* againſt them. CONT. REMON. COUR. REGR.

What is this *formidable* Roman *army?* Is it not compoſed of a *mixture* of *people* from *different countries*; ſome *more*, ſome *leſs*, *diſpoſed* to *military achievements*; CONT.

achievements; ſome *more*, ſome *leſs*, *capable* of *bearing fatigue* and *hardſhip?* They keep *together*,

COUR. while they are *ſucceſsful*. *Attack* them with *vigour*: *diſtreſs* them: you will ſee them *more diſunited* among themſelves than *we* are *now*. Can any one imagine, that *Gauls*, *Germans*, and,—

REGR. with *ſhame* I muſt add, *Britons*, who *baſely lend*, for a time, their *limbs*, and their *lives*, to build

COUR. up a *foreign tyranny*; can one imagine, that theſe will not be *longer enemies* than *ſlaves?* or that ſuch an army is *held together* by ſentiments of

CONT. *fidelity* or *affection? No:* the *only body* of *union* among them is *fear*. And, whenever *terror ceaſes* to *work* upon the *minds* of that *mixed multitude*, they, who *now fear*, will *then hate* their *tyrannical maſters*. On *our ſide* there is every *poſſible incite-*

COUR. *ment* to *valour*. The *Roman courage* is not, as *ours*, inflamed by the thought of *wives* and *children* in danger of falling into the hands of the *enemy*. The *Romans* have no *parents*, as *we* have, to *reproach* them, if they ſhould *deſert* their infirm *old age*. They have *no country here* to *fight*

CONT. for. They are a *motley collection* of *foreigners*, in a land wholly *unknown* to them, *cut off* from their *native country*, *hemmed in* by the ſurrounding *ocean*, and given, I hope, a *prey* into our *hands*, without *all poſſibility* of *eſcape*. Let not the *ſound* of the Roman *name affright* your *ears*. Nor let the *glare* of *gold* or *ſilver*, upon their armour, *dazzle* your *eyes*. It is not by *gold*, or *ſilver*,

that



that men are either *wounded* or *defended*; though they are rendered a *richer prey* to the *conquerors*. Let us boldly *attack* this *diſunited rabble*. We ſhall find among *themſelves* a *reinforcement* to our *army*. The *degenerate Britons*, who are *incorporated* into *their forces*, will, through *ſhame* of their *country's cauſe deſerted* by them, quickly *leave* the *Romans*, and come over to *us*. The *Gauls*, remembering their *former liberty*, and that it was the *Romans* who deprived them of it, will *forſake* their *tyrants*, and *join* the *aſſertors* of *freedom*. The *Germans* who remain in their army, will *follow* the *example* of their countrymen, the *Uſipii*, who ſo lately *deſerted*. And *what* will there be *then* to *fear?* A few *half-garriſoned forts*; a few municipal towns inhabited by *worn-out old men*, *diſcord* univerſally prevailing, occaſioned by *tyranny* in thoſe who *command*, and *obſtinacy* in thoſe who ſhould *obey*. On our ſide, an *army united* in the *cauſe* of their *country*, their *wives*, their *children*, their *aged parents*, their *liberties*, their *lives*. At the *head* of this *army*—I hope I do not offend againſt *modeſty* in ſaying, there is a *General* ready to *exert all* his *abilities*, ſuch as they are, and to hazard his *life* in leading you to *victory*, and to *freedom*.

COUR. CONT. COUR. APOL.

I conclude, my countrymen, and fellow-ſoldiers, with putting you in mind, that on your *behaviour this day* depends your future *enjoyment* of *peace* and *liberty*, or your *ſubjection* to a *tyrannical*

ENCOU.

tyrannical enemy, with all its *grievous conſequences*. When, therefore, you come to *engage*—*think* of your *anceſtors*—and *think* of your *poſterity*.

LXXVI.

Doubting. Vexation. Affectation of Learning. Compulsion, &c.

[See *Moliere*'s Marriage Force'.]

Longhead ſolus, with an open letter in his hand.

VEXAT. APPREHENS. I WAS *wrong* to proceed ſo far in this matter ſo *haſtily*. To *fix* the very *day*, and then *fail*. Her *father* will *proſecute* me, to be *ſure*, and will recover *heavy damages too*, as he *threatens* me.

APOL. BLAME. But then, *what* could I *do?* Could I *marry* with the *proſpect* I had *before* me? To tell me, ſhe married to get *free* from *reſtraint*, and that ſhe expected I ſhould make *no enquiry* into *her conduct* more than *ſhe* would into *mine!*

APPREHENS. If ſhe *ſpeaks* ſo freely *before* marriage, how will ſhe *act after?*

COUR. RECOL. *No*, *no*, I'll *ſtand* his *proſecution*. Better be a *beggar* than a *cuckold*.—But hold.—Perhaps I

DES. am more *afraid* than *hurt*. She might mean only *innocent freedom*.——She is a *charming girl*.

DOUBT. But I am *thirty years older* than *ſhe* is.—I would

DES. wiſh to *marry* her; but I ſhould not like what I

APPREHENS. am *afraid* will be the *conſequence*. *What reſolution* ſhall

ſhall I *take?* I'll be *hang'd*, if I know *what* to *do*. ANXIETY.
On *one* hand, *beauty inviting*; on the *other*, *cuckoldom* as *ugly* as the *d—l*. DESIRE.
On *one* hand, *marriage*; on the *other*, a *law-ſuit*. APPREHEN.
I am in a *fine dilemma*. VEXATION.
—*Lancelot Longhead*; *Lancelot Longhead*; [ſtriking himſelf on the forehead.] I'll tell you *what*, old friend, I doubt you are but a *ſimpleton* all this *while*, that you have been thinking yourſelf a little *Solomon*. I'll e'en go and *conſult* with ſome *friends*, what I muſt do. For I cannot determine, within *myſelf*, whether I had better try to DOUBT.
make it up with the family, and *go on* with my intended *marriage*, or ſet them at *defiance*, and reſolve to have *nothing to do* with *matrimony*.—
If any body adviſes me to *marry*, I'll *venture* it, I think. Let me ſee, what *wiſe*, *ſagacious* people CONSID.
are there of my *acquaintance?*—Oh—my two RESOL.
neighbours, Dr. *Neverout*, and Dr. *Doubty*; men of *univerſal learning!* I'll go to them *directly*—
And here is Dr. Neverout coming out of *this houſe* very *fortunately*.

Neverout, [talking to one in the houſe.] I *tell* ANGER.
you friend, you are a *ſilly fellow*, *ignorant* of *all good diſcipline*, and fit to be *baniſhed* from the
republic of *letters*. I will undertake to *demonſtrate* AFFECTAT. of LEARNING.
to you by *convincing arguments*, drawn from the writings of *Ariſtotle himſelf*, the *philoſopher* of *philoſophers*, that, ignarus *es*, you *are* an ignorant fellow; that ignarus *eras*, you *was* an ignorant fellow; that ignarus *fuiſti*, you *have been* an

ignorant fellow; that, ignarus *fueras*, you *had been* an ignorant fellow; and that, ignarus *eris*, you *will be* an ignorant fellow, through all the *genders*, *caſes*, *numbers*, *voices*, *moods*, *tenſes*, and *perſons*, of all the *articles*, the *nouns*, the *pronouns*, the *verbs*, the *participles*, the *adverbs*, *prepoſitions*, *interjections*, and *conjunctions*.

WONDER. Long. Somebody muſt have uſed him very *ill*, to make him call ſo many *hard names*. Dr.

CIVILITY. *Neverout*, your *ſervant*. A *word* with you, if you pleaſe, Sir.

CONTEMPT. Nev. *You* pretend to *reaſon!* You don't ſo much as know the firſt *elements* of the art of *rea-*

LEARNED PRIDE. *ſoning*. You don't know the difference between a *category* and a *predicament*, nor between a *major* and a *minor*.

Longh. His *paſſion blinds* him ſo, he does

CIVILITY. not *ſee* me. *Doctor*, I *kiſs* your *hands*. May one . . . .

CONTEMPT. Nev. Do you know what a *blunder* you have

PRIDE. *committed?* Do you know what it is to be *guilty* of a *ſyllogiſm* in *Balordo?* Your *major* is *fooliſh*, your *minor impertinent*, and your *concluſion ridiculous*.

ENQU. Longh. Pray, Doctor, what is it, that ſo *diſturbs* your *philoſophy?*

ANGER. Nev. The moſt *atrocious provocation* in the

PRIDE. *world*. An *ignorant fellow* would defend a *propoſition* the moſt *erroneous*, the moſt *abominable*, the moſt *execrable* that ever was *uttered*, or *written*.

Longh.

Longh. May I *aſk*, *what* it *is?* ENQU.

Nev. Mr. Longhead, all is *ruined.* The world is fallen into a *general depravity.* A degree of *licentiouſneſs*, that is *alarming*, reigns *univerſally*; and the *governors* of *ſtates* have reaſon to be *aſhamed* of themſelves, who have *power* in their hands for maintaining good *order* among mankind, and *ſuffer* ſuch *enormities* to paſs *unpuniſhed.* APPREHENSION. REPR.

Longh. *What* is it, pray, Sir? ENQU.

Nev. Only *think*, Mr. Longhead, only *think*, that in a *chriſtian country*, a perſon ſhould be allowed to uſe an expreſſion *publicly*, that one would think would *frighten* a *nation*, an expreſſion, that one would expect to raiſe the *devil!* Only think of—" The *form* of a *hat!*"—*There*, Mr. Longhead, *there*'s an *expreſſion* for you! Did you think you ſhould have *lived* to hear ſuch an expreſſion as—" The *form* of a *hat!*" ACCUS. AMAZ.

Longh. *How*, Sir? I don't underſtand wherein the *harm* of ſuch an *expreſſion conſiſts.* ENQU.

Nev. I *affirm*, and *inſiſt* upon it, with *hands* and *feet*, *pugnis* et *calcibus*, *unguibus* et *roſtro*, that to ſay, " The *form* of a *hat*," is as *abſurd*, as to ſay, that, datur *vacuum* in rerum *naturâ*, there is a *vacuum* in *nature.* [Turning again to the perſon, with whom he had been diſputing in the houſe.] Yes, *ignorant creature*, a *hat* is an *inanimate* ſubſtance, and therefore *form cannot* be *predicated* of it. *Go*, *illiterate wretch*, and read POSIT. DISP. CONTEMPT. LEARN. PRIDE.

Ariſtotle's chapter of *qualities*. *Go*, ſtudy *Aquinas*, *Burgerſdicius*, and *Scheiblerus*, of the *ten predicaments*. *Go*; and then ſay "The *form* of a "*hat*," if you *dare*.

SATISFAC. Longh. O, I thought, Doctor, ſomething *worſe* than all *this* had happened.

APPREHENS. OSTEN. of LEARNING. Nev. What would you have *worſe*, unleſs a *comet* were to come from beyond the *orbit* of *Saturn*, and either *burn* the world by its near *approach*; *drown* it by *attracting* the *ſea*, and *raiſing* a *tide three* miles *high*; or *force* it from its *orbit* by *impinging* againſt it, and make it either *fly out* into *infinite ſpace*, or *ruſh* to the *ſun*, the *centre* of our *ſyſtem*.

APPREHENS. Except *this*, what can be *worſe*, than confounding *language*, deſtroying *qualities*, demoliſhing *predicaments*, and, in ſhort, *overturning* all *ſcience* from the *foundation*. For *Logic* is the *foundation* of *ſcience*.

CONSID. Longh. Why, it may be a *bad thing*, for

INTREATING. what I know. But, pray, Doctor, let a body *ſpeak* with you.

ANGER. Nev. [To the perſon in the houſe.] An *impertinent fellow!*

INTREAT. Longh. He *is ſo*; but I want your *advice*, Doctor, in . . . .

ANGER. Nev. A *blockhead!*

INTREAT. Longh. Well, I *own*, he is ſo; but *no more* of *that*, *pray*, *good Doctor*.

PRIDE. Nev. To *pretend* to *diſpute* with *me!*

Longh.

Longh. He is very much in the *wrong*, to be ſure. But now let me aſk you a *queſtion*, Doctor. You muſt know, Sir, that I have been thinking of *marrying*. Only I am a little *afraid* of that, you *know* of; the *misfortune*, for which *no body* is *pitied*. Now I ſhould be glad you would, as a *philoſopher*, give me your *opinion* on this *point*. CONS. INTR. ASKING. ADVISING.

Nev. Rather than *admit* ſuch an *expreſſion*, I would *deny ſubſtantial forms*, and *abſtract entities*. ANGER.

Longh. *Plague* on the man! He *knows nothing* of what I have been *ſaying*. Why, *Dr. Nevercut*; I have been *talking* to you this *hour*, and you give me *no anſwer*. VEXATION. INTR.

Nev. I aſk you *pardon*. I was engaged in ſupporting *truth* againſt *ignorance*: but now I have *done*. If what I have ſaid will not *convince*, let the *ignorant* be *ignorant ſtill*. What would you *conſult* me upon? APOL.

Longh. I want to *talk* with you about an affair of *conſequence*. INTR.

Nev. Good. And what *tongue* do you intend to uſe in the *converſation* with me? ENQU.

Longh. What *tongue*? Why, the tongue I have in my *mouth*. WONDER.

Nev. I mean, what *language*; what *ſpeech*? Do you intend to talk with me in *Latin*, *Greek*, or *Hebrew*? ENQU.

Longh. Not I. I don't *know one* of them from *another*. WONDER.

ENQU. Nev. Then, you will uſe a *modern* language, I ſuppoſe, as the *Italian*, perhaps, which is *ſweet* and *muſical*.

VEXATION. Long. *No.*

ENQU. Nev. The *Spaniſh*, which is *majeſtic* and *ſonorous*.

VEXATION. Longh. *No.*

ENQU. Nev. The *Engliſh*, which is *copious* and *expreſſive*.

VEXATION. Longh. *No.*

ENQU. Nev. The *High Dutch* is but an *indifferent* language. You *won't*, I ſuppoſe, make uſe of *it* in this converſation.

VEXATION. Longh. *No.*

ENQU. Nev. And the *Low Dutch* is *worſe* ſtill. Will you talk to me in *Turkiſh?* it is a *lofty language*.

VEXATION. Longh. *No.*

ENQU. Nev. What think you of the *Syriac*, the *Arabic*, the *Chaldaic*, the *Perſian*, the *Palmyrene?* Do you chooſe *any* of *them?*

VEXATION. Longh. *No.*

ENQU. Nev. *What* language *then?*

VEXATION. Longh. Why, the *language* we are talking *now*.

SATISF. Nev. Oh! you will ſpeak in the *vernacular tongue?* If ſo, pleaſe to come on the *left ſide*.

LEARNED PRIDE. The *right ear* is for the *foreign*, and the *learned languages*.

VEXATION. Longh. Here is a deal of *ceremony* with *ſuch*

INTREAT. ſort of *people*. I want to *conſult* you, Doctor, about an affair of *conſequence*.

Nev.

Nev. O! I *understand* you. You want my *opinion* upon some of the *difficulties* in *philosophy*, as, for example, Whether *substance*, and *accident*, are terms *synonymous*, or *equivocal*, with regard to the *being?* AFFECT. LEARN.

Longh. *No*, that *is not it.* VEXAT.

Nev. Whether *Logic* is an *art*, or a *science?* AFFECT.

Longh. *No*, *no.* I don't care a *halfpenny which.* VEXAT.

Nev. If it has for its object the *three operations* of the *mind*, or the *third* only. AFFECT.

Longh. That is not the *affair.* VEXAT.

Nev. Whether, properly speaking, there are *six categories*, or only *one?* AFFECT.

Longh. I don't care, if there were *six bushel* of *catechisms.* That is not what I *want.* I am .... VEXAT.

Nev. Perhaps you want to know, whether the *conclusion* is of the *essence* of the *syllogism.* AFFECT.

Longh. *No*, *no*, *no.* It is not about *any such point*; but .... VEXAT.

Nev. Whether the *essence* of *good* is *appetibility*, or *suitableness?* AFFECT.

Longh. I am going to tell you my *business*, if .... VEXAT.

Nev. You would know, perhaps, if the *good* and the *end* are *reciprocal?* AFFECT.

Longh. *Not* a *bit.* VEXAT.

Nev. Whether the *end influences* us by its *real essence*, or by its *intentional?* AFFECT.

VEXAT. Longh. *No, no,* it is *quite another affair,* I tell you.

AFFECT. Nev. You muſt *explain yourſelf,* then; for I have mentioned the moſt *difficult* points, and thoſe that are commonly *agitated* in the *ſchools* in our times.

VEXAT. Longh. I ſhould have *told* you my *buſineſs* an *hour ago,* if you would have *heard* me.

AFFECT. Nev. *Pronounce* then.

INTR. Longh. and
AFFECT. Nev. together. { The *affair,* I want to *conſult* you about, Dr. Neverout, is *this*; I have had thoughts of *marrying* a young lady, who is *very handſome,* and *much* to my *liking.* I have aſked her *father's conſent,* and he has *granted* it. Only I am *afraid* . . . . } *Speech* was given to man on *purpoſe,* that by it he might *expreſs* his *thoughts:* and as the *thoughts* are the *images* of *things,* ſo *words* are the *images* of our *thoughts.* Make uſe therefore of *words* to *explain* to me your *thoughts.*

IMPAT. Long. *Plague* on this everlaſting *talker. Who* is like to be the *wiſer* for *him*; if he will not ſo much as *hear* what one has to *ſay* to him? I'll go to Dr. *Doubty.* Perhaps he will be more *reaſonable.*—And, very *fortunately,* here he *comes.*

JOY. I will *conſult* him at *once.*—Dr. *Doubty,* I *beg*

CIVILITY. your wiſe *advice* about a matter of *great concern* to me.

Doubt.

Doub. Be pleaſed, good Mr. Longhead, to *alter* your *phraſeology*. Our *philoſophy* directs to give out no *deciſive propoſitions*; but to ſpeak of *all things* with *uncertainty*; and always to *ſuſpend* our *judgment*. Therefore you ought not to ſay, —"I *beg* your advice," but,——"I *ſeem* to "beg it." AFFECT. LEARN.

Longh. I *ſeem!* What ſignifies talking of *ſeems*; when I am here on the *ſpot with you?* SURPR.

Doub. That is *nothing* to the *purpoſe*. You may imagine a *thouſand things*, in which there is *no reality*. AFFEC.

Longh. *What!* is there no *reality* in my being *here talking* with Dr. *Doubty?* WONDER.

Doub. It is *uncertain*; and we ought to *doubt* of *every thing*. You *appear* to my *external ſenſes* to be *here*, as I perhaps to yours. But *nothing* is *certain*. *All things* are *doubtful*. AFFEC.

Longh. *Sure*, Dr. Doubty, you are diſpoſed to be *merry*. *Here* am *I*: *there* are *you*: here is no *ſeem*; no *uncertainty*; nothing *doubtful*; but all as *plain* as the *noſe* on your *face*. Let us, for *ſhame*, *drop* theſe *whims*, and *talk* of my *buſineſs*. You muſt know, Dr. Doubty, that I have had thoughts of *marrying*, and ſhould be glad of your *opinion* and *advice*. WONDER. CHIDING. INTR.

Doub. I don't *know* that you have had thoughts of marrying. AFFEC.

Longh. But I *tell* it you. VEXAT.

Doub. That *may be*, or it *may not be*. AFFEC.

Longh.

ANXIETY. Longh. The young lady I had made choice of is very *young*, and very *handſome*.

AFFECT. Doub. That *may be*, or it *may not be*.

ANXIETY. Longh. Do you think, I ſhall do *wiſely* in marrying her?

AFFECT. Doub. You may do *wiſely*, for aught I *know*, or you may do *unwiſely* for aught I *know*.

ANXIETY. Longh. I am very much in *love* with the young lady.

AFFECT. Doub. That is *not impoſſible*.

ANXIETY. Longh. But, as ſhe is *much younger* than me, I am *afraid* of, you *know what*.

AFFECT. Doub. You may be *afraid*, for aught I *know*.

ANXIETY. Longh. Do you think, I ſhould run the hazard of being a *cuckold*, if I ſhould *marry* her?

AFFECT. Doub. There is no *natural impoſſibility* in it. But if you ſhould, you may *perhaps not* be the *firſt*, nor the *laſt*. But *all things* are *uncertain*.

ANXIETY. Longh. But what would *you do*, if you were in *my place*, Dr. Doubty?

AFFECT. Doub. It is *uncertain*, as *all things* are.

ANXIETY. Longh. But what do you *adviſe me* to do?

INDIFF. Doub. What you *pleaſe*.

VEXAT. Longh. I ſhall go *mad*.

INDIFF. Doub. I *waſh* my *hands* of it.

ANGER. Longh. A *plague* on the old *dreamer!*

INDIFF. Doub. *Happen* what will, I am *clear*.

PASSION. Longh. I'll *make* you *change* your *cuckow-note*, you old philoſophical *humdrum*, you——[beats him]—I will—[beats him] I'll *make* you

ſay

ſay *ſomewhat elſe*, than "*All things* are *doubtful!* "*all things* are *uncertain*—" [beats him] I *will*, you old *fuſty pedant*.

Doub. *Ah!—oh!—eh!*—What, beat a *philoſopher!—Ah!—oh!—eh!* COMPLAIN.

Longh. Be *pleaſed*, Dr. Doubty, [mimicking the Doctor,] to *alter* your *phraſeology*. Your *philoſophy* directs you to give out no *deciſive propoſitions*; but to ſpeak of all things with *uncertainty*, and always to *ſuſpend* your *judgment*. Therefore, you ought not to ſay,—"I *have been* beaten;" but——"I *ſeem* to have been beaten." STIFFN.

Doub. I will have you *proſecuted* with the utmoſt *rigor* of the *law*. ANGER. THREAT.

Longh. I *waſh* my *hands* of it. INDIFF.

Doub. I will ſhew the *marks* of the *blows* I have received from you. ANGER.

Longh. You may *imagine* a *thouſand things*, in which there is *no reality*. INDIFF.

Doub. I will go *directly* to a *magiſtrate*, and have a *warrant* for you. [Exit. Doubty.] ANGER.

Longh. There is no *natural impoſſibility* in it. INDIFF.

Enter Captain Pinkum, with two ſwords in one hand, and a cane in the other.

Pink. Mr. *Longhead*, I am your moſt *obedient*, moſt *humble ſervant*. RESPECT.

Longh. Sir, your *ſervant*. INDIFF.

Pink. Sir, I have the honour of *waiting* on you, to let you *know*, that, as you was pleaſed RESPECT.

to

to *diſappoint* us yeſterday, which was the *day* fixed by *yourſelf* for your *marriage* with my *ſiſter*, you and I muſt *ſettle* that *affair* in an *honourable* way.

VEXATION. Longh. Why, Sir, it is with *regret* that I *failed* you; but....

RESPECT. Pink. *Oh!* Sir, there is no *harm*, as we ſhall *order matters*.

VEXATION. Longh. I am *ſorry* it ſo *happens*. But ſome little *ſcruples* chanced to come into my *mind* about the *difference* between our *ages*, which, you know, is pretty *conſiderable*. And I put *off* the *marriage* for a little time, only that I might *conſider* of it, and *adviſe* with my *friends*. And now that the *day* is *paſt*, I think it may be *better* for us *both*, that it be *let alone altogether*.

RESPECT. Pink. Sir, as you *pleaſe*. You know it is not an *object* of any *conſequence*. But, Sir, *what* I have done myſelf the honour of *waiting* on you *for*, is, only to beg the *favour* of you, Sir, to *chooſe* which you pleaſe of theſe two *ſwords*.

AFFIRM. They are both *good*, I *aſſure* you, Sir, and as *fairly matched* as I could. If *my judgment* deſerves any *regard*, you need not *heſitate* long. *Either* of them is *very fit* for a gentleman to be *run through* with.

SURPRISE. Longh. Sir, I don't *underſtand* you.

RESPECT. Pink. O, Sir, I *wonder* at *that*. The thing is not *hard* to be *underſtood*. It is no more than *this*, Sir, that if a *gentleman* promiſes a lady *marriage*,

riage, and eſpecially if he *fixes* the *day*, and *fails* of *performing* his *contract*, the *relations* of the *lady* (whoſe *character* and *fortune* in life are *injured* by it, you know, Sir) generally think it proper to commence a *proſecution* againſt the gentleman; and the law gives, in thoſe caſes, *heavy damages*. My father had thoughts of *proſecuting* you, Sir, as he *wrote* you. But as law is *tedious*, we choſe rather, Sir, upon *ſecond* thoughts, to *vindicate* the *honour* of our *family* in a more *expeditious* way. Therefore, if you pleaſe, Sir, I will endeavour to whip you through the lungs in the *neateſt manner* now practiſed in the *army*. And I offer you your *choice* of one of theſe two *ſwords* to *defend* yourſelf with. This, you muſt own, Sir, is treating you *genteelly*. For, you know, I could *run* you through the *body now*, without giving you the *opportunity* of *defending* yourſelf. —Pleaſe, Sir, to make your *choice*.

Longh. Sir, your *humble ſervant*. I ſhall make *no ſuch choice*, I *aſſure* you. REFUS.

Pink. Sir—you *muſt*, if you pleaſe, *fight* me. You ſhall have *fair play*, upon my *honour*. RESPECT.

Longh. Sir, I have *nothing* to *ſay* to you. [Going.] Sir, your *humble ſervant*. REFUS.

Pink. *O dear Sir* [ſtopping him] you muſt *excuſe* me for *ſtopping* you. But you and I are not to *part*, till *one* or *t'other drops*, I *aſſure* you, Sir. RESPECT.

Longh.

Longh. *Mercy* on us! Was ever ſuch a *bloody-minded* fellow!

Pink. Sir, I really have a little *buſineſs* upon my hands; ſo that I muſt beg, you will give me leave to *run* you *through* as *ſoon* as *poſſible*.

REFUSING. Longh. But I don't intend, that you ſhall *run* me *through* at *all*. For I will have *nothing to ſay* to you.

RESPECT. Pink. If you mean, Sir, that you *won't fight* me, I muſt do myſelf the honour of telling you, that you are in a little *miſtake*, Sir. For the

EXPLAIN. *order* of ſuch things is *this*, Sir. Firſt, a *gentleman* happens to *affront another gentleman*, or a *family*, as you have done *ours*, Sir. Next, the *gentleman affronted*, or *ſome one* of the *family*, in order to *vindicate* their *honour*, challenges to *ſingle combat*, the gentleman who did the injury, as I have done *you*, Sir. Then the gentleman who did the *injury*, perhaps, *refuſes* to *fight*. The other proceeds to take the *regular courſe* of *beating*, [counting on his fingers] *bruiſing*, *kicking*, *cuffing*, *pulling* by the *noſe* and *ears*, *rolling* in the *dirt*, and *ſtamping* on him, till the *breath* be fairly *out* of his *body*, and there is an *end* of *him*, and of the *quarrel*, you know. Or if the *gentleman*, who happened to do the *injury*, will *fight*, which, to be ſure, is doing the thing *genteelly*, you know; why then, *one*, or *t'other* is decently *run through* the *body*, and there is an *end* of the *matter another way*, you

you know. Now, Sir, you ſee plainly, that my proceedings are *regular*, and *gentleman-like*——*gentleman-like*—*abſolutely*. So, Sir, *once* more, and but *once* more, will you be pleaſed to *accept* of *one*, or *t'other*, of theſe two *ſwords?* RESP.

Longh. *Not I*, truly. REFUS.

Pink. Why then, Sir, the firſt *ſtep* I am to *take*, you know, is, to *cane* you, which I humbly beg *leave* to *proceed* to *accordingly*. [Canes him.] RESP.

Longh. *Ah!—eh!—oh!* COMPLAIN.

Pink. Then, Sir, the *next* operation is *cuffing*—no, I am *wrong*; *kicking* is *next*. [Kicks him.] RESP.

Longh. *Hold*, *hold*. Is the *d—l* in you? Oh! I am *bruiſed* all *over!* COMPLAIN.

Pink. Sir, I *aſk* you *pardon*, if I have *offended* you: I did not *mean* it, I aſſure you, Sir. All I *want*, is to *vindicate* the *honour* of our *family*. If you had *fulfilled* your *contract*, you had *ſpared* me all this *trouble*. Beſides, I am really *preſſed* for *time*; therefore muſt take the liberty of proceeding, as *expeditiouſly* as *poſſible*, to the *remaining operations* of *cuffing* you, *pulling* you by the *noſe* and *ears*, *rolling* you in the *dirt*, and *ſtamping* the *breath* out of your *body*. *Come*, Sir, if you pleaſe. RESP. HASTE. RESP.

Longh. *Hold* a little, *pray*,—*Oh!*—my *bones* are *bruiſed* to *jelly*.—Is there *no way* of *compounding* this *affair* but by *blood* and *murder?* INTREAT. COMPL. INTR.

Pink. *O yes*, Sir. You have only to *fulfil* your *contract*, and *all* will be *well*. RESP.

Longh.

DISTRESS. Longh. [aſide] What the *duce* muſt I *do?*—I had better be *cuckolded*, I believe, than *trod* to

RELUC. *death.*—[To him] I am *willing*——I am *willing*—to *perform* the *contract.*—*Oh!* my *poor bones! Oh!*

RESPECT. Pink. Sir, you are a *gentleman* every *inch* of

JOY. you. I am very *glad* to find you are come to a

COMPLAIS. *right* way of thinking. I *aſſure* you, Sir, there is *no man* in the *world* for whom I have a *greater regard*, nor whom I ſhould *rather* wiſh to have

INVITING. for a *brother-in-law*. *Come*, Sir, the *ceremony* ſhall be *performed immediately*. [Exeunt.]

LXXVII.

WARNING. BLAMING. COMMENDATION. INSTRUCTION.

The ſubſtance of Iſocrates's Areopagitic oration, which is celebrated by *Dion. Halicarn.* Tom. II. p. 40.

APOL. I DOUBT not, Athenians, but many of you will *wonder* what ſhould excite me to addreſs you upon public affairs, as if the ſtate were in *immediate danger*, whilſt to *you* we ſeem to be in *perfect ſafety*, a general *peace* prevailing, and the commonwealth ſecured by formidable *fleets* and *armies*, and ſtrengthened by powerful *allies*, and

tributary

tributary ſtates, to ſupport the public *expences*, and *co-operate* with us in *every emergency*. All which circumſtances ſeeming to be in our *favour*, I ſuppoſe moſt of thoſe who now hear me, imagine we have *nothing to do* but *congratulate* ourſelves on our *happineſs*, and *enjoy* ourſelves in *peace*; and that it is only our *enemies* who have any thing to *fear*. I therefore take for granted, Athenians, you do, in your own minds, *deſpiſe* my *attempt* to *alarm* you; and that, in your *imaginations*, you already *graſp* the empire of all *Greece*. But *what* would you *think*, my countrymen, if I ſhould tell you, it is on *account* of the ſeemingly *favourable* circumſtances I have mentioned, that I am *apprehenſive*. My obſervation has preſented me ſo many inſtances of ſtates, which at the very *time* they ſeemed to be at the *height* of *proſperity*, were in fact upon the *brink* of *ruin*; that I cannot help being *alarmed* at the *ſecurity* in which I ſee my *country* at preſent *ſunk*. When a nation is *puffed up* with an opinion of her own *ſtrength* and *ſafety*, it is then that her *counſels* are likely to be *raſh* and *imprudent*, and their *conſequences fatal*. The condition of *kingdoms*, as of *individuals*, is *variable*. *Permanent* tranquillity is *ſeldom* ſeen in this world. And with *circumſtances*, the *conduct* both of *individuals* and of *nations*, is commonly ſeen to *change*. *Proſperity* generally produces *arrogance*, *raſhneſs*, and *folly*. *Want* and *diſtreſs* naturally ſuggeſt *prudent* and *moderate re-*

TRIUMPH. CONT. PRIDE. ALARM. CAUT. INST.

ſolutions. Therefore it is not ſo *eaſy* as at firſt view it may ſeem, to determine, *which condition* is, for the purpoſe of *real happineſs*, the *moſt* to be *deſired* for *individuals*; or, with a view to *national proſperity*, *which ſtate* one ſhould *wiſh public affairs* to be in during his *own life*, and that of his *children*; whether of perfect *ſuperiority* to *danger* and *fear*, or of *circumſtances* requiring *caution*, *frugality*, and *attention.* For *that condition*, which is moſt *deſired* by mankind, I mean of perfect *proſperity*, generally brings with it the *cauſes* and the *fore-runners* of *misfortune*; whilſt *narrower circumſtances* commonly lead on to *care*, *prudence*, and *ſafety.* Of the *truth* of this *obſervation*, *better proofs* cannot be *deſired* than thoſe which the *hiſtories* of our *own* commonwealth

ARG. and of *Lacedæmon furniſh.* Was not the *taking* of our *city* by the barbarians, the very *cauſe* of our applying, with ſuch *diligence*, to the arts of *war* and *government*, as ſet us at the head of *Greece?* But when our *ſucceſs* againſt our enemies

APPREHENS *miſled* us into the *imagination*, that our *power* was *unconquerable*, we ſoon found ourſelves on the

ARG. *verge* of *deſtruction.* The *Lacedæmonians* likewiſe, from inhabiting a few *obſcure towns*, came, through a *diligent attention* to the *military art*, to

CONT. *conquer Peloponneſus.* And upon this, *increaſing* their *power* by ſea and land, they were ſoon *puffed up* to ſuch a height of *pride* and *folly*, as brought *them* into the *ſame dangers*, which *we*

had

had run into. Whoever attends to theſe particulars, and yet thinks our commonwealth in a *ſafe condition*, muſt be extremely *thoughtleſs*; eſpecially as our affairs are now in a *worſe* ſtate than at the *period* I *refer* to; for we have both the *envy* of the *other ſtates* of *Greece*, and the *hoſtility* of the king of *Perſia* to *fear*.

ARG.

APPREHENS.

When I conſider theſe things, I am in doubt, whether I ſhould conclude that you have *loſt all care* for the public ſafety; or that you are, *not indifferent*, but wholly *ignorant* of the preſent *dangerous* ſtate of our affairs. May it not be ſaid, that we have *loſt* the cities of *Thrace*; that we have *ſquandered* above a *thouſand talents* in military pay, by which we have gained *nothing*; that we have drawn upon ourſelves the *ſuſpicion* of the *other ſtates* of *Greece*, and the *enmity* of the *barbarous king*[a]; and that we are neceſſitated to take the ſide of the *Thebans*, and have *loſt* our own *natural allies?* And for theſe ſignal *advantages* we have twice appointed public *thankſgivings* to the *gods*; and ſhew, in our deliberations, the *tranquillity*, which could only be proper, if all were in *perfect ſafety*. Nor is it to be *wondered*, that we fall into *wrong meaſures*, and conſequent *misfortunes*. Nothing is to be *expected* to go right in a ſtate, unleſs its governors know how by *prudence* and *ſagacity*, to *conſult* the general *advantage*. *Fortune* may, *occaſionally*, bring

BLAME.

CONT.

ALARM.

BLAME.

INSTR.

[a] Of Perſia.

partial ſucceſs, and *temporary* proſperity: but
BLAME. upon this there can be no *dependence*. When the command of all Greece fell into our hands, in conſequence of the naval victory gained by Conon and Timotheus, we could not *keep* what we were in *actual poſſeſſion* of. The very *conſtitution* of our commonwealth is gone *wrong*, and we have not the *leaſt thought* of entering upon ways
INSTR. and means to ſet it *right*; whilſt we all know that it is not the ſurrounding of a city with *high* and *ſtrong walls*, nor aſſembling together a *multitude* of *people* that makes a *great* and *flouriſhing ſtate*, but *wholeſome laws*, a *wiſe police*, and a *faithful adminiſtration*.

DESIR. *How much* therefore, is it to be *wiſhed*, that the commonwealth could be brought *back* to the condition in which the *wiſe legiſlation* of *Solon placed it* (than whom *no one* ever had the good of the *people* more at heart) and to which *Cliſthenes reſtored* it, when enſlaved by the thirty tyrants, whom he *expelled*; *re-eſtabliſhing* the commonwealth in the hands of the *people*, according to
INSTR. the *original conſtitution*. It is *notorious*, that, in the *happier* times, when the republic was adminiſtered according to the *original conſtitution*, there
BLAME. was not, as ſince, a *nominal liberty*, with a *real tyranny*; but that the people were accuſtomed to *other principles*, than thoſe, which *now* lead them to conſider *democracy* as the ſame with *anarchy*, *liberty* with *licentiouſneſs*; and that their *happineſs* conſiſts

consists in the *unpunished violation* of the *laws*. In *those times*, the *equal distribution* of *justice*, which prevailed, brought adequate *punishment* upon those who deserved it, and conferred the due *honours* upon such as had *earned* them by their *virtue*. *Preferment*, to stations of *power* and *trust*, was not, in *those days*, open to *all promiscuously*. *They*, who appeared to the public to have the *best claim* by *merit* and *character*, *obtained* them. For they *wisely* considered, that to promote to *high stations* men of superior *eminence* for *virtue*, was the likeliest means to excite a *general emulation* among persons of *all ranks*, even to the *lowest*; as the people are constantly observed to *form* their *manners* upon the model of their *superiors*. Instead of the *public treasures plundered* to fill the coffers of *private* persons; it was common to see *large sums* of *private* wealth *voluntarily contributed* for defraying the *public expence*. In *those times*, the *difficulty* was, to prevail with the persons *qualified* for filling important stations, to *assume* them: whereas in *our days*, *all* are *aspiring* to *preferment*, *worthy* and *unworthy*, *qualified* and *unqualified*. In *those* times, they, who *refused*, were the most *solicited* to assume high stations; as it was considered that *merit* is commonly *diffident* of *itself*. In *our* days, they, who *elbow others*, and *thrust themselves forward*, obtain the most *readily*, what they, by this *very conduct*, shew themselves the most *unworthy* of. Our *ancestors* did not look upon a place of

COMMEND. BLAM. COMM. INSTR. BLAM. COMM. BLAM. COMM. BLAM. CONT. COMM.

CONT. authority as an *emolument*; but as a *charge:* the ſucceſſor did not enquire what his predeceſſor had *gained* while he held his employment; but

COMM. what he had left *undone*, that the *deficiency* might be *ſupplied* as ſoon as poſſible. They held it proper, that the adminiſtration ſhould be truſted to thoſe who had the *moſt* to *loſe*, in caſe of a ſubverſion of the ſtate; but ſo, that *no riches*, or *power* ſhould *ſcreen* any perſon from an *enquiry* into his *conduct*, nor from *ſuffering adequate puniſhment* in caſe of *delinquency*. The *rich* thought extreme *poverty* in the *lower people* a *reflexion* upon *them*, as having *failed* in their *patronage* of them; and the *poor*, far from *envying* the *wealth* of their *ſuperiors*, *rejoiced* in it; conſidering the *power* of the *rich* as their *protection*. Senſible of the ſupreme *importance* of right *education* toward the happineſs of a ſtate, they beſtowed the *ſtricteſt attention* upon forming the *manners* of the *youth* to *modeſty*, *truth*, *valour*, and *love* of their *country*. Nor did they think it ſufficient to lay a *foundation* of *good principles* in the minds of *young* people, and *leave* them after they were *grown up*, to *act* as they *pleaſed:* on the contrary, the manners of *adult perſons* were more ſtrictly inſpected than thoſe of the *youth*; and the general *cenſorſhip* was veſted in this very *court* of *Areopagus*, of which *none* could be *members*, but perſons *eminent* for their *birth*, and their *virtues*; ſo that it is not to be wondered, that

this

this court bore at *that time*, a *character ſuperior* to that of all the *other councils* of *Greece*.

It is from *ignorance* that *they* ſpeak, who would perſuade us that there is *nothing more* neceſſary toward making a ſtate great and happy, than a body of *good laws*. The laws by which our commonwealth was governed in her moſt flouriſhing times, were *known* to *all* the *other ſtates* of *Greece*, and they might *adopt* as *many* of them as they *pleaſed*. But were *all* the *other ſtates* of Greece—was *any* of them—upon as *advantageous* a *foot* as the *Athenian republic*? What *chiefly* tends to the eſtabliſhment of a ſtate, is, a *police* founded in habitual *modeſty*, *temperance*, *integrity*, *valour*, and *patriotiſm*. The general *prevalence* of theſe diſpoſitions in a people is not brought about by *laws* or *ſanctions*, but by *education*, *example*, and a judicious *exertion* of the *diſcretionary power*, which *is*, and *ought* to be, in the hands of *magiſtrates*, whereby they *diſcountenance* vice, without directly *puniſhing* it, and *draw* the ſubjects into that *voluntary rectitude* of behaviour, which *force* will *never produce*. *Laws* heaped upon *laws*, and *ſanctions* added to *ſanctions*, ſhew an *unruly* and *perverſe* diſpoſition in the people, who would not *otherwiſe* require ſuch *various terrors* to *reſtrain* them. The *ſagacity* of *governors* appears in their ſhewing, that they have the addreſs to plant their laws in the *hearts* of a *tractable* and *obedient* people. The

CONT. REMON. INSTR. CONT. COMM.

INSTR. moſt *tremendous ſanctions* will be incurred by men of *ungovernable diſpoſitions*; but thoſe, whoſe *minds* have received, from *education* and good *police*, a *proper bent*, will *behave well*, though *left* to *themſelves*. The buſineſs therefore is not ſo much to find ways of *puniſhing offenders*, as to *form* the *minds* of the *people* ſo, that they ſhall have no *diſpoſition* to *offend*.

SELF-DEF. I hope no Athenian, who hears me this day, will ſhew ſuch *malice* as to accuſe me of attempt-

APOL. ing to promote *innovations*. To adviſe, that we ſhould *return* to the *inſtitutions* of our *anceſtors*, is, ſurely, a very *different* matter from propoſing *innovations*. And to propoſe the *re-eſtabliſhment* of thoſe arts of government, which we *know* to have been *judicious*, from their producing the moſt *deſirable effects*, is *far enough*

ALARM. from ſhewing a love of *novelty*. *Experience* may *teach* us, if we be *diſpoſed* to *learn*, what we have to *expect*, if we *go on* in the track we are *now* in;

ENCOU. and what the *conſequences* will be, if we *reſtore* the commonwealth to the *condition* in which our *wiſe anceſtors eſtabliſhed* and *maintained* it. Let us attend

INSTR. to the *effects* which our conduct will have upon *thoſe* we are moſt *concerned* with, viz. the *other ſtates* of *Greece* our *rivals*, and the *Perſians* our

REPR. *enemies*. The truth is too *notorious* to be *diſſembled*: we have, by our *miſconduct*, and *neglect* of the *public concerns*, brought matters to ſuch a *paſs*, that part of the rival ſtates *deſpiſe*, and part *hate*

us,

us. And, as for the *Perſian* monarch, we have *his ſentiments* of us in his *letters*.

I have in *perfect ſincerity declared* to you, Athenians, as far as *my judgment* reaches, the *precarious* ſtate of the commonwealth at *preſent*; with its *cauſes* and *cure*. You will ſhew your *wiſdom* and your *patriotiſm*, by taking into your *ſerious conſideration* theſe *important objects*; and ſetting yourſelves with *ſpeed* and *diligence* to *find out*, and carry into execution the moſt *proper* and *effectual* means of *redreſſing* thoſe *evils*, which *otherwiſe* will draw after them the moſt *ruinous conſequences*.

APOL.

ADVIS.

ALARM.

LXXVIII.

BLUNT REFROOF. WARNING. OFFERING FRIENDSHIP.

The ſpeech of the Scythian embaſſadors to Alexander, who was preparing war againſt them. [Q. *Curt.* xii.]

IF your *perſon* were as *gigantic* as your *deſires*, the *world* would not *contain* you. Your *right* hand would touch the *eaſt*, and your *left* the *weſt*, at the *ſame time*. You *graſp* at *more* than you are *equal* to. From *Europe* you *reach Aſia*: from *Aſia* you *lay hold* on *Europe*. And if you ſhould conquer *all mankind*, you ſeem diſpoſed to wage war

RESP.

war with *woods* and *ſnows*, with *rivers* and wild

WARN. *beaſts*, and to attempt to *ſubdue nature*. But have you conſidered the uſual *courſe* of *things?* Have you reflected that *great trees* are many *years* a *growing* to their height, and are *cut down* in an

CONT. *hour?* It is fooliſh to think of the *fruit only*, without conſidering the *height* you have to *climb*,

WARN. to come at it. Take *care*, leſt, while you *ſtrive* to reach the *top*, you *fall* to the *ground* with the *branches* you have laid *hold* on. The *lion*, when *dead*, is *devoured* by *ravens*; and *ruſt conſumes* the *hardneſs* of *iron*. There is nothing ſo *ſtrong*, but it is in *danger* from what is *weak*. It will, therefore be your *wiſdom* to take care how you ven-

REMON. ture beyond your *reach*. Beſides, what have *you* to do with the *Scythians*, or the *Scythians* with *you? We* have never invaded *Macedon:* why ſhould *you* attack *Scythia?* We inhabit *vaſt deſerts*, and *pathleſs woods*, where we do not want to

COUR. hear of the *name* of *Alexander*. We are not diſpoſed to *ſubmit* to *ſlavery*; and we have no ambition to *tyrannize* over *any nation*. That you may underſtand the *genius* of the *Scythians*, we preſent you with a yoke of *oxen*, an *arrow*, and a *goblet*. We uſe theſe *reſpectively* in our commerce with *friends* and with *foes*. We give to our *friends* the *corn* which we raiſe by the labour of our *oxen*. With the *goblet* we join with them in pouring *drink-offerings* to the *gods*; and with *arrows* we attack our *enemies*. We have *con-*

quered

quered thoſe who have attempted to *tyrannize* over us in our *own country*, and likewiſe the kings of the *Medes* and *Perſians*, when they made *unjuſt war* upon us; and we have opened to ourſelves a way into *Egypt*. You pretend to be the *puniſher* of *robbers*; and are *yourſelf* the *general robber* of *mankind*. You have taken *Lydia*: you have ſeized *Syria*: you are maſter of *Perſia*: you have ſubdued the *Bactrians*; and attacked *India*. *All this* will not *ſatisfy* you, unleſs you lay your *greedy* and *inſatiable hands* upon our *flocks* and our *herds*. ACCUS.

How *imprudent* is your *conduct?* You *graſp* at *riches*, the poſſeſſion of which only *increaſes* your *avarice*. You increaſe your *hunger* by what ſhould produce *ſatiety*; ſo that the *more* you *have*, the *more* you *deſire*. But have you *forgotten* how long the *conqueſt* of the *Bactrians detained* you? While you were *ſubduing them*, the *Sogdians revolted*. Your *victories* ſerve *no other* purpoſe, than to find you *employment* by producing *new wars*. REMON.

For the *buſineſs* of every *conqueſt* is *two-fold*; to *win* and to *preſerve*. And though you may be the *greateſt* of *warriors*, you muſt *expect* that the nations you *conquer*, will endeavour to ſhake off the *yoke* as *faſt* as *poſſible*. INSTR. WARN.

For *what people* chooſes to be under *foreign dominion?* If you will croſs the *Tanais*, you may *travel over Scythia*, and obſerve how *extenſive* a *territory* we *inhabit*. But to *conquer* us is quite *another* buſineſs. COUR.

Your army is *loaded* with the *cumbrous* WARN.

ſpoils of many nations. You will find the *poverty* of the *Scythians* at *one time*, too *nimble* for your
THREA. *purſuit*; and, *at another time*, when you think we are *fled far enough* from you, you will have us *ſurpriſe* you in your *camp*. For the Scythians *attack*
REMON. with *no leſs vigour* than they *fly*. Why ſhould we put you in mind of the *vaſtneſs* of the *country* you will have to *conquer?* The deſerts of *Scythia* are *commonly talked* of in *Greece*; and all the *world* knows that our delight is to dwell at *large*, and
ADV. not in *towns* or *plantations*. It will therefore be your *wiſdom* to *keep*, with ſtrict *attention*, what
WARN. you have *gained*. *Catching* at *more*, you may *loſe* what you *have*. We have a proverbial ſaying in Scythia, "That *Fortune* has no *feet*; and is fur-
"niſhed only with *hands*, to *diſtribute* her *capri-*
"*ous favours*, and with *fins* to *elude* the *graſp* of
REPR. "thoſe to whom ſhe has been *bountiful*." You give yourſelf out to be a *god*, the ſon of *Jupi-*
CONT. *ter Hammon*. It ſuits the character of a god to *beſtow favours* on mortals, not to *deprive* them of
ADV. what they *have*. But, if you are *no god*, reflect on
REPR. the *precarious condition* of *humanity*. You will *thus* ſhew *more wiſdom* than by *dwelling* on thoſe ſubjects which have *puffed up* your *pride*, and made you *forget yourſelf*. You ſee how *little* you are likely to gain by attempting the *conqueſt* of
OFF. *Scythia*. On the *other* hand, you may, if you
FRIEND. pleaſe, have in us a *valuable alliance*. We *com-*
INSTR. *mand* the *borders* of both *Europe* and *Aſia*. There

is

is *nothing* between us and *Bactria* but the river *Tanais*; and our territory extends to *Thrace*, which, as we have heard, *borders* on *Macedon*. If you decline attacking us in a *hoſtile* manner, you may have our *friendſhip*. *Nations*, which have never been at *war*, are on an *equal footing*. But it is in *vain* that *confidence* is repoſed in a *conquered* people. There can be no *ſincere friendſhip* between the *oppreſſors* and the *oppreſſed*. Even in *peace*, the *latter* think themſelves *entitled* to the *rights* of *war* againſt the *former*. We will, if you think good, enter into a *treaty* with you, according to *our manner*, which is, not by *ſigning*, *ſealing*, and taking the *gods* to *witneſs*, as is the *Grecian cuſtom*; but by doing *actual ſervices*. The *Scythians* are not uſed to *promiſe*, but to *perform* without *promiſing*. And they think an *appeal* to the *gods ſuperfluous*; for that thoſe who have *no regard* for the eſteem of *men*, will not *heſitate* to *offend* the *gods* by *perjury*. You may therefore *conſider* with *yourſelf*, whether you had *better* have a people of *ſuch* a *character* (and *ſo ſituated*, as to have it in their power either to *ſerve* you, or to *annoy* you, according as you *treat* them) for *allies*, or for *enemies*.

OFF.

WARN.

OFF.

BLUNT.

ADV.

LXXIX.

LXXIX.

OUTCRY. EXAMINATION. SELF-DEFENCE.
CHIDING. LAMENTATION. THREATENING.
REFUSAL. RELUCTANT COMPLIANCE.

[See *Moliere*'s L'AVARE.]

OUTCRY. Scrapely. *THIEVES! Robbers! Thieves! Robbers! Thieves! Robbers! Traitors!*

LAMEN. *Murderers! Juſtice! Help!* I am *robbed!* I am *ruined!* I am *dead!* I am *buried!* O my *money*, my *money!* My *guineas!* My *golden guineas!* My *thouſand guineas!* My *precious treaſure!* My *comfort!* My *ſupport!* My *life!* My *all* is *gone*, *plundered*,

EXTR. *robbed*, *carried off*, *ſtrong-box* and *all!* O that I had

DISTR. *never* been *born!* O that the *earth* would *open*, and *ſwallow* me up *alive!* [Throws himſelf down on the floor. Lies ſome time, as ſtupified with the fall. Then gathers himſelf up.] *Oh! oh! oh! Who* has *done this? Who* has *robbed* me? *Who* has *got* my *money? Where* is the *thief?* the *murderer*, the *traitor? Where* ſhall I go to *find* him? *Where* ſhall I *ſearch? Where* ſhall I *not ſearch?* Is he gone *this way?* [Running to the right.]

OUTCRY. Is he gone *that way?* [Running the contrary way.] Stop *thief*, ſtop *thief*, ſtop *thief*. Here is *nobody*. Are they *all* gone out of the *houſe?* They have *robbed* me, and

and are *all gone off*. My *ſon*, my *daughter*, my *ſervants*, are *all concerned*; they have *conſpired* together to *ruin* me.—*Heh* [Liſtening] *what* do you *ſay?* Is he *caught*, *Villain!* [Catching himſelf.] I *have* you.—*Alas*, I have *caught myſelf*. I am going out of my *ſenſes*; and that is not to be *wondered* at.——I will go to a *magiſtrate*. I will have *every body examined* that *ever* was in my *houſe*. I will have *half* the *town impriſoned*, *tried*, and *hanged*; and if I cannot, with *all this*, recover my *money*, I will *hang myſelf*. LIST. SEIZ. LAMENT. DISTR.

Returns with Juſtice Noſewell.

Juſt. Noſewell. Let me *alone*. I *know* what I have to *do*, I'll *warrant* you. This is not the *firſt* piece of roguery I have *found out*. If I had but a purſe of *ten guineas* for every *fellow* I have been the *hanging* of, there are not *many* of his Majeſty's *Juſtices* of the *peace*, would carry their heads *higher*. There were, you ſay, in your *ſtrong-box?* AFFECT. WISD. QUEST.

Scr. A *thouſand guineas well told.* LAM.

Noſe. A *thouſand guineas!* A *large ſum!* WOND.

Scr. A *thouſand guineas* of *gold*. *Hoo*, *hoo*, *hoo!* [Weeps.] WEEPING.

Noſe. Have you any *ſuſpicion* of any *particular perſon?* QUEST.

Scr. Yes, I ſuſpect *every body*. LAM.

Noſe. Your beſt way, Sir, will be, to keep very *quiet*, and not to *ſeem* to *ſuſpect any one*, till you AFF. WISD.

can

can *lay hold* of ſome *proof*, or *preſumption* at leaſt. Then you may proceed to the *rigour* of the *law*. [While they are talking without the door of Scrapely's houſe, James, the cook, comes out, and ſpeaks with his face from them, leaving directions with the ſcullion boy.]

DIREC. James. You underſtand me, Jack. I ſhall be *back preſently*. *Kill* him *directly*. Put him in *boiling water*. *Scrape* him, and *hang* him *up*.

ANG. Scr. What, the *rogue* who has *robbed* me? *Do hang* him, *drown* him, *burn* him, *flay* him *alive*.

SUBM. James. I mean a *pig*, Sir, that is come from Mr. *Rackum*, your honour's worſhip's *ſteward* in the *country*.

ANG. Scr. *Pig* me no *pigs*, Sir. I have *other* things to think of than *pigs*.—*You* may be the *rogue* for what *I know of*. A *cook* may carry off a *ſtrong-box* as ſoon as *another man*. *Examine* him, *pray*, good Mr. Juſtice Noſewell.

INTR. AFFECT. WISD. Noſe. Don't *frighten* yourſelf, friend. I am not a man who loves to *blaze* things *abroad*.

SUBM. James. Sir, your honour, I aſk your honour's *pardon*; I am a little *hard* of *hearing*, your honour. Often *hot*, and often *cold*, your honour. Your honour's worſhip *ſups* this evening with my maſter's honour's worſhip, I ſuppoſe, and your honour's worſhip would, mayhap, like to have a little *plate* of ſomething *toſſed up* to your honour's

honour's worſhip's *liking*, mayhap. If your honour's worſhip pleaſes to let me *know* what your honour's worſhip *fancies*, I will do my beſt to *pleaſe* your honour's worſhip. FLATT.

Noſew. *No*, *no*, my buſineſs with you is *quite another matter*. Friend, it will be your *wiſdom*, not to *conceal* any thing from your *maſter*. It will be the *better* for you. AFFECT. WISDOM.

James. Sir, your honour, I *aſſure* your honour's worſhip, I will do my very *beſt* to *pleaſe* your honour's worſhip, upon my *honour*. If there be a *better* way than another, I will *uſe* it, as far as I have *minteriels* and *ingratitudes*. I wiſh my maſter's honour's worſhip, would go to the expence of a few *morrels* and *truffles*, and a little *right* Eaſt-India *catchup*. *There's* your high *flavour*, your honour. And our niggardly *ſteward*, *hang* him, downright *ſpoils* my maſter's honour's worſhip. I could engage to ſend up as *pretty* a little *collation*, as your honour's worſhip could wiſh to *ſit down* to, if that *narrow-hearted ſoul*, *Rackum*, our *ſteward*, did not *clip* my *wings* with the *ſciſſars* of his *niggardlineſs*. FLATT. ACCUS. FLATT. ACCUS.

Ser. Hold your *tongue*, you ſcoundrel. We don't want to hear your *nonſenſe* about *eating*. Hold your *tongue*, and *anſwer* to the *queſtions*, which Juſtice Noſewell is going to put to you about the *money* I have *loſt*, and which I ſuppoſe *you* have *taken*. ANGER.

SURPRISE. James. *I* take your honour's worſhip's *money*, Sir! *Mercy defend me* from *thinking* of *ſuch* a

SELF-DEF. *thing!* I did not ſo much as *know*, that your honour's worſhip had *loſt* any *money*.

THREAT-ENING. Scr. *Yes*, you *rogue*, I have *loſt money*, and I'll have *you* and *twenty others hang'd*, if I don't *recover* it.

ANXIETY. James. *Mercy defend me*, your honour. *Why*

SELF-DEF. ſhould your honour's worſhip ſuſpect *me* of ſuch a thing? Did your honour's worſhip *ever know* me *rob* your honour's worſhip of a *farthing*, or a *farthing's worth?*

AFFECT. WISDOM. Noſew. *Hold*, Mr. Scrapely. There is no need of *ſcolding*. My clerk ſhall adminiſter to

DIRECT-ING. him the oath. *Here*, Mr. Longſcroll, adminiſter the *oath* to this man. Not the *common* oath. No body *minds* kiſſing the *book now-a-days*. Give him the *great* oath. [Clerk comes forward.]

AFFECT. Clerk. Fall down on your *knees* before his

AUTHO. *worſhip*, and *ſay after* me. [James kneels before

AUTHO. the Juſtice, in great trepidation.] *May* the *d—l.*

FEAR. James. *May* the *d—l.*

AUTHO. Clerk. The *great d—l.*

TREMB. James. The *gre—e—e—at d—l.*

AUTHO. Clerk. The *great d—l* of *d—ls.*

TERROR. James. The *gre—e—e—at d—l* of *d—ls.*

AUTHO. Clerk. With his *great iron claws.*

FRIGHT. James. With his *gre—e—e—at iron—Ah!*

INTREAT. *Mercy defend me*, your noble honour's worſhip, I am

am *frightened* out of my *wits!* I *can't* ſay any more of this *dreadful oath.* I expect the *d—l* to *come up* through the *ground* before my very *noſe* in a *minute.* I'll tell your honour's worſhip all the *whole truth* without the *oath*, if your honour's worſhip will but give me a little *time* to *fetch breath.*

Noſew. *Riſe* then, James. Don't *frighten* yourſelf; but *frankly confeſs* the *foul fact* like an *honeſt chriſtian.* [To Scrapely.] I *knew* he would not *triſle* with the *great* oath. We ſhall have a full *confeſſion preſently.* AFFECT. WISDOM.

James. Why then——why then—I confeſs the foul fact *frankly*, and like an *honeſt chriſtian*, that I *do not know who* has taken my maſter's worſhip's money, *no more* than the child that was *unborn forty years ago*, as I am a *ſinner* to be *ſaved* for *ever* and *ever* and *amen.* SELF-DEF.

Noſew. *O that won't do*, James. You muſt *kneel down again*, and take all the *whole great* oath. And if you won't give up the *truth*, my *clerk* ſhall write your *mittimus* to *priſon*, James. AFFECT. WISDOM. THREATEN.

James. *O mercy defend me!* O your *noble honour's worſhip*, have *mercy* on a *poor harmleſs criminal*, that is as *innocent* of the *fact* he is *convicted* of, as your *honour's worſhip*, or your honour's worſhip's *clerk*, *there* where he *ſtands.* If I ever do *ſuch* a *thing again*, your worſhip ſhall *hang* me *twenty times over.* For I am *ſure*, I never *touched* my maſter's honour's worſhip's *money*, nor FRIGHT. SELF-DEF.

any *man's money*, in all my *born days*, in an *unfair* or *unconſcionable way*, ſaving your honour's worſhip's *preſence*, and my maſter's honour's worſhip's *preſence*, and ....

Enter Smoothly leading in Mariana, Scrapely's daughter.

SUBMISS. Smooth. *Behold*, Sir, your *ſon* and *daughter* preſent themſelves to beg your *pardon*, *favour*, and *bleſſing*.

ANGER. Scr. My *ſon* (if *you* be my *ſon*) and my *daughter* may *hang* themſelves. That is *all* the *bleſſing*

LAMEN. I have to *beſtow* on *them*, or *myſelf*. O my *dear ſtrong-box!* O my *loſt guineas!* O *poor*, *ruined*,

WEEPING. *beggared old man! Hoo, hoo, hoo!* [Weeps.]

SUBMIS. Smooth. Sir, if you pleaſe to look upon our *union* with a *favourable eye*, *no uneaſineſs* about

PROM. your *ſtrong box* need *trouble* your *repoſe*. It ſhall be *forth-coming immediately*.

SURPRISE and JOY. Scr. *What* do you *ſay?* My *ſtrong box?* With *all* that was *in it?* The *thouſand guineas?* The *whole thouſand?* Shall it be *forth-coming?* If you make your *words good*, you ſhall *eat* my *daughter*, if you pleaſe, and my *ſon too*.

SELF-DEF. James. I *told* your honour's worſhip, I knew *nothing* of your honour's worſhip's *money*.

DESIRE. Scr. *Where* is my *precious*, *precious treaſure*,

JOY. my *life*, my *joy*, my *all?*

BLAMING with SUBMISS. Mar. Sir, your *unreaſonable anxiety* about *money*, which appears on the *preſent*, as on many

many former *occaſions*, in your *lamentations* about what, to a man of *your fortune*, are *trifles*, has been the cauſe of *conſtant anxiety* to *yourſelf*, and all your *family*, and has *forced* me upon what I am *aſhamed of*. This *worthy gentleman* has long had a *regard* for me, *much* above my *deſerving*. He has always *declared*, that he deſired *no fortune* with me. Your *exceſſive penuries* denied me the *decencies* of *dreſs ſuitable* to your *daughter*. I thought myſelf *entitled* to *ſome* part of what you can *very well ſpare*. I took the liberty of having your *ſtrong-box ſeized*, that I might *have wherewith* to *furniſh* myſelf ſuitably to the *daughter* of a man of *fortune*, and the *bride* of a man of *fortune*. His *generous heart* could not bear the *thought* of my *taking* any thing from you, which you did not *chooſe* to *give* me. He therefore *inſiſts* upon my delivering you *up* the *ſtrong-box*, if you *require* it. But I am in *hopes*, Sir, you will not only *grant* me the *trifling ſum* contained in it, but allow me a *fortune ſuitable* to your *eſtate*, and to the *gentleman's*, who is ſo *kind* as to marry me *without* the *proſpect* of *any*.

APOL.
GRAT.
ESTEEM.
BLAME. with SUBMISS.
APOL.
ESTEEM.
INTREAT.

Scr. *Where* muſt I *have* it? Can I *make* money? *Where* is my *ſtrong box?* If this gentleman has *married* you *without* a *fortune*, let him *keep* you *without* a *fortune*. *Where* is my *ſtrong-box?* He cannot ſay, I ever *promiſed* him a *fortune* with you. *Where* is my *ſtrong box?*

PERTISH.

Enter Mr. Sagely.

DEM. Sage. Mr. Scrapely, *this gentleman*, my nephew, has, in conſequence of a *long* mutual *affection* between *him* and your *daughter*, *married* her *this day*. He has a *fortune* ſufficient to *maintain* his *lady* and *family*, without *any addition* by *marriage*; and he *deſires nothing* with your *daughter*. But as it is *well known*, you can *afford* to give her a *fortune*, I *inſiſt* upon it, though *he* is *indifferent* about the *matter*, that you *ſign* this *bond*, which is ready *filled up*, for *twenty thouſand pound*, which is much *leſs* than you *ought* to *give* with your *daughter* to *ſuch* a *ſon-in-law*.

AFFECTED SURPRISE. MIS. Scr. Mr. *Sagely!* are you out of your *wits? I twenty thouſand pound! Where* ſhould I have the *tenth* part of *twenty thouſand pound?*

THREAT. Sage. Hark ye, Mr. Scrapely, [takes him aſide] I *know enough* of your *tricks*, your *ſmuggling*, your *extortion*, and the like (you *know*, I know enough of them) to *hang* you. If, therefore, you don't *directly ſign* this *bond*, I will go and lay the *informations* againſt you before the *proper perſons*; ſo that before you be a *day older*, you may *depend* on being *ſafe* in *cuſtody*.

VEXATION. FEAR. MIS. Scr. [Aſide.] O *d—l on him*. He *has me*. I feel the *nooſe* under my *left ear already*. [To him.] Why, Mr. *Sagely*, *twenty thouſand pound* is a *great ſum*. *How* ſhould *I* raiſe *twenty thouſand pound?*

pound? I believe I *might*, with the *help* of *ſome friends*, raiſe *two thouſand*; but ....

Sage. Will you *ſign* and *ſeal directly*; or ſhall I go, and *inform directly?* I aſk you *only* this *once*. [Going.] THREAT.

Scr. *Hold*; you are ſo *haſty*. Let me *ſee* the *bond*. [Aſide.] I wiſh I had you in a *private place*, and a *knife* at your *throat*; I'd ſoon *ſpoil* your *informing*. [To him.] I will *ſign* and *ſeal*. But I *know* not where the *money* is to *come from*. FEAR. MADNESS. VEXAT. COMPL.

James. *Now*, Sir, I hope you are *ſatisfied* I am entirely *conſcious* of meddling with your honour's worſhip's *money*; that I am a *conſcionable* man, and not ſuch a *rogue*, as your honour's worſhip [makes a long pauſe] was pleaſed to *take* me for. SELF-DEF.

LXXX.

DISSUASION.

The wiſe advice of Charidemus, an Athenian exile at the court of Darius, when he was aſked his opinion of the event of the warlike preparations making by Darius againſt Alexander. [*Q. Curt.* L. III.]

PERHAPS your majeſty may not *bear* the *truth* from the mouth of a *Grecian* and an *exile*; and if I do not declare it *now*, I *never will*; APOL.

perhaps I may never have another *opportunity*.

WARNING. Your majeſty's *numerous army*, drawn from *various nations*, and which *unpeoples* the *eaſt*, may ſeem *formidable* to the *neighbouring countries*. The

CONTEMPT. *gold*, the *purple*, and the *ſplendor* of *arms*, which *ſtrike* the *eyes* of *beholders*, make a *ſhew*, which *ſurpaſſes* the *imagination* of *all*, who have not *ſeen*

ALARM. it. The *Macedonian army*, with which your majeſty's forces are going to contend, is, on the contrary, *grim*, and *horrid* of *aſpect*, and clad in

COMMEND. *iron*. The *irreſiſtible phalanx* is a body of men, who, in the field of battle, *fear no onſet*, being practiſed to *hold together*, *man* to *man*, *ſhield* to *ſhield*, and *ſpear* to *ſpear*, ſo that a *brazen wall* might as *ſoon* be *broke through*. In *advancing*, in *wheeling* to right or *left*, in *attacking*, in *every* exerciſe of *arms*, they act as *one man*. They anſwer the *ſlighteſt ſign* from the *commander*, as if *his ſoul* animated the *whole army*. Every ſoldier has a knowledge of *war* ſufficient for a *general*. And *this diſcipline*, by which the Macedonian army is become ſo *formidable*, was *firſt eſtabliſhed*, and has

CONTEMPT. been *all along* kept *up*, by a fixed *contempt* of what your *majeſty's troops* are ſo *vain*, I mean, of

COMM. *gold* and *ſilver*. The *bare earth* ſerves them for *beds*. Whatever will ſatisfy *nature*, is their *luxury*. Their *repoſe* is always *ſhorter* than the *night*. Your majeſty may, therefore, *judge*, whether the *Theſſalian*, *Acarnanian*, and *Ætolian cavalry*, and

the

the *Macedonian phalanx*,—an army, that has, in ſpite of *all oppoſition*, *over-run half* the *world*,— are to be *repelled* by a *multitude* (however *numerous*) armed with *ſlings*, and *ſtakes* hardened at the *points* by *fire*. To be upon *equal terms* with *Alexander*, your majeſty ought to have an *army* compoſed of the *ſame* ſort of *troops*. And they are *no where* to be *had*, but in the *ſame countries*, which *produced* thoſe *conquerors* of the *world*. It is therefore *my opinion*, that, if your majeſty were to apply the *gold* and *ſilver*, which now ſo *ſuperfluouſly adorns* your *men*, to the purpoſe of *hiring* an *army* from *Greece*, to contend with *Greeks*, you might have *ſome chance* for *ſucceſs*; *otherwiſe* I ſee *no reaſon* to *expect any thing elſe*, than that your army ſhould be *defeated*, as *all* the *others have been*, who have *encountered* the *irreſiſtible Macedonians*.

CONTEMPT.

ADVICE.

ALARM.

LXXXI.

LXXXI.

A SERMON[b].

TEACHING. THE end of preaching is twofold; To *inſtruct* mankind in the ſacred *truths* contained in *ſcripture*; and, To *perſuade* them to *live* agreeably to the *laws* of the *Chriſtian* religion. It is therefore my preſent purpoſe, my brethren, to endeavour, with the Divine aſſiſtance, to promote your ſpiritual and temporal happineſs, by deſiring your attention to what ſhall be ſpoken to you from the following paſſage of the Epiſtle of the Apoſtle Paul to Titus, the ſecond chapter, and eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth verſes.

" The *grace* of *God*, which bringeth *ſalvation*,
" hath *appeared* to *all men*, teaching us, that
" *denying*

[b] I did not know where to find a *ſingle* ſermon containing a ſufficient *variety* of *ſpecies* of *matter*, for *exerciſing*, generally, the *talents* of a *preacher*. The reader will perceive, that this diſcourſe is compoſed with a direct view to *expreſſion* or *delivery*. And whoever has conſidered the *ſtrain* of the popular addreſſes of the *prophets* and *apoſtles*, and of the *Fathers*, and beſt *French* preachers, to ſay nothing of the *orations* of *Demoſthenes*, *Cicero*, and the reſt, will not, I hope, be offended at a *vivacity* of remonſtrance and deſcription, unuſual in our Engliſh ſermons; which are, *otherwiſe*, the beſt.

" *denying ungodlineſs* and *worldly luſts*, we
" ſhould live *ſoberly*, *righteouſly*, and *godly*,
" in this preſent world, *looking* for the *bleſſed*
" *hope*, and *glorious appearance* of the *great*
" *God*, and our *Saviour Jeſus Chriſt*."

We may repreſent to ourſelves the great *Apoſtle* of the Gentiles *ſpeaking* as follows: for it is, I think, probable, he meant what follows:

" The favour of God, to which we owe all,
" that we enjoy, or hope for, particularly our
" *deliverance* from Heathen *ignorance* and *immo-*
" *rality*, and the proſpect of *future reſcue* from
" the *tyranny* of *Satan*[c], and from *death*[d]; this
" *Divine goodneſs* is, in the *Chriſtian revelation*,
" glorioufly *diſplayed* before *mankind*; the new
" religion being eſtabliſhed upon the unque-
" ſtionable evidence of *miracles*, *prediction*, and
" its own *internal character*, and that of its di-
" vine *Author*, and of its *propagators*, who are COURAGE.
" ready to lay down their *lives* in atteſtation of
" the truth of his *reſurrection* from the *dead*[e];
" of the *reality* of which they are *ſure*, beyond a
" *poſſibility* of *miſtake*, and cannot be ſuſpected
" of a deſign to *deceive others*, having *no worldly*
" *temptation* to *propagate*, but *much* to *conceal*, or
" *deny* the *fact*.

" And

[c] Acts xxvi 18. [d] Heb. ii. 14, 15. [e] Acts i. 3.

" And this heavenly religion giveth full *ſa-*
" *tisfaction* to the anxious and inquiſitive mind
" upon the moſt *intereſting ſubjects*; where the
" *light* of *nature*, and the *ſagacity* of *philoſophers*
" had left men in *great uncertainty*, as, Wherein
" the *chief good* of man *conſiſteth*: *Who* is the *only*
" Object of *worſhip*, and *how* he is to be *accept-*
" *ably worſhipped*: Of the *other orders* of beings,
" *inferior* to the one indiviſible and unoriginated
" *Supreme*, but *ſuperior* to *us*; and how *we* are
" *concerned* with them: How *evil*, and, parti-
" cularly *death*, came into *God*'s *world*: Of the
" future *redreſs* of the *diſorderly* ſtate, in which
" this world is at *preſent*: The *will* of *God*, or
" *duty* of *man*, fixed by laws *authoritatively pro-*
" *mulgated*: What will be the *effect* of *repentance*
" and *reformation*: *How*, and *when*, the *good*
" and the *wicked* are to receive their reſpective
" *retributions* of reward and puniſhment: The
" *poſſibility* of *riſing* from the *dead*, *demonſtrated*
" by *actual reſurrections*, eſpecially that of *Chriſt*
" *himſelf*: That the *whole human ſpecies* is to be
" *raiſed* from the *dead*, in *bodies*, and that the
" *heathen notions* of *Elyſian fields*, and of *Tartarus*,
" as well as of *tranſmigration* of ſome *ſouls* into
" *other bodies*, without end, and of the *re-union* of
" *others* to the *Deity*, are *fables* and *fictions*; and
" that all mankind are to be judged at *one time*,
" and that this is to be done by *Chriſt*: That the
" retribution

" retribution for the *virtuous* is *glory*, *honour*,
" and *immortality*; and of obdurate *wickedneſs*,
" final *deſtruction* from the preſence of God,
" and the glory of his power; *both* ſentences
" *irreverſible*.

" And the new religion inculcates, in the moſt
" powerful manner, the neceſſity of *forſaking* the
" *impious ſuperſtitions*, and *vicious abominations*, AVERSION.
" *allowed*, or not *reformed*, by the *heathen religions*,
" as the *worſhip* of *deified* men, and of innumerable
" imaginary *gods* and *goddeſſes*, *celeſtial*, *terreſtrial*,
" and *infernal*, with *rites abſurd*, *obſcene*, and
" *cruel*; the *promiſcuous*, *exceſſive*, and *unnatural*
" indulgence of *fleſhly luſt*; the arbitrary violation
" of the matrimonial union by cauſeleſs ſepara-
" tion; the horrid practices of *expoſing children*;
" of *ſelf-murder*; or inflicting *arbitrary revenge*,
" and the like [f]. And this bleſſed religion doth TEACHING.
" alſo prohibit, in general, the indulgence of
" *every wicked diſpoſition* (for its authority
" reacheth to the *heart*) and *every wicked prac-*
" *tice*; all *malice*, *hatred*, *envy*, *injuſtice*, *ſelfiſhneſs*,
" *pride covetouſneſs*, *intemperance*, *laſciviouſneſs*,
" *anger*, *revenge*, *backbiting*, *lying*, *craft*, *unchari-*
" *table zeal*, *impiety*, *prophane ſwearing*, *blaſphemy*,
" *obſcenity*, *idleneſs*, *ſedition*, *rebellion*, and *neglect* of
" public and private *religion*. The Chriſtian law
" forbiddeth all *unwarrantable* purſuit of the
" three great objects of the deſires of wicked and
" worldly

[f] Rom. i.

" worldly men, viz. *riches*, *power*, and *pleaſure*;
" and it requireth the *faithful* and *unreſerved*
" performance of our *whole threefold duty*.

" Firſt, That which reſpecteth *ourſelves*, The
" due *regulation* of every *paſſion*, *appetite*, and *in-*
" *clination* of our nature; and a proper attention
" to, and careful *cultivation* of, all our *powers*,
" *bodily*, and *mental*, ſo that the wiſe *ends* of the
" beneficent *Giver* of them may *beſt* be *an-*
" *ſwered*, and the *leaſt diſappointed*: therefore no
" one can juſtly pretend to be a *ſincere proſelyte*
" to the new religion, who does not ſtudy to be
" *humble*, *meek*, *forgiving*, *pure* in *heart*, *ſincere*,
" *diligent* in improving his *knowledge* and *virtue*,
" *courageous* in the *cauſe* of *truth*, *temperate*, *fru-*
" *gal*, *induſtrious*, *decent*, *cautious*, *fearful* of *offend-*
" *ing*, *penitent* for his weakneſſes, *heavenly-minded*,
" and *richly furniſhed* with *every grace* and *virtue*,
" *flouriſhing*, and *growing*, and *riſing* to *higher* and
" *higher* degrees of *perfection* continually.

" The ſecond head of duty required by the
" new religion, is, That which reſpecteth our
" *fellow-creatures*, viz. The conſcientious ob-
" ſervance of *juſtice*, *negative* and *poſitive*, as to
" the intereſts of the *body*, the *ſoul*, the *reputation*,
" and the *worldly eſtate* of our neighbour; and
" over and above mere *juſtice*, a *generous* diſpoſi-
" tion to ſhew *kindneſs* on every proper occaſion,
" and in every prudent manner, to *all* within
" our *reach*; and the diſcharge of every *relative*

" duty

" duty according to our reſpective ſituations of
" *governors*, *ſubjects*, *countrymen*, *parents*, *children*,
" *huſbands*, *wives*, *maſters*, *ſervants*, and the reſt.

" The third head of duty required by the
" new religion, is, That which reſpecteth our
" *Creator*, viz. *Thinking*, and *ſpeaking*, and *acting* VENERATION.
" in the conſtant *fear*, and *ſenſe* of the univerſal
" *preſence* of *Almighty God*; with *love* and *grati-*
" *tude* to Him for all his *goodneſs* to us, eſpecially
" for his *laſt* and *beſt gift*, the *Chriſtian religion*;
" *worſhipping* Him in *ſpirit* and *truth*, both *pub-*
" *licly* and *privately*; *obedience* to *all* his *laws*;
" *acceptance*, upon due *examination*, of the *bleſſed*
" *religion* of his *Son*, and *adherence* to it in ſpite
" of the *terrors* of *perſecution*, with an *unreſerved*
" *ſubmiſſion* to its heavenly *precepts*[g], ſincerely
" *repenting* of, and thoroughly *reforming* all our
" faults; with *gratitude* to our illuſtrious *Deli-*
" *verer* from *Satan*, *ſin*, and *death*, and *obſervance*
" of his *inſtitution* for commemorating his ſuffer-
" ings and *death*.

" And this heavenly religion teacheth us to
" *expect* the future glorious *appearance* of its
" divine Author, to *reſtore* this ruined world, to
" put an end to the *tyranny* of *Satan*[h], to aboliſh
" death,

[g] The goſpels, and particularly that by St. Matthew, in the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of which we have the peculiar laws of chriſtianity ſummed up, probably were not, at this time, written.

[h] Rev. xxi.

" death, and to *judge* the *whole human race*, both
" thoſe who ſhall then be alive, and alſo all
" who have lived in all parts of the earth, from
" the creation of man; who ſhall univerſally be
" *reſtored* to *life*, by the ſame power which firſt
" gave them life; and to *reward* them according
JOY. " to their *reſpective characters*, to *fix* the *penitent*
" and *virtuous*, in a *ſtate* of *ſafety* and *everlaſting*
HORROR. " *happineſs*, and *condemn* the *obdurate* to utter
" *deſtruction.*"

ALARM. This is, in part, the *vaſt* and *weighty ſenſe* of the paſſage of Scripture, from which I have choſen to ſpeak to you at this time. And *what* is there, my Chriſtian brethren, of *conſequence* to us, with regard either to our *peace* of mind *here*, or our *happineſs hereafter*, that is not virtually comprehended in this *ſhort paſſage* of *three verſes?* What *various matter* for *conſideration* is here *ſug-*
FEAR. *geſted?* To *think* of the *ſtate* we are at *preſent* in, and of the *taſk* preſcribed us, of which you have heard only the principal *heads*, which taſk if we do not *labour* to perform, with the *fidelity* which becomes thoſe, who know, that the *all-piercing eye* is upon them, it were better we had *never* been *born*—to think of this, is it not enough to make
JOY. us *tremble* at ourſelves?—To conſider the *proſpect* we have, and the *hope* ſet before us, if we endeavour, with *ſincere* diligence, to act worthily our part—is it not enough to *overwhelm* us with
EXCITING. *rapture?* If we are not *ſtocks* and *ſtones*, if we have

in

in us either *hope* or *fear*, *deſire* of our own *happineſs*, or *horror* at the thought of *miſery* and *ruin*; here is what ought to *alarm* us to the *higheſt pitch*. There is not *one* here preſent, whoſe condition may not hereafter be *bliſsful* or *calamitous*, beyond *imagination*. And *which* of the two it *ſhall be*, depends upon every *individual himſelf*. Then ſurely no man, who *thinks* for a *moment*, can imagine, that the period of our preſent exiſtence, however *tranſient*, is to be *trifled* with. No one, who has ever heard of a future *appearance* of a general *Judge*, as in the text, can think it a matter of *indifference* what *life* he *leads*. *Hear* the *voice* of inſpiration on this important point; "Be not *deceived*. *God* is not to be *mocked*. "Whatſoever a man *ſoweth*, that he ſhall alſo "*reap*[i]. God ſhall render to every man ac- "cording to his *works*; to them, who by pa- "tient *continuance* in *well-doing*, ſeek for *glory*, "*honour*, *immortality*, and *everlaſting life*; but to "them who are *contentious*, and obey not the "*truth*, but obey *unrighteouſneſs*; *indignation* and "*wrath*, *tribulation* and *anguiſh*, upon every *ſoul* "that worketh *wickedneſs*, of the *Jew firſt*, and "*alſo* of the *Gentile*; for there is *no reſpect* of "perſons with *God*[k]."——What can be more *awful* than this *warning!* It is not for *vain parade*, like the triumphant *entry* of a *conqueror*, ALARM.

A a that

[i] Gal. vi. 7. [k] Rom. ii. 6.

that the ſon of man is to come with the ſound of the *trumpet*, attended with *hoſts* of *angels*, and *armed* in *flaming fire*. *Every one* of us is *intereſted*

PROTEST. in the *ſolemn buſineſs* of that *dreadful day*. It is therefore, my Chriſtian brethren, in the *ſincerity* of my *heart*, and the *agony* of my *ſoul*[l], that I

ALARM. ſtand forth to *warn* you, in the name of the *great* and *terrible One*, who ſitteth upon the *throne* of *heaven*, whoſe *creatures* we are, and to whom we muſt *anſwer*, and to declare to you without *flattery*, without *reſerve*, that there is *no ſafety*, *no chance* of *eſcape* for you, but by a *conſtant* and *faithful* attention to the performance of *every one* of the *duties* I have mentioned to you, and a *fixed averſion* againſt *every one* of the *vices* I have pointed out, and all others. You have the *word* of *God* for it. And *his word ſhall ſtand*, he *will* do *all* his *pleaſure*[m]; and the *Judge* of the earth

REMON. *will* do what is *right*[n]. Would you have the preacher ſay *ſmooth* things? Would you have him *betray* the *truth* of *God*? Shall he, like a faithleſs *hireling*[o], *leave* his *flock unwarned* a *prey* to the *Enemy* of *mankind*? Would you have him *heap* on his own *ſoul* the *damnation* of a whole *people*[p]?

PROTEST. *No*, not for the *riches* of this wide *world*. By the help of God, I *will* be *faithful* to my truſt. I *will* ſet before you *life* and *death*, the *bleſſing*, and

[l] Rom. ix. 1, 2, 3. [m] Iſa. xlvi. 10. [n] Gen. xviii. 25.
[o] John x. 13. [p] Ezek. iii. 18, 19.

and the *curſe*[q]. It *ſhall appear*, in that day, when you and I ſhall ſtand before the general judgment ſeat, that I have *done* the *duty* of my *office*, and if you *liſten not*, thoſe *above*, who *now look on*, though to us inviſible, ſhall *witneſs againſt* you, that you have *murdered* your own *ſouls*. WARN.

I would not have you imagine, that it is ſo *eaſy* a matter to *ſecure* your own *ſalvation*, as to render *care* on *your* part, and *apprehenſion* on *mine*, *unneceſſary*. He, who *beſt knew*, has declared, that the way to *happineſs* is *ſtrait*, and the gate *narrow*; that the way to *deſtruction* is *broad*, and the gate *wide*; and that the *number* of thoſe who ſhall reach *happineſs* will be *ſmall*, compared with that of thoſe who ſhall go to *deſtruction*[r]. Can I then addreſs you with *indifference*, when I know that you are in *danger?*—But why ſhould I ſay *you?*—I am *myſelf* in danger. *Every individual*, who ſhall come to ſalvation, will be one *eſcaped* from extenſive *ruin* and *wreck*. ALARM. FEAR.

Yet I would not have you think, my Chriſtian brethren, that the charge of your ſouls is a *burden* too *grievous* to be *borne*; or your duty a taſk *impoſſible* to be performed. Tho' it is true, that the *reward* offered, and the *puniſhment* threatened, by the Chriſtian religion, are *motives ſufficient*, if we think aright, to excite in us *deſires* and *fears* to carry us through any *abſtinence* from pleaſure, COMFORT.

[q] Deut. xi. 26. [r] Mat. vii. 13. Luke xiii. 24.

or any *ſuffering* of puniſhment; though this is true, yet ſo *little* does our *kind* and *merciful Lord* deſerve the character of a *hard taſk-maſter*, that all he requires of us—of us, who enjoy theſe *happy* times, untroubled with the terrors of *perſecution*—all he requires of us, is—To be *happy here*, and *hereafter*. Even in the life that *now is*[s], I appeal to the *feelings* of *every* man of common decency in this aſſembly (for I hold not the abandoned *profligate* a *judge* of what *virtue* is, or what its *effect*) I appeal to every *heart*, that is not *hardened* beyond feeling, whether *virtue* is not, even in *this world*, its *own reward?* And I aſk thy *conſcience*, O ſinner, whether *vice* be not its own *tormentor?* Canſt thou ſay, the imaginary *pleaſure*, the *profit*, and the *honour*, which vice beſtows, are ſufficient to *arm* thee againſt the *pang* of *guilt?* Does not its envenomed *ſting* often *pierce* thee through that *weak*, though *threefold*

ANGUISH. *armour* of *defence*, to the very *ſoul?* What, then, doſt thou *gain* by thy fatal attachment, if thou art

REMON. not by it ſecured from *ſuffering?* Thou haſt but *one objection*, and that, God knows, a *wretched one*, againſt a life of ſtrict *virtue*; that it may chance to *deprive* thee of ſome fancied *pleaſures*, and ſubject thee to certain imaginary *auſterities*. Now, if thy favourite *vices* were capable of affording thee, at *preſent*, a *pleaſure untainted*, *unpoiſoned*, and of *ſecuring* thee againſt all *pain*; and thou

[s] 1 Tim. vi. 6.

thou kneweſt that *virtue* is, in the preſent ſtate, pure *miſery*, thou mighteſt pretend, thy *ſcheme* of *life* had the whole *advantage* againſt a courſe of *virtue*, as far as *this world* goes; and for the *next*, thou might'ſt, if thou wert *deſperate* enough, ſet it at *defiance*. But thou *dareſt* not pretend, that *vice* will yield thee, even in *this* life, the copious harveſt of ſubſtantial *happineſs* which *virtue* gives. Which of thy *lawleſs pleaſures* affords, on reflection, an untroubled *enjoyment*? Does the *ſmile* of the *great*, bought with *perjury*, light up in thy ſoul the ſunſhine of *undiſturbed tranquillity*? Does the *glittering traſh*, by *unjuſt* means *wreſted* from the *reluctant* hand of *induſtry*, ſatisfy the ever-craving *thirſt* of *gold*? Does lawleſs *luſt indulged*, does *virgin innocence betrayed*, do *broken marriage-vows* yield, on reflection, a continual *feaſt* to thy *mind*? In *what condition* is thy *breaſt* from the moment of *conceiving* wickedneſs, to that of its *execution*? Does the *dark conſpirator enjoy* himſelf in *quiet*? Can *happineſs* dwell with *anxiety*, *tumult*, and *horror*? Will ſweet *peace* take up her habitation with diſcordant *deſires*, with *warring paſſions*, with *fear* of *diſcovery*, with apprehenſion of public *ſhame* and exemplary *puniſhment*? Is the reflection on *revenge*, gratified by the ſhedding of *blood*, a ſubject of *calm enjoyment*? Why, then, is the *murderer afraid* to be *alone*? What is't that *breaks* his *ſlumbers*, whilſt all *nature* is at *reſt*? Why does he *ſtart* at every *noiſe*? What does he *ſee*?

CHAL.

HORROR.

TREPIDATION.

ſee? With what does his ſcared *imagination* fill the *void?* Does not the horror of his *conſcience* even *raiſe* the murdered out of the *earth* again? Whence came the frightful imaginations of *charnel houſes opening*, and *graves* caſting forth their *dead?* What is it, but *guilt*, that preſents the bloody *apparition* of the mangled innocent, dumb and ghaſtly before the eyes of the aſſaſſin? We know that the *dead* (excepting a few raiſed by miracle) are to *ſleep* till the *reſurrection*. Yet the murderer does not find himſelf *ſafe*, even when the hapleſs victim of his cruelty is *duſt*. The pang of remorſe proves ſo *intolerable*, that a *vio-*

DESPAIR. *lent death* is *relief*. He flies from his internal *tormentor* to the *more friendly halter* or *dagger*. To *deliver* himſelf from his preſent ceaſeleſs *gnawings*, he is content to *loſe* this bleſſed *light:* he throws himſelf headlong into *eternity*, and, committing the crime, which *cuts itſelf off* from *repentance*, *ſeals* his own *damnation*. Such are the

CHAR. *fruits* of atrocious *wickedneſs*. Do not, therefore, O preſumptuous ſinner! I *charge* thee on thy *ſoul*, do not pretend, that the ways of *vice* are ways of *pleaſantneſs*, or that her *paths* are *peace*[t]. The *hiſtory* of *mankind*—thy own *feelings*—will give thee the *lye*.

CONTEMPT. Didſt thou but conſider, what *figure* thou makeſt in the eye of the *diſcerning* among thy *own ſpecies*, thou wouldſt think of *altering* thy *conduct*. Thy

wiſdom

[t] Prov. iii. 17.

wiſdom is eaſily underſtood to be at beſt but *low cunning*. Thy *honours* are but the applauſe of *fools*, *dazzled* by thy *riches*, or of *knaves*, who *flatter* thee for what they hope to *gull* thee of. Thy *arts* over-reach only the *weak*, or the *unguarded*. The eye of *experience* pierces the *cobweb veil* of *hypocriſy*; not to mention a more *penetrating eye*, which thou art ſure thou *canſt* not *deceive*. But *go on*, if thou *wilt*. Take the advantage, while thou canſt, of thy *honeſt* neighbour, who *ſuſpects* not thy *worthleſſneſs*. It will not be *long*, that thou wilt have it in thy *power* to *overreach any one*. *Craft* is but for a *day*. *O fool! whom* art thou *deceiving?* Even thy *wretched ſelf*. And of what art thou *cheating thyſelf?* Of thy *reputation*, thy *proſperity*, and thy *peace*; to ſay nothing of thy miſerable *ſoul*; which thou art *conſigning* to the *Enemy* of *man*, for what thou hadſt *better* a thouſand times be *without*, if the *future* conſequences were *nothing*. Remember I have told thee, what thou acquireſt by *lawleſs means*, whether thou haſt been uſed to dignify it by the name of *profit*, *pleaſure*, or *honour*; and the *wickedneſs* thou drinkeſt in with *greedineſs*, will either *poiſon* thy *life*, or elſe muſt be *diſgorged*, with the horrible pangs of *remorſe*. Where then will be thy *gains?* I ſay therefore, were there *no ſtate* ordained for us *beyond* the *preſent*, the *wiſdom* of a man would direct his choice to *virtue*. To be conſcious of that cloudleſs *ſerenity* within,

SARCASM.

AWE.

SARCASM.

TEACHING.

Jer. which proceeds from *paſſions ſubdued* under the ſuperior authority of *reaſon*; to feaſt upon that *uninterrupted joy*, which this vain *world* can neither *give*, nor *take away*; to *bleſs*, and be *bleſſed*, to *love*, and be *loved*, to be *eyes* to the *blind*, and *feet* to the *lame*[w], to be a *guardian angel* to his fellow-creatures; to ſerve *Him*, whoſe ſervice is the *glory* of thoſe, who ſit *enthroned* in *heaven*[x]; to have neither *thought*, nor *wiſh*, which would not do him *honour*, if publiſhed before the *univerſe*—what ſenſe of *dignity*, what *ſelf-enjoyment* muſt not this *conſciouſneſs yield?*—I tell thee, thoughtleſs *libertine!* there is more *joy* in *repenting* of, and *flying* from *vice*, nay, in *ſuffering* for *virtue*, than ever thou wilt taſte in the *cloying draught* of ſwiniſh *impurity*[y]. What, then, muſt be the *undiſturbed fruition* of that which makes the *happineſs* of every *ſuperior* nature?

Alarm. Rever. But *this life* is *not all*. There *is*—there *is*, full *ſurely*, *another* ſtate abiding us. The *ſoul* of man *feels* itſelf formed for ſomething *greater*, than all that is here *below*; and it cannot think what is *nobleſt* in its nature to be given in *vain*. The power of *lifting* its thought to its *Creator*; the unconquerable *dread* of an *account* hereafter to be *given*; the *thirſt* for *immortality* (to ſay nothing of that *ſureſt proof* given by the meſſenger of Heaven, who *ſhewed* us, in *himſelf*, *man* actually *raiſed* from

[w] Job xxix. 15. [x] Rev. iv. [y] 2 Pet. ii. 22.

from the *grave* to *immortality*[z]) all theſe *confirm* that there is a *life* to *come*. And *if there is*—*what is* thy *proſpect*, O *remorſeleſs obdurate?*

The *preſent ſtate* would *teach* thee if thou *wouldſt* be *taught*, what will be *prevalent* in the *future*. The world is *now* under the moral government of the *One Supreme*. The *life* to *come* will be under the *ſame* direction. The *preſent* ſtate of things, for the moſt part, brings on *vice*, the preſent *puniſhments* of *fear*, *remorſe*, with worldly *ſhame*, and often bitter *poverty*, and *death*, from a *conſtitution ſhattered* by *vice*, or from the iron hand of *juſtice*. The *natural* courſe of *this world rewards* the *virtuous* with *peace* of mind, with *approbation* from every *worthy character*, and, generally, with *length* of *days*, *proſperity* and *affluence*[a]. What does this *conclude?* Is it not from hence evident, that when the *temporary irregularity* of the preſent ſtate, which hinders *equal* retribution from being *univerſal*, when the *influence* of the *Enemy*[b] is at an end, under which this world *now groans*[c], and, when at the appointed time, *order* ſhall ſpring out of *confuſion*; then, what now appears in *part* will prevail *univerſally*; then *virtue* will riſe *ſuperior*, and *evil* be, for ever, *ſunk* to its *proper place*.

REMON. TEACH. APPR. JOY. ARG.

To

[z] 1 Cor. xv. 20. [a] Prov. iii. 16. [b] Mat. xiii. 39. [c] Rom. viii. 20—24.

ROUSING. SHAME. To a *generous* mind there is little need of *terror*. Such are better won to *goodneſs* by the view of its *own* apparent *excellence*, which wants only to be *held forth* to be *perceived*; is no ſooner *perceived* than *admired*.

GRIEF. RUS. But, alas, I ſadly fear the *generous-minded* are but *few*. For, if otherwiſe, how could the number of the *wicked* be what *it is*.

SHAME. Every *hardened ſinner* is one *loſt* to all that is truly *great* or *worthy* in the rational nature. And are there *any* in this aſſembly, is there *one*, fallen to ſo *low* an *ebb* of *ſentiment*, ſo *ſtupified* beyond all *feeling*, as to go on to offend, without *remorſe*, againſt the *goodneſs* of his *heavenly Father?* Think, wretched mortal, that thou art *inſulting* the very *power* which *ſupports* thee in thy *inſolence* againſt *itſelf*.

SOFTN. The gentle *mercy* of the Almighty, like the fructifying moiſture of the ſpring, *droppeth* on thee from on high;

RAGE. and, inſtead of producing the fruit of *repentance* in thee, is, by thy *impiety*,

REMON. daſhed back in the *face* of *Heaven*. What could thy *beſt friend* on earth, what could pitying *angels*, what could the *Author* of all *good do for thee*, that has *not been done?* Thy creator hath given thee *reaſon* to *diſtinguiſh* between *good* and *evil*; to know what is thy *life*, and what will ſeal thy *ruin*. He hath placed *conſcience* in thy breaſt, to *warn* thee in the moment of thy *guilt*. He hath ſent down to thee, Him, whom he had *deareſt* in all Heaven, to give thee yet *ampler inſtruction* in the

the way to bliſs. And the *Son* condeſcended to come with the ſame *willingneſs* as the *Father* ſent him, though with the certain knowledge that, like a *patriot* riſing in defence of his *country*, his coming muſt *coſt* him his *life*. The *richeſt blood* that *ever flowed*, has been ſhed for *thy* worthleſſneſs, and for ſuch as thou art. *Shame* and *torture* have been deſpiſed for the ſake of bringing *thee* to good. And wilt thou grudge to *forego* a little ſordid *pleaſure* to ſhew thyſelf *grateful* for all this *goodneſs?* Go with me then, to *Golgotha*, and *inſult* thy *ſuffering Saviour* in his agonies. Behold there a *ſight*, which the *Sun* would not *look* upon[d]. View with dry eyes what made *angels weep*. *Harden* thy heart at an object which *rent* the *rocks*[e], and brought the *dead* out of their *graves*[f]. His *arms* ſtretched on the *curſed*[g] tree, invite thee to *bliſs*. Though now *feeble* and *languid*, they will quickly *raiſe* a world from the grave, and lay the *angel* of *death* full *low*. I am not deſcribing a *fancied ſcene*. The *witneſſes* of the *death* and *reſurrection* of Jeſus have *ſealed* the truth of what they *ſaw* with their *blood*. But can'ſt thou find a *heart* to *crucify* him *afreſh*[h], by *perſiſting* in the *crimes*, which *brought* on him this cruel *death?* If thou haſt been to *wicked*, *bethink* thee of thy *obſtinacy*. If thou doſt, even *now*,

Mov. Pity. Reproach. Pity. Awe. Affir. Remon. Warn. Encou.

[d] Matt. xxvii. 45. [e] Ibid. 51. [f] Ibid. 53.
[g] Gal. iii. 13. [h] Heb. vi. 6.

now, repent, he has *prayed* for thee, "*Father, for-*
"*give* them; for they *know not* what they do[i]."

PITY. —Behold how deadly *pale* his ſacred *counte-*
nance! Cruel are the *agonies* which *rend* his ten-

WAKE. der frame. His *ſtrength fails*; his *heart breaks*;
the ſtrong *pangs* of *death* are on him. Now he

PATH. utters his *laſt ſolemn words*—"It is *finiſhed*[k]."

QUEST. *What* is *finiſhed?* The *ſuffering* part, to which his

PITY. dear love for mankind expoſed him. The *reſt*

JOY. is *victory* and *triumph*; and the *ſalvation* of a
world will *reward* his glorious *toil*. But what

PATH. *ſalvation?* Not of the *obdurate*, with all their

QUEST. *vices* about them; but of the heart-bleeding *peni-*

INFORM. *tent*, whoſe ſtreaming ſorrows have *waſhed* away

PITY. his *impurity*, and who has bid a laſt *farewell* to

AVERS. *vice*, and to every *temptation* which *leads* to it.

COMF. To ſuch, the bleſſed *goſpel* which I preach,
ſpeaks nothing but *peace*. For *them* it has *no*
terrors. Be of good *cheer*, then, my *diſconſolate*,
broken-hearted mourner. Though thy *ſins* have
been as *ſcarlet*, they ſhall be *white* as the *wool*,
which never received the *tincture*[l]. They ſhall
be *blotted out*, as if they were covered with a
cloud[m]. They ſhall no more come into *remem-*
brance[n]. For our *God* is *long-ſuffering*, and of
great mercy, and will *abundantly pardon*[o].

O *ſuffer*

[i] Luke xxiii. 34. [k] John xix. 30. [l] Iſa. i. 18.
[m] Iſa. xliv. 22. [n] Ibid. lxv. 17. [o] Ibid. lv. 7.

O *ſuffer* then, my *unthinking fellow-creatures*, *ſuffer* the word of *exhortation*[p]. Every *encouragement*, every *invitation*, is on the ſide of *virtue*. It has the promiſes of *this life*, and of that which is *to come*[q]. Let me beſeech you by the *ſuperior love* of your *Maker*; by the ſtreaming *blood* of the *Saviour*, and by the *worth* of your *immortal ſouls*; to *caſt off* your ruinous *vices*, and to *return* to *Him*, who is *ready* to *receive* the *returning ſinner*, and never *caſts* him out, who *comes* to Him[r]. *Liſten!* Oh *liſten* to Him, who ſpeaketh from Heaven. It is not the *voice* of an *enemy*. It is your *heavenly Father*, who *calls* you. Behold! the very *Majeſty* of the *univerſe bends* forward from his *throne* to *invite* you. He *veils* uncreated *brightneſs* to *allure* you to *return* to your *own happineſs*. He proclaims himſelf the "Lord "*merciful* and *gracious*, *long-ſuffering*, and *abun*-"*dant* in *goodneſs*[s]." He condeſcends to *aſſure* you with an *oath*, that he has *no pleaſure* in the *death* of him that *dies*[t]. He *encourages*, he *threatens*, he *promiſes*, he *remonſtrates*, he *laments*, he *wooes* his wretched creatures, as if his *own* unchanging *happineſs* depended on *theirs*. He leaves the door of *mercy* open; he gives them *ſpace* to *repent*, he does not take them by *ſurprize*. *Return*—O yet *return* to the Father of ſpirits, my poor

BESEECH.

AWE.

BESEECH.

[p] Heb. xiii. 22. [q] 1 Tim. iv. 8. [r] John vi. 37.
[s] Exod. xxxiv. 6. [t] Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

PITY. poor *deluded* wanderers. *Whom* have ye *forſaken? What* have you been in purſuit of? *Whoſe conduct* have you put yourſelves under? You have forſaken the *Fountain* of your *happineſs*. You have purſued your own *ruin*. You have given yourſelves up to the guidance of the *Enemy*

ENCOU. of *ſouls*. But it is not, even *now*, too late to *retrieve all*; all may *yet* be well, if you will yet be *wiſe*.

GRIEF. Can you *ſhut* your *ears*, and *ſteel* your *hearts* againſt all that is *tender?* Are you *determined* on your own *ruin?* Muſt I then *loſe* my *crown* of *rejoicing*[u]? Muſt I be deprived of the *joy* of our mutual endleſs *congratulations* for our *eſcape from*

COMPL. the hideous *wreck* of *ſouls?* Muſt I reap *no fruit* of my *labour* of *love*[x]? Shall the bleſſed meſſage[y] from Heaven prove your *death*, which was in-

ALARM. tended to be your *life*[z]? If you will not liſten to the *ſtill ſmall voice*[a], which now ſpeaks to you from the *mercy-ſeat*, the time will quickly come, when your ears, if they were of *rock*, will be *pierced* by the *thunder* of that *voice* which will terrify this great world from the *throne* of *judgment*. *Think*, O hardened offender, think, the time

[u] 1 Theſſ. ii. 19. [x] 1 Theſſ. i. 3.

[y] The literal ſignification of the Greek word ευ γγελιον, which our Engliſh word Goſpel (i. e. Good book) expreſſes but weakly.

[z] 2 Cor. ii. 16. [a] 1 Kings, xix. 12.

time will *quickly* come, when, as *ſure* as thou *now* heareſt this awful warning, thou *ſhalt hear* (—it would be thy wiſdom to think thou *now heareſt*—) the ſound of that *trumpet*[b], which will ſtartle the *ſilent duſt*, and *break* the *ſlumbers*, which were *begun* before the general *flood*. Think, that thou *beholdeſt* the whole *ſpecies* around thee, *covering* the face of the *earth* beyond the *reach* of *ſight*[c]. Think of univerſal *trepidation* and *amazement*[d], TERROR. to which all the *routed armies*, the *cities ſacked*, the *fleets daſhed* in *pieces*, the *countries whelmed* by *inundation*, and the *nations ſwallowed* by *earthquakes*, which make the terrors of *hiſtory*, are but the *diverſions* of a *ſtage-play*. Behold the *heavens* involved in *flame*; the brightneſs of the *Sun* extinguiſhed by the ſuperior luſtre of the *throne*; and the heavens and the earth ready to fly away from the terrible face of *Him*, who ſitteth upon it[e]. Imagine *thyſelf* called forth; thy *life* and *character diſplayed* before *men* and *angels*. Thy GUILT. *conſcience awakened*[f], and all thy *offences* full in the eye of thy *remembrance*. What will then be thy *defence*, when thy various uncancelled *guilt* is *charged* upon thy *ſoul*? No frivolous *ſhuffle* will ALARM. *blind* the avenging *Judge*. The very *counſel now rejected* by thee againſt thyſelf[g], if thou hadſt never had another invitation to repentance, will *condemn*

[b] 1 Cor. xv. 52. [c] Rev. xx. 12 [d] Rev. vi. 14, 15, 16.
[e] Rev. xx. 11. [f] Ibid. 12. [g] Luke vii. 30.

condemn thee; the very *warning* given thee *this day* will be thy *undoing*.

HORROR. To attempt a *deſcription* of the *terrors* hidden under thoſe dreadful words, "Depart from me ye "*curſed!* into everlaſting *fire*, prepared for the "*Devil* and his *angels*[h]; to reach, as it were, over the *brink* of the bottomleſs *pit*, to look down where ten thouſand *volcanos* are *roaring*, and millions of miſerable *beings toſſed* aloft in the fiery *whirlwind* of the *eruption*; what *employment* would this be for *human imagination!* But what *human imagination* can conceive how *fearful* a thing it is

FEAR with WOND. to *fall* into the *hands* of the *living God*[i]? When we ſee a raging *hurricane tear* up the rooted *oaks*, and *ſhake* the ancient *hills* on which they grow; when we hear of the mountainous *ocean*'s *daſhing* with eaſe, the ſtrong-jointed *ſhips* in *pieces*, *overflowing* a *continent*, and *ſweeping* whole *towns* before it; when we ſee the black *thunder-cloud* pour down its *cataract* of *fire*; whoſe *burſt*, *ſhivers* the maſſy *tower* or ſolid *rock*; or when we read of *the ſubterraneous exploſions heaving* up the *ground*, *ſhattering kingdoms*, and *ſwallowing nations alive* to one *deſtruction*; do not ſuch ſcenes exhibit to us a tremendous view of *power?* And *whoſe power* is it that works theſe terrifying effects? The *laws* of *nature* are the *living energy* of

REMON. the *Lord* of *Nature*. And what art *thou*, wretched *worm*,

[h] Mat. xxv 41. [i] Heb. x. 31.

worm of *earth*, to *reſiſt* ſuch *power?* But what we ſee at *preſent*, is but *part* of his *ways*[k]. What the *direct exertion* of *omnipotence* againſt his hardened *enemies* will produce; what the *condition* of *thoſe* will be, who ſtand in the full *aim* of its *fury*—where is the *imagination* to be found *equal* to the *conception*, or *tongue* to the *deſcription*, of ſuch *terrors?* Yet this may be the *ſituation* of ſome, *now known* to *us*.—O *frightful thought!* O *horrible image!*—*Forbid* it, O *Father* of *Mercy!* If it be *poſſible*, let no *creature* of *thine* ever be the object of that *wrath*, againſt which the ſtrength of thy whole *creation* united would ſtand but as the *moth* againſt the *thunder-bolt!*—Alas, it is not the *appointment* of *Him*, who would have *all ſaved*, that brings *deſtruction* on any one. On the contrary, it is his very *grace* that brings *ſalvation*[l]. *He* has *no pleaſure* in the *death* of him, who *will die*. It is the *rebellion* of the *Enemy*, and the unconquerable *obduracy* of thoſe, who *take part* with him, that hath given a *being* to the everlaſting *fire*, which otherwiſe had *never* been *kindled*[m].

FEAR. APPRE. HORR. EARN. DEPRECATION. GRIEF.

But let us *withdraw* our *imagination* from this *ſcene*, whoſe *horror overcomes humanity*. Let us *turn* our *view* to *joys*, of which the *ſupreme joy* is, That *every one* of *us*, if our *own* egregious *fault* and *folly hinder not*, may be *partaker* of them. *Every one* of *us may*, if he *will*, gain his *portion* in *that ſtate*, which the *word of truth* holds forth to

RELIEF. JOY.

[k] Job xxvi. 14. [l] Tit. ii. 11. the text. [m] Mat. xxv. 41.

the preſent weakneſs of human underſtanding under all the emblems of *magnificence* and *delight*.

DELIGHT. To *walk* in *white robes* [n]; to *eat* of the *fruit* of the *tree* of *life* [o]; to *ſit* on *thrones* [p], and to *wear crowns* [q], to be *clothed* with the *glory* of the *firmament* of Heaven, and of the *ſtars* [r]; what do theſe images preſent to our underſtandings, but the promiſed *favour* of the *One Supreme*; the *approbation* of the general *judge*; the total *purification* of our *nature*; and an aſſured eſtabliſhment in

RAPT. immortal *honour* and *felicity*. *This*, and much *more*, than *eye* hath *ſeen*, or *ear heard*, or *heart conceived* [s], is laid up for thoſe, who properly *receive* that ſaving *grace* of God, which hath *appeared* to all men, who ſtudy to live *ſoberly*, *righteouſly* and *godly*, in this preſent world, as thoſe, who *look* for the bleſſed *hope*, and future glorious *appearance* of our *Saviour Jeſus Chriſt* [t].

SER. REMON. Thus have I (my *dear fellow-creatures*, and *fellow-chriſtians*; my *flock*, for whoſe *ineſtimable* ſouls I am to *anſwer* to the *great Shepherd*) thus have I, in much *weakneſs*, but in perfect *integrity* of *heart*, endeavoured to *excite you*, and *myſelf*, to

CONCERN. a more ſtrict *attention*, than I fear is commonly given, to the *care of* all *cares*, the *buſineſs* of all

CHARG. *buſineſſes*. I have, for this purpoſe, given you, in an

[n] Rev. iii. 4. vi. 11. vii. 9, 13, 14. [o] Rev. ii. 7. xxii. 2, 14. [p] Rev. iii. 21. [q] Rev. ii. 10. iii. 11. 1 Pet. v. 4. Jam. i. 12. 2 Tim. iv. 8. 1 Cor. ix. 25. [r] Dan. xii. 3. [s] 2 Cor. ii. 9. [t] Tit. ii. 11, 12, 13.

an explanatory *paraphraſe* on the text, an abridged *view* of your threefold *duty*. I have fairly *warned* you of your *danger*, if you *neglect* or *violate*, habitually, any part of it. I have put you in mind, that it is but *too common* to *neglect* the *great ſalvation*[1], whilſt with a *reaſonable diligence*, and at *no greater expence* of *hardſhip*, or *ſuffering*, generally with *leſs*, than *vice* expoſes men to, it might be made *ſure*. I have *appealed* to your own *feelings*, whether *virtue* be not the *beſt wiſdom*, if there were *no future ſtate*. I have laid before you ſome of the *arguments* for the *reality* of a *world* to *come*, with a view of the *probabilities*, from what we ſee in the *preſent ſtate*, of what will be the immenſely *different conſequences* of *virtue* and of *vice*, in the *future*. I have tried to *rouſe* your ſenſe of *gratitude*, and of *ſhame*. I have ſet your *ſuffering Saviour* before your view. I have invited you in the name of your *heavenly Father* to return to him and to your own happineſs. I have entreated you by your *regard* (—I hope you are not *altogether* without *regard*) for your weak, but faithful *paſtor*, the ſervant of your ſouls. I have put you in mind of the *future appearance* of your *Saviour*, and *Judge*, and of the *ſentences* of *approbation* and *condemnation*, under *one*, or *other* of which, *every human individual* will be *comprehended*, from which there is *no appeal*. If *theſe conſiderations* be not *ſufficient* to ſtir up, in your minds, a ſenſe of

WARN.

REMON.

ARG.

ROUS. ſenſe of GRAT. and SHAME.

BESEECH.

MOD.

ALARM.

GRIEF.

[1] Heb. ii. 3.

danger, and of *duty*, I know not what *more*, I can, at preſent, do for you, but to retire, from this place of public inſtruction, to my cloſet, and there to *pour* out my *ſoul* for you before the *Father* of *ſpirits*, that He, who has *acceſs* to *all* hearts, may touch *your* hearts with ſuch prevailing *influence*, that the great *end* of *preaching* may be *gained* with you, in ſpite of that fatal *indifference*, and *obſtinacy*, which ſo often *baffles* all *human power* and *art*.

PITY with VENER.

TENDERN. VENER.

I *commit* the *ſalvation* of your precious *ſouls* to the great *Overſeer* of *ſouls* [x]. To *Him*, as to the *Reſtorer* of this ruined *world*, the *Conqueror* of *Satan* [y], the *Aboliſher* of *death* [z], the *Light* of mankind [a], and the future *Judge* of the *quick* and the *dead*, be *aſcribed*, by every being in Heaven, and on earth [b], *bleſſing* and *honour*, and *power*, to the *glory* of *God* [c] the *Father Almighty*, the God and Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, whoſe ſupreme and unequalled *dominion* is *over all*, from *everlaſting* to *everlaſting*. *Amen*.

[x] 1 Pet. ii. 25. [y] Mat. xii. 29. [z] 2 Tim. i. 10.
[a] John viii. 12. xii. 46. [b] Rev. v. 13. [c] Phil. ii. 11.

CONCLU-

CONCLUSION.

I HOPE the judicious reader will think the labour, I have beſtowed in collecting, and altering, where proper, the foregoing LESSONS, not wholly loſt. Though a greater *number* of paſſages might have been put together, (which likewiſe muſt have enhanced the bulk and *price* of the book) I hope it will be owned, that this collection affords ſuch a competent *variety*, that whoever can expreſs, or deliver, properly, all the matter contained in theſe LESSONS, need be at no great loſs in ſpeaking any kind of matter, that can come in his way.

There are in the LESSONS ſeveral humours, or paſſions, for expreſſing which there are no directions *nominally* given in the ESSAY: but in the ESSAY there are directions for expreſſing the *principal* humours, or paſſions, which commonly occur, and the *others* are generally *referable* to *them*. For example, there is not in the ESSAY ſuch an article as HYPOCRISY, which occurs in the LESSONS, page 200: but there is AFFECTATION of piety, in the ESSAY, page 22, which is the ſame thing under a different name; and ſo of others, which every reader's underſtanding will enable him to trace out with the help of the INDEX.

Maſters of places of education, and private tutors, may eaſily enlarge the practice of their pupils, on the plan here given, to what extent they pleaſe; this part of education being, like all others, endleſs. The youth may be directed to tranſlate from the ancients, eſpecially the orators, and then, the maſter correcting their tranſlations, and marking the emphatical words with lines under them, and the various humours, or paſſions, on the margin, they may be inſtructed to commit the ſubſtance of them to memory, ſo as to be able, without having too often recourſe to their papers, to ſpeak them with eaſe and gracefulneſs, and with propriety as to tone of voice, looks, and geſture.

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